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Charles Brackett—Will Payne—John P. Marquand—Thomas Lloyd Lennon
Thomas Beer—Eugene Manlove Rhodes—Joseph C. Lincoln—Lee de Forest

Common sense about WHITER TEETH

and the toothbrush you used this morning

Here's a valuable suggestion. Fetch your toothbrush from the bathroom. Lay it on this page—beside the famous brushes illustrated here.... *How does it compare?*

This is how your toothbrush should look, if you really want teeth bright, clean and attractive.

Three simple rules should be followed in choosing your toothbrush: (1) choose a small, correctly shaped brush; (2) use it daily; (3) get a new toothbrush each 90 days.

Any toothbrush, regularly used, is better than none. But DR. WEST'S is the brush used by millions who want their teeth to have *the best possible care.* It is a *modern* brush—smaller by 20% to 50% than awkward old-type brushes which are still sold.

In the *new* DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes, this correct modern design is made doubly effective by use of costliest materials.

Yet DR. WEST'S cost no more than ordinary brushes; adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. For your protection each brush is sterilized, sealed, and guaranteed. Get some today, at your favorite store. *See how quickly brighter teeth repay you.*

CORRECT BRUSHING:

Brush always away from the gums, towards the cutting edges of teeth—always with, never across, the crevices. Do this every morning and evening—using DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. Use a good dentifrice (DR. WEST'S new Tooth Paste is an advance as great as the famous brush).

Why It Polishes Teeth: Note how the small size and modern shape reach and cleanse every tooth and every crevice. Behind teeth farthest back, and the inner curve of teeth, as easily and thoroughly as in front. Note how the wide-spaced groups of bristles penetrate and sweep clean every crevice.

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TODAY

DR. WEST'S TOOTH PASTE *is amazing millions by its quicker, two-fold polishing action and its combined results.*

NOTE:
BRUSHES ARE HERE SHOWN SOMEWHAT LARGER THAN ACTUAL SIZE

Why *most people* *buy Sheaffer Lifetimes*°

Sheaffer pens and pencils—standards of the world—outsell all others in America, for Sheaffer is the source of innovations that make writing pleasant. For example—brilliant coloring, graceful, restful-writing Balanced models, stalwart regular models, and the unconditional Lifetime° guarantee. Today Sheaffer introduces the Safety Skrip bottle, a remarkable new container for Skrip, successor to ink. It is practically non-breakable—non-leaking—can be carried in grip or handbag—always ready. Its value is one dollar, but costs 50c filled with Permanent Skrip (re-fills 3 for 25c).

Identify the Lifetime° pen by this white dot.

At better stores everywhere

°Lifetime° pens are guaranteed unconditionally for your life. Other Sheaffer products are forever guaranteed against defect in materials and workmanship. Green and black Lifetime° pens, $8.75; Ladies', $7.50 and $8.25. Black and pearl De Luxe, $10.00; Ladies', $8.50 and $9.50. Pencils, $5.00. Others lower.

Safety Skrip, successor to ink, 50c (Refills, 3 for 25c)

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For the first time in history, the greatest dermatologists★ in America give scientific approval to a complexion soap

I was sure Camay would be a wonderful soap the minute I knew Procter and Gamble made it. And then, after I'd used it for a week or so, I discovered from my own complexion that it was as gentle and mild as the softest rain-water alone!

I was so thrilled at my discovery that I decided to go straight to the greatest complexion authorities in America and ask them if Camay wasn't the ideal soap for even the most delicate complexions.

So I did! I consulted 72 of the most eminent dermatologists in America. These physicians examined Camay's chemical analysis. They tested Camay's effect on various kinds of complexions. They used Camay themselves. So did their families.

As a result, Camay has the unanimous approval of these great scientists—something no other complexion soap *ever* received before!

Many of these physicians went much further than a formal approval. A professor of dermatology in the largest medical school west of the Rockies says:

> "I have purchased samples of Camay in the local market and have tried them out on my own skin and that of several members of my family, all of whom have sensitive skins. As a result of these experiences I can state that Camay Soap is a first class toilet soap in every respect."

A famous Chicago authority says:

> "Camay lathers freely. The sensation produced by the lathering process is one of blandness. It cleanses efficiently without leaving the skin feeling drawn."

Will *you* try Camay? I'm sure, before you're two weeks older, you'll begin to realize how this gentle, fragrant new soap is helping you keep your skin fresh, clear and outdoor-looking.

Helen Chase

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

★**What is a dermatologist?**

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 72 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association, editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 72 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-89, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

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DEATH VALLEY—By Bourke Lee

PAIUTE SONGS

WINTER

The red clouds of sunset
are drifting
Like down on the peaks of
the mountains.
The feathers of the reed are
lying on the ground,
And the quails are perched
in the pines.

STORM

On the peak of the
mountain
The eagle is dancing,
The tempest is roaring.

At morn the eagle will cry
On the further shore of the
hills,
And a rainbow will be in
the sky.

THE RATTLESNAKE

Crawling along, crawling
along!
Through rocky canyon,
Crawling along.
Through stony land, close
to a rock,
With head erect,
You crawled along.

By the bush-cactus mound
You were passing along.
By the bush-cactus mound
You were passing along,
Wriggling and crawling
along.

THE RIVER

The edge of the sky is the
home of the river.
In the blue water, the trout
wags its tail.

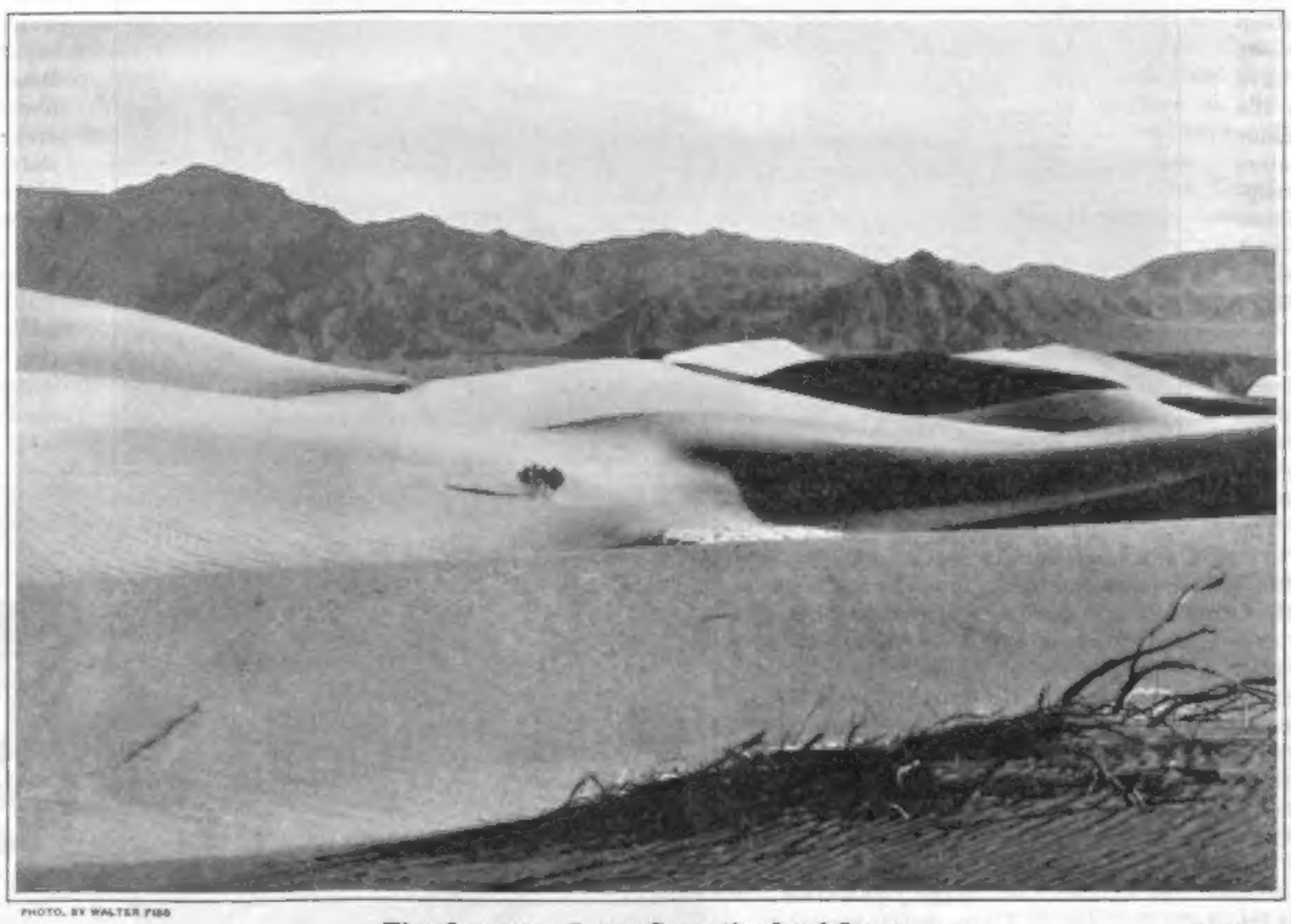


PHOTO. BY WALTER PIPP

The Amargosa Range From the Sand Dunes

AMERICANS have been hearing about Death Valley since 1850. They have heard a number of things and they have acquired vague notions of the valley's location, structure and history. A variety of very definite impressions has convinced almost everyone that Death Valley was a freak of nature. During the rush to the gold fields of California in 1849 a party of emigrants strayed into Death Valley and all the emigrants died there. That was probably where Death Valley got its name. Borax came from Death Valley with pictures of mule teams on the boxes. Mules were the only things that could live in the infernal heat of the valley. Death Valley was the hottest place in the world. It was so far below sea level that the air was thick and hard to breathe. There was no animal life or vegetation in the valley and the water was all either salt or poisonous. Deadly gases filled the sand pockets of the valley. Terrible sandstorms swept through it. Foolhardy adventurers had been swallowed by the quicksands of the bottomless salt marshes. No one entered Death Valley intentionally except the crazy prospector. There were bones of prospectors all over the valley.

When There Was Life in Death Valley

ONLY one person seemed to have conquered Death Valley—Death Valley Scotty. Scotty came out of the valley every once in a while with his pockets full of gold. He had a secret mine. He hired special trains to take him to Chicago or New York. When Scotty came to town he threw money out the window of his hotel and tied up traffic. Scotty was a mystery. His mine was a secret between himself and his mule. How Scotty avoided the deadly vapors of Death Valley, its quicksands, and its terrors of thirst and terrific heat, was also a mystery. Scotty and his mule and Death Valley guarded their secrets well. Death Valley was well named. Nobody went there. It was a good place to stay away from.

There is truth in this popular conception of Death Valley. There is also error.

Scotty has not been the only one to know Death Valley. There were Indians living in the valley two thousand years before Scotty began hiring special trains. Two hundred years ago the Spaniards were working silver mines in the valley mountains. Eighty years ago one party of Forty-niners struggled through the Death Valley region. Not all of these emigrants died. Most of them lived to write books about the terrors of the valley. In the early 70's, the miners began to plunder the mineral wealth of the valley. They recovered borax. They mined gold, silver, copper, zinc and lead. Gem hunters have been crawling over the valley hills for forty years. Boom mining towns have sprung to life and lived and died on the borders of the valley. In 1906 more than a thousand people living in Skidoo in the Panamint Mountains could look east through Skidoo Gap down into the deadly pit of Death Valley. They could see the freighters bringing their wagons along the old trail from Bullfrog that crossed Death Valley near the sand dunes. The freighters and their mules made regular trips across the valley. There was a good market for whisky and fresh vegetables in Death Valley in 1906. Rhyolite in Nevada just east of the valley was the big boom town of the Death Valley region. It had 8000 residents in 1907. Rhyolite started out to be a modern town with three railroads, concrete buildings, electric light, and plenty of saloons, and a big mine down in the hollow back of town. Charley Schwab took a million out of the Montgomery-Shoshone Mine in Rhyolite—a million in gold. Most of the other mine companies just blocked out the ore and sold a million dollars' worth of stock. The panic of 1907 killed Rhyolite; there is not much left of it today. The skeletons of the concrete buildings stand along the wreck of Golden Street behind the sagging telegraph poles. The windows and roofs are gone from the buildings and almost all the floors are in the cellars. There is one small house made entirely of bottles piled neck to neck and cemented with adobe. Bill Corcoran says that Rhyolite was some town while she lasted.

No Place to Spend a Summer

TOURISTS driving their cars through Death Valley go over and register in the bottle house if they have time. Rhyolite is a side trip on the tour through the valley, and the valley roads are so rough that the tourists are usually behind schedule. The tourist looks at his map and says, "Seventy miles, over and back—that'll take us two hours." And then it takes him two hours and a half to go one way. If it is a warm day in the spring or fall, his car will boil going over the mountains, and unless he has plenty of water with him he loses more time waiting for someone to come along. His schedule for the day is all shot to pieces. His family suffers too.

Spring and fall are the times to visit Death Valley. No one who is wise enters the valley in the summer. The valley is hot in the summer. It gets hot in the latter part of April and stays hot until the middle of October. From December until March the valley is cold—cold enough for warm clothes and extra blankets. The fabulous valley of death is best visited in November or early April. In April the flowers bloom.

Death Valley of sinister reputation has a tourist season. The somber valley is on the highway of the world. Its silence is shattered by the distant thud of some miner burning powder in the hills and the closer chatter of an automobile or tourist complaining about the roads. Fear of the valley has been replaced by admiration for its rugged grandeur. Once infamous for the perils of thirst and death that stalked its trails, Death

Valley becomes famous for its mad beauty. Artists strive to fix the living colors of its depths in passive oils, imprisoning two mighty mountain ranges and a great desert valley on a three-foot square of canvas. Death Valley becomes part of the America that should be seen first. There are hotels and gasoline stations in Death Valley. Soon there will be hot-dog stands. But they will not hurt the hills.

Death Valley is in Southeastern California. It is part of the Great Basin of the Great American Desert. The Great Basin is an astonishing arid trough spread over 209,000 square miles of Oregon, California, Nevada, and Utah. There are thousands of streams within the Great Basin, but not one of them ever reaches the sea. The Great Basin is the land where the rivers are upside down, with the stream bed on top and the water beneath the sand and gravel. The Great Basin has been a thirsty land through the ages. For millions of years the Great Basin has been drinking the water of all the rain or snow deposited upon its higher ridges. For millions of years every rainstorm and snow squall on the upper levels of the Great Basin has sent water pouring down the steep mountains into the burning desert valleys. The plunging waters have cut deep, twisting canyons in the ranges and worn away the minor foothills and mesa lands. The waters have reduced high ranges to insignificant low divides, through millions of years. But the thirst of the Great Basin is unslackened. Death Valley, the deepest trough of the Great Basin, burns with insatiable thirst.

In past ages, water wore down many mountain masses in the Great Basin. Then other powers remolded the land that water had worn away. The land was picked up and thrown high in the air. Its rocks were melted and twisted into new ranges. The new ranges were tied in knots to create new mountains. Volcanoes domed the mountains. Earthquakes tumbled the uplifted land masses about. Great faults and slips sliced through the mountain structures, and unsupported sections of the ranges settled into place. The reconstructed land was sprayed with colors—colors of purist, modernist and futurist. Not fixed colors, not quiet, unmoving tones—jeweler's colors, the gem colors of rock that is alive and changes its hue with the light. There are 209,000 square miles of color in the Great Basin. Death Valley, in the southern portion of the Great Basin, rests in the deepest setting.

Lost Valley and Grapevine Mountains

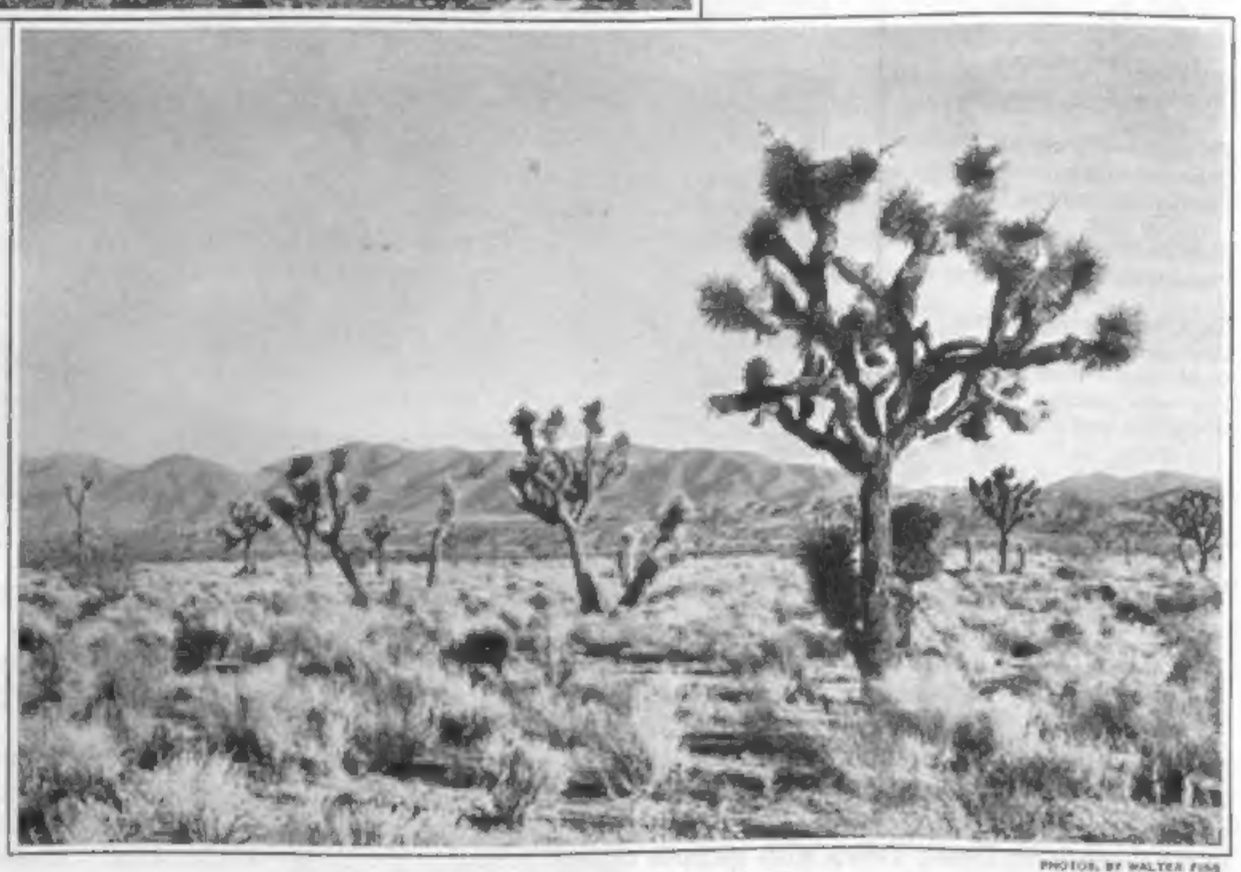
In the Desert Chain

PEOPLE live in the fertile regions to east and west of the Great Basin. They call the southern part of the Great Basin the desert. In this word "desert" they embrace 70,000 square miles. They include three distinct deserts—the Colorado Desert, the Mohave Desert, and the Death Valley region. Each of these deserts has a main drainage way through which an intermittent stream flows. The stream bed is dry along the greater part of its course, but through it and under it the water finds a way from the hills downward into a series of central troughs that are scattered throughout each desert.

The floors of all three deserts contain many sinks. The sinks are called dry lakes, borax flats, alkali washes or salt sinks. The sinks receive all the water that drains from the higher regions about them, and as the sinks have no outlets, each desert sink becomes either a lake or a playa. If the sink is a lake it is usually so rich in salt, sodium carbonate, potassium sulphate and other chemicals that it is a mine rather than a lake. The chemically scarred borders of the desert lakes are shunned by all animals except man. Man suffers their bitterness to extract the wealth they hold. The playas are formed by the evaporation of water that drains into the sinks from the surrounding hills. Throughout the greater part of the year the playas are level, sun-baked expanses of clay. They are bare of vegetation because even hardy desert growths cannot survive intermittent floods, constant accretions of mud and excessive deposits of alkali. After a heavy rain in the hills the playas become morasses covered with a slick of water. Many of the playas are dotted with miners' monuments that mark the limits of niter, potash or borax claims. The miners are all in town trying to sell their claims.

The three great deserts, the Colorado, the Mohave and Death Valley, which comprise the southern end of the Great Basin, are grouped along a northwest-southeast line. The Colorado Desert begins at San Gorgonio Pass, the natural cut in the San Bernardino Mountains through which the Southern Pacific Railroad reaches the Pacific Coast. The Colorado Desert winds around the southern shoulder of the San Bernardino Mountains and the northern spur of the San Jacinto Mountains, and stretches southward through the Salton Sink, through the irrigated abundance of Imperial Valley, through the rugged foothills of Mexico to the Gulf of California.

North of the Colorado Desert is the Mohave Desert. North of the walls of the San Bernardino, Cottonwood, Chuckwalla and Chocolate mountains, the gaunt waste of the Mohave extends northward to the barrier of low, broken hills that runs east and west between Silurian Lake and Silver Lake. Across this low divide is the southern gate to Death Valley. Death Valley stretches northwestward from the gate with a high, gnarled, mountain range on each side. The Panamint Range is on the west side of Death Valley. The Amargosa Range, with its Black, Funeral, and Grapevine mountains, is on the east. The ranges are from four to ten miles apart and from five to eleven thousand feet high. Between the ranges is the deep depression of Death Valley, 120 miles long.



Joshua Trees on a Desert Mesa

PHOTOS BY WALTER FIRM

Death Valley is the sink of the Amargosa River, which meanders down through the Amargosa Desert east of the Amargosa Range. At the south end of the Black Mountains the Amargosa River forks. One short fork drains south and the other fork runs north into the sink of Death Valley. Most of the valley is below sea level. At the salt pools the sink is more than 300 feet below sea level. Six thousand feet above the salt pools is Dante's View in the Black Mountains. Just west across the valley from Dante's View, the snow cap of Telescope Peak rises to more than 11,000 feet and presents the greatest vertical profile of any mountain in the States. Automobiles drive up to Dante's View and people admire the mountains and the strange lights in the deep valley. The sides of the Black Mountains are littered with adjectives that have spilled over the cliff at Dante's View. Artists paint and cameras click on Dante's View. It is a popular exclamation point.

The higher crests of the Amargosa and Panamint ranges command a weird, unearthly land. Spread out below them, 10,000 square miles of tortured desert and wrinkled desert ranges suffer in the sun. To the westward, the mottled patchwork of burned reds and browns ends eighty miles away where the high Sierra Nevada Range lifts its snow-clad backbone to build a jagged horizon in the sky and end the westward march of the desert. In all other directions the weathered ribs of the mountains and minor hills break darkly through the background of the patterned yellow and scorched orange desert. The land runs away to merge with the gray-and-violet distance. The clouds screen the sunlight. The haze of heat filters the sunlight. Through clouds and heat haze the sun floods the naked land with molten steel. In the narrow pit of Death Valley the salt marsh glows dully white in the pulsing lights and moving shadows. Gaudy mineral stains streak the mountains. At sunset the colors leap from the land into the sky. The screaming sunsets are impossible. There are no such colors.

Privacy Achieved

THE floor of Death Valley is harsh and barren. Near Furnace Creek it is occupied by a great bed of salt that is forty miles long and several wide. The entire surface of the ground is crystalline salt many feet thick. Bizarre pillars of salt rise several feet above the surface. The salt crust has cracked and broken up into hard slabs of solid salt. These natural blocks of salt were beaten down with sledge hammers to make a road through the salt bed. The road forks in the salt bed and the east fork runs into the salt pools. The other fork leads out through the south end of the valley. The road south carries very little traffic. People get discouraged driving through the salt bed and turn back to take the road which leaves the valley through Furnace Creek Canyon.

Legend says that many years ago there was a smelter at a mine in Furnace Creek Canyon. Furnace Creek was named because of that furnace, not because of the heat; there is plenty of good water in Furnace Creek. The hotel at the Death Valley end of Furnace Creek uses the water for its swimming pool, and Furnace Creek Ranch down on the floor of the valley is irrigated by the water of the creek. The ranch grows alfalfa and dates, and raises turkeys and chickens.

Turkeys do very well in Death Valley. The dates grown on the ranch are blight-free. The date palms were clean when they were first brought to the valley, and the isolation of the valley has kept them clean.

Furnace Creek Ranch was started in the 70's by a gentleman who wanted privacy. It was later taken over by Borax Smith, who operated the Old Harmony Borax Works just north of the ranch from 1883 to 1887. The borax was recovered from the water of the marsh in Death Valley. The ruins of the evaporation vats lie beside the old road that runs north from Furnace Creek. Old wagon tires and equipment are scattered about the ruins of the adobe huts

at the old borax works. Two of the old borax wagons and a water-tank wagon stand just outside the fence at the ranch. They are too big to make good souvenirs.

Borax Smith hauled borax out of Death Valley with mule teams. There was one string of twenty mules. There were four or five strings of sixteen and eighteen mules. Borax Smith improved Furnace Creek Ranch so that there would be some shade in Death Valley. He had plenty of water and grew hay for the mules. The mule teams hauled two borax wagons and a tank wagon on the trips to the railhead. A round trip required ten days. They made about twenty miles a day and laid over two days at each end of the trip.

Joe Salsuepuedes worked for Borax Smith in the 80's when the Old Harmony Works were running. Joe went into Death Valley in the 50's. Joe was a baby then. He was with his father and mother, who were crossing the desert to California in a prairie schooner. In Death Valley near the base of Telescope Peak, Joe's people ran out of water. Joe was very thirsty and very fretful. His father went out into the valley looking for water. He did not come back. Joe's mother gave Baby Joe the last drop of water and left Joe to go search for the father. Joe was rescued by a small band of Cocopa Indians traveling east to the Colorado River. The Indians told Joe later that they had sat up on the hill and watched his father and mother wander off. They were afraid to come near. The Indians raised Joe as one of their tribe. They named him Joe "Salsuepuedes." "Salsuepuedes" is Cocopa talk for "Get out, if you can."

Fresh Water in the Salt Creek

THIRTY years later Joe returned to Death Valley and went to work at the Old Harmony Borax Works. Joe was a teamster's helper. The freighters called a teamster's helper a swamper. The other men at the mill could not pronounce "Salsuepuedes." And besides, Joe Salsuepuedes did not look like a Joe. So they called Joe, "Swamper Ike."

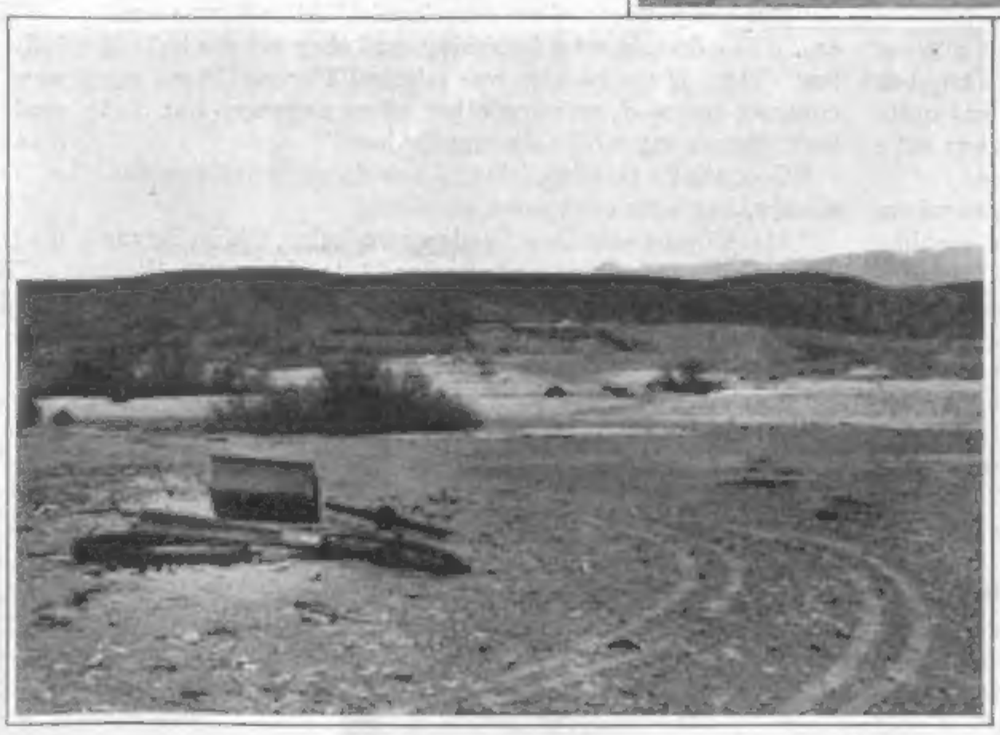
Ike made seventy-five dollars a month and found while he was a swamper. When he learned to handle the sixteen-mule teams, Ike became a teamster. The teamsters handled their long string of mule teams with a single line—a jerk line. They were clever drivers. They were paid $120 a month. That was good pay in 1885. Driving sixteen or eighteen or twenty mules through Death Valley was worth $120 a month, even in 1885. Quite a number of teamsters were found dead along the road. Usually they died from natural causes—heat, exhaustion, heart failure. In the hot weather, Death Valley is a very poor place to get drunk.

Going north in the valley from the Old Harmony Borax Works, the floor of the valley rises. The road runs across the gray-blue gravel fans that pour down from the mouth of every canyon in the mountains. There are yellow hills of sulphur, red and green hills of clay, crystalline salt sparkles through its dun coat of sand. The dead white of borax and niter out on the flat in the center of the valley shows in irregular stretches through the rusty growths of the salt grass that likes its water bitter.

Traveling through the valley, the carved and barren mountains are always close, definite horizons on the east and west. Northern and southern horizons in the valley are vague in a haze that may be lavender, fawn or blinding white.

North of the salt bed, the Salt Creek road forks to the west through soft, tawny sand to the Salt Creek Crossing. The creek is a miniature stream flowing south through the heavy salt crust. The water of the creek is a clear salt-saturated solution. The Indians claim that just below the crossing there is a strong spring of sweet water that wells up from the bottom of the creek and boils up to the surface of the bitter creek. The spring is a fountain which just breaks the surface. I have never been able to find that fountain.

Old Borax Wagons and Water Tank



Ruins of the Old Harmony Borax Works

Farther north, the Salt Creek road winds over great heaps of lake-shore rubble. The pebbles that were washed by the waves of the ancient lake are almost round. The sun has burned the rubble black and coated the rocks with the smooth and glistening desert varnish. In certain lights the jet-black rock fragments sparkle and dress entire bronze slopes in spangles.

The Cornfield, where the Jayhawker emigrant party made its last Death Valley camp in 1849, is close to the Salt Creek road between Tucki Mountain and the sand dunes.

The Cornfield is a borax flat studded with desert shrubs. The wind sweeps the Cornfield and tears the surface soil away from the roots of the shrubs so that the shrubs resemble shocks of corn. Relics of the Jayhawker party have been recovered from the Cornfield—an ox yoke, a wagon hub, a rusted chain. These relics hang in the store at the toll gate on the private road which sweeps up Emigrant Wash and crosses the Panamint Range through Townsend Pass. An emigrant wagon stands on the gravel fan close to the valley end of the toll road at the foot of Tucki Mountain. The wagon was rescued from the sand at Lost Wagons, near the north end of the valley. No one knows the story of the wagon.

The road across the Panamints is a brave piece of work. From the foot of Tucki Mountain it runs east across the valley, passing the sand dunes and Stovepipe Well. Stovepipe Well is a hole in the sand on the east side of Death Valley at the feet of the Death Valley Buttes. When freighters were making regular trips across the valley during the mining boom, men and stock got water at Stovepipe Well. The well was hard to find until someone thrust a short piece of stovepipe into the sand to mark the well. Very thirsty men got water at the well. Stovepipe Well is a point of interest to the tourists. They take pictures there. Sometimes they taste the water.

A Guest at Bottle Dugout

ACROSS the road from the well is the Bottle Dugout. Two-thirds of the dugout is underground. In hot weather, the valley is cooler below the surface. The Bottle Dugout is a curiosity. It was a saloon in the days of the freighters. The freighters crossing the valley on the old Bullfrog Trail stopped at Stovepipe Well and helped to empty the bottles that went into the walls of the Bottle Dugout.

The Bottle Dugout is a good place to camp on a cold night. I helped a bundle stiff find the dugout one November night. He was cold as he stood beside the car and asked me about the dugout. He had walked across the desert from Darwin. He had walked fifty miles across the Argus Mountains, Panamint Valley, Panamint Mountains and Death Valley! He thought the dugout would be a good place to sleep if he could find it. He had a can of beans and a bottle of water. The next day he was going east to Beatty. I told him it was thirty-five miles up the Amargosa Range, through Hell's Gate and Daylight Pass into Nevada. Down the Amargosa Range and across the Amargosa Desert, through the Bullfrog Hills past the ruins of Bullfrog and Rhyolite into Beatty. He thought there might be a job in Beatty. There has not been a job in Beatty since 1907.

The sand dunes send their feathered edges into Stovepipe Well and the Bottle Dugout. The sand dunes soften the ferocity of the valley's weird composition of sharp angles. The wind has swept the sand into perfection of simple line and curve. The shadows of the graceful dunes flood the sand hollows with dark liquid. The sand dunes

(Continued on Page 95)

PHOTOS. BY WALTER FIRO

The Cornfield of Death Valley

THE LIONESS AND THE MOUSE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS by a very off chance indeed that Donald Upton came upon Barbara Bayne at the moment when she gave way to grief, for it happened in a part of the studio building in which he rarely set foot—the long corridor where the president of the company and all the vice presidents had their magnificent offices. Donald was there because he had just delivered a note from Mr. McQuarrie, the head of the research department in which he held a job, to the secretary of Mr. Bergdorf, the first vice president.

That it should have been he to whom that marvelously intimate experience occurred seemed, to Donald, Luck with a capital L and marginal decorations in twelve colors and gold, because, of all the ladies who trailed the perfume of their presence through the Supreme Studios, Barbara Bayne appealed to him most violently.

It was strange, because Barbara Bayne wasn't a great star, and usually Donald Upton didn't bother with any but the very greatest stars. To specialize in them was quite simple for him, since his love life knew no barriers save those of his imagination, in which it all took place.

Barbara Bayne was more or less of a beginner, to whom Supreme had given a short-term contract on a gamble. Donald would have defended the fact that she had dispossessed the more established occupants of his heart by such arguments as her hair—golden—her complexion—fair—her eyes—blue—and her figure—there is no one word to describe her figure—but the logic of a person in his state of mind is notoriously bad.

Whatever was the cause, he thought of her frequently, and I should probably have said "constantly" had she not been far from his mind at the moment he left Mr. Bergdorf's office.

The document he had delivered there was an important one. Mr. Bergdorf had written with his own hand to Mr. McQuarrie: "My decorator says there isn't no kind of comfortable chair will look right in my early Venice music room. Is that right? Suggestions please."

Donald, having studied the lolling possibilities of a few centuries of Venetian furniture, had written out a memorandum which his superior had signed and told him to deliver.

"You kept us waiting for this," Mr. Bergdorf's secretary had said in a tone alarming as only the tone of a person higher up in cinema circles can be, and Donald, gulping "I'm sorry," had opened the door, backed through and shut it behind him, to be surprised by a soft sound—a sound of which Swinburne might well have written his phrase: "Oh, broken moaning of the dove!"

Donald faced about, and, though her handkerchief concealed many of the features of the lady collapsed on the light oak bench, he knew her instantly.

"Miss Bayne!" he gasped.

"Mr. Bergdorf!" she breathed; then she saw him, or at least looked at him. Donald was horribly conscious that looking as much like everyone else as he did made one unpleasantly invisible.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"No," she said. "Go away."

"I'll get you some water."

And though she shook her head, Donald did, from the cooler at the end of the corridor, in a fluted-paper cup.

While he was going for it he had time to tell himself feverishly that he must keep calm and do just the right thing.

"Drink this," Donald directed Miss Bayne. "It'll make you feel better."

"Thanks," Miss Bayne said, and drank.

"What's the matter?" Donald questioned.

Great tears welled up in Barbara Bayne's dark blue eyes, and merely to say that she was surpassingly beautiful is to humiliate the English language.

"They aren't going to release my picture. I just heard it."

"Gee, that's tough!" Donald said. "That's terrible!"

"Mr. Salmon told me just now."

Mr. Salmon was the president's own secretary.

"What's the matter with it?" Donald asked.

"Everything except me," Miss Bayne replied. "It was a weak story to begin with, and they gave it a bad treatment, and my leading man was just awful."

"Is this the one you were doing with Walter Gifford?" Donald asked.

She nodded.

"I'll bet he was."

"But the pictures of me were lovely," Miss Bayne went on. "The dresses were becoming, and they got me lighted just right. If the picture was released I know I'd get my contract renewed, or some other offers anyway; but if it isn't, there's my whole six months lost."

"Gee, that's terrible," Donald declared, a trifle repetitiously, but with even more emphasis.

"Mr. Salmon said they liked my work fine," Miss Bayne continued, carried away on the flood tide of her woe, "but now, with the talkies, they're afraid to release a plain sound picture that isn't a knock-out."

"I wish there was something I could do," Donald assured her.

"They Aren't Going to Release My Picture. I Just Heard It"

"Do you know Mr. Bergdorf?" she asked.

"No. I work in the—in another department."

She shrugged her shoulders hopelessly.

"What'll happen to the picture?" he inquired.

"It'll be sent to the morgue. And all that the Supreme people will remember about me is that I was in a flop that cost them money. They'll never bother to ask whether it was my fault or not. I had lots of good offers when I signed their contract too. I wish I'd taken one of them."

Donald's brain had functioned a little.

"Say, I've got a friend ——" he began.

"Who could get it released?" Miss Bayne cried. "I know that anyone at the top could if they tried. You ask him around to my place for dinner tomorrow night, will you?"

"He couldn't do that," Donald said, "but he's an awfully smart guy. He's taken pictures that they thought were absolutely dead and recut and retitled them, and made them so they could be issued and make a lot of money."

"Oh."

"I'll get him to look at this picture of yours if you want me to."

"Well, I suppose it can't do any harm," Miss Bayne said listlessly.

"What's the name of it?"

"Backstage Kisses."

She seemed to have nothing further to impart. Donald realized that she didn't think he could be of any service in the matter. Well, maybe she was right, but that was the way the lion had felt about the mouse, and he had been mistaken.

"I'll do my best," he promised, and was about to formulate something in the way of a valedictory mumble, when he thought of the mondaine thing to do, and did it.

"I've got a car downstairs. Can't I drive you home?"

"Oh, all right," Miss Bayne replied and rose.

"Or—or call a taxi, if ——"

Perhaps it was the hesitation in his voice. Why had he shown it? Donald was to ask himself reproachfully later. There were lots of guys in the studio who would have taken her home in just as disreputable looking a car and got away with it—guys in bright-colored pull-on sweaters with irresistible grins. Why wasn't he like that?

At the instant, however, it seemed to him that Miss Bayne's eyes fell on the long line of doors with impressive titles painted on the ground glass after each name, and found a challenge in the sight.

Whatever her reason, she sat on the bench again.

"No," she said. "I feel all right now. I guess I'll stay."

Donald knew that eventually she'd march against one of those pitiless doors, a brave, slim little figure sure to be beaten.

"Well, I'd better be going," he said, and left.

He looked back over his shoulder. For all her brave words, he saw that Miss Bayne had taken out her handkerchief again, and though she was sitting quite still, it seemed not improbable that at any moment another sob would shake her frame.

"Gee, it's a heartless business," he thought to himself.

The reason the name of Barbara Bayne's leading man had come so readily to Donald's lips was that Walter Gifford occupied the bungalow in Glorianna Court opposite the one where Donald and his mother lived. There

"Hello, Dear People," Barbara Bayne Began, Her Voice Limpid With Affection. "I Have to Speak for Both Myself and My Leading Man——"

was very little about Walter Gifford's activities that wasn't stamped on Donald's mind, for Mrs. Upton admired him extravagantly.

"There's Mr. Gifford getting out of his car now," she would report from her corner window. "What a handsome suit he's wearing! I wish you could wear a suit like that, Donnie."

"Aw, mother, I wouldn't be found dead in pearl gray."

Or it might be: "My, how well Mr. Gifford carries himself! I do like an elegant young man."

To which, in the consciousness of his own lack of distinction, Donald would reply: "He's elegant all right. They tell me he shaves with a Milady Dainty Razor."

"Oh, Donnie, you're killing. You know you'd give anything to be just like him."

In fact, though Donald would never have cared much for Walter Gifford, Mrs. Upton had fanned his indifference to detestation.

It would be pleasant to record that, in spite of that fact, on the evening after Miss Bayne's revelations, when Walter Gifford strolled out on his little porch, Donald, sitting on the step by the Nantucket swing in which Mrs. Upton was reclining, was able to feel toward him a high, Olympian pity. That he could rise to forgetting a past of languorous patronage and look upon Walter as just a fellow creature who had met with a discouragement along the road, and so viewing him, sing out some words of high encouragement. Truth compels the admission that, as Walter posed in his doorway, fingers to brow, waiting for his Chinese servant to bring him a cigarette, what Donald Upton shouted was: "Hello, there! I hear you spoiled the picture you were working in!"

The words brought that languid figure to instant life.

"Who said that?"

"Oh, it's just the dope that's going around the studio."

"What is?"

"That they've had to send Backstage Kisses to the morgue because you were so lousy in it."

"Say, nobody could have saved that picture with Bayne snatching everything."

"Yes, Miss Bayne my ear," Donald returned. "You can't get away with that. Miss Bayne's been in other pictures, you know."

Walter Gifford hadn't. He was a recruit from the stage.

"Sh-h, Donnie," Mrs. Upton admonished quietly from the dark of the swing.

"I'll begin worrying about that picture," Walter Gifford stated, "when I hear from somebody that amounts to something at the studio that it's unsatisfactory."

"That'll save you a lot of worry," Donald told him. "They don't bother to kiss 'em good-by in this business, you know."

"Oh, you make me sick," Walter Gifford said, and flounced elegantly into the bungalow.

"If you were about seven years younger," Mrs. Upton informed her son, "I'd wash your mouth out with soap and water and maybe a little lye. What a thing to say to an artist! I don't believe it anyway."

Donald looked forward to telling the friend of whom he had spoken to Barbara Bayne, because Harry Chambers was sympathetic to his attitude toward Walter Gifford. In fact, Donald and Harry Chambers had been brought together by a snub delivered by Mr. Gifford in the studio cafeteria.

It was during the first week that Donald had his job with Supreme and, going down to luncheon, he recognized his neighbor at a table and started to sit down with him.

"I'm afraid you'd better not sit there," Gifford said after a limp "hello." "These tables are reserved for the artists."

Hearing the words, Harry Chambers, sitting at a table near by, had called out, "Come over here, buddy. This is the hodcarriers' hangout."

As they ate he confided a little difficulty he'd had with Mr. Gifford on the subject of parking space for their cars. He and Donald had been firm friends ever since.

Harry Chambers was a smallish, gray man with spectacled eyes which might have belonged to a troll out of something by the Brothers Grimm—a troll who spent his days tapping bright nails into magic shoes with a little silver hammer.

"Yeah, I've seen Backstage Kisses run through," Harry said when he heard Donald's account. "It's a dud if ever I saw one. I got a note about it today. It's right on my desk somewhere now, but all I could do was write 'Hopeless' on it."

"It can't be hopeless," Donald insisted. "Not with Barbara Bayne in it."

"That sounds like you had kind of a yen for La Bayne."

"Have I just?" Donald groaned. "Say, Harry, we can't let Walter Gifford spoil the career of that beautiful thing. Take another look at it, will you, please?"

"All right," Harry agreed; "anything to avoid routine. Let's see if we can dig it out of the morgue right now and get hold of a projection room."

Though Donald had only expected to be away from the research department a few minutes, he took a chance on his continued absence not being remarked.

It was an appalling picture.

Barbara Bayne played one of a team of dancers. Walter Gifford, the leading man of the musical comedy in which their act was playing, fell in love with her, but her partner, afraid of losing her services, kept them apart by lies as to his motives. It was only when, at a stag dinner party, Miss Bayne emerged from a pie and was saved from the insults of the wine-inflamed guests by Mr. Gifford that she realized his true worth.

The endeavor to center all the interest in the girl, who was a passive character, had messed up a plot which wasn't much to begin with, and the carryings-on of Walter Gifford, who had not yet acquired cinema placidity, were nothing short of grotesque. Even some pretty good music with which the stage sequences had been equipped couldn't distract one's attention from him.

"Oh, that ham!" Donald raged at intervals. "That terrible ham!"

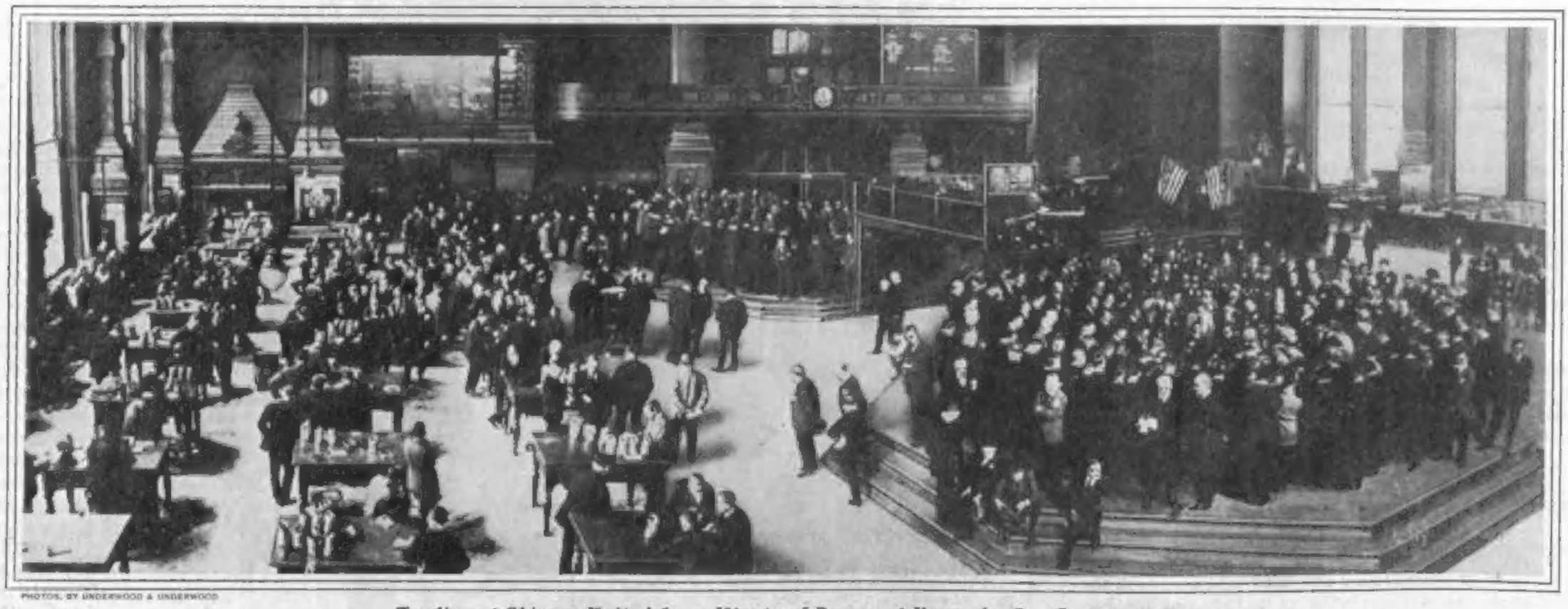
"Ham is right," Harry Chambers agreed; "and I hope that now you'll admit that there's nothing to do but send it to the slaughterhouse."

"Don't you think you could cut Gifford out entirely," Donald asked, "and have her partner really in love with her, and make that the main story?"

"That might do for a one-reeler, but how about the other six reels? From the minute Gifford romps in and takes her from that kid, the sympathy of the audience is gone. All I can do is send in some hot comments on his performance."

"If only her partner had taken her away from Gifford," Donald groaned. *(Continued on Page 90)*

A REFORMED SPECULATOR



PHOTOS, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Trading at Chicago Halted for a Minute of Prayer at Noon of a Day Early in 1917

By WILL PAYNE

FOR more than a year speculation as practiced on the New York Stock Exchange has been a staple of newspaper headlines. Endless columns of exposition and argument have been published about it. Congress has debated it. In private conversation it has been almost as reliable a topic as baseball. But in all that time I have not seen speculation as practiced on the Chicago Board of Trade referred to in print or heard it mentioned orally.

That seems significant, because I well remember when the Chicago Board of Trade was the bad boy of the speculative family, the especially horrible example to which critics of speculation turned as inevitably as the temperance lecturer turned to the town drunkard.

Also for more than two years farm relief has engaged the attention of the nation to a greater degree, probably, than any other domestic question. It was one of the outstanding issues in the last election. A special session of Congress was called particularly to deal with it. The literature of farm relief in the last two years would make a mountain. Of course, I have not searched the files, but I am a fairly constant newspaper reader, and in all the discussion of farm relief I haven't seen the Chicago Board of Trade mentioned.

A Great Year for Chicago

THAT also is significant, because when I lived in the trans-Missouri wheat country and farmers raised their voices in complaint—which happened rather often even then—the first thing they complained of would probably be the Board of Trade. Pretty generally in Western agricultural circles the dun, massy but peanut-headed structure at the foot of La Salle Street, Chicago, was looked upon as the stronghold of some misdated medieval barons who sallied into the pit every morning to levy unholy tithes on the tillers of the soil.

The Populist movement was sweeping the wheat country then, under the evangelical leadership of Senator Peffer, of Kansas, whose spare frame and long whiskers were the delight of cartoonists. In 1892 he introduced a bill in the Senate to make speculation in wheat a felony punishable by imprisonment for not less than two or more than ten years. The senator scorned mere fines. In his opinion, and no doubt in the opinion of most of his followers, the only proper place for wheat speculators was the penitentiary. They regarded the Board of Trade as their inveterate enemy.

The last of May, this year, wheat dropped to 96¼ cents a bushel. In that connection I saw the words, "Chicago Board of Trade," in a New York newspaper headline—which reminded me that it had been years since I had seen these words in that position. But they used to be popping into headlines all the while.

On the face of the returns then, an old citizen who used to be in so many rows and scandals that the papers kept his name standing in big type has been leading so respectable and orderly an existence that newspaper readers have almost forgotten his name. In other words, here is one of the world's greatest speculative markets—the greatest of its kind—that was formerly an object of endless reprobation, but which now appears, on the whole, to be functioning so satisfactorily that it has fairly dropped out of general public notice.

An Exciting Moment in the Wheat Pit. Almost Every Character of the Sign Manual Appears

It seems worth while to find out how that came about, especially when the New York exhibition has forced nearly every literate citizen to think more or less on the general subject of speculation. The Chicago example indicates that speculation may be civilized without just knocking it on the head.

The Chicago Board of Trade claims the honor not only of being the first organized grain market in the United States but of having invented or evolved the system of speculating in farm products as now generally practiced. Of course, it did not then deal in cotton; but its technic of futures dealings was presently applied to that commodity. The board dates from 1848. At that time my grandfather was cutting wheat with a cradle and hauling it by wagon, over the sketchiest sort of roads, 120 miles to Chicago, where he received about seventy-five cents a bushel. Whatever his farm problems were, he lived to laugh over them at eighty-two.

That was a memorable year for Chicago. McCormick had just set up a small reaper factory in the city. In March the first telegram was received, coming from Milwaukee. A little later wire communication was established with Detroit, and there was a regular telegraph office—in the Saloon Building, corner Lake and Clark streets. The first stockyards were opened near what is now the intersection of Ashland Avenue and West Madison Street. The first railroad—the Galena and Chicago Union, now absorbed in the Chicago and Northwestern—opened its line for freight as far west as the Des Plaines River, a dozen miles.

All-Season Roads

BUT forward-looking citizens were more excited over another new transportation scheme. West of the city, until one came to the higher land where Oak Park now stands, the ground was low and swampy. In rainy weather laden wagons could hardly flounder through it. The young metropolis was therefore putting its capital and energy into plank roads which, as the promoters boasted, would be passable for wagons the whole year round. They calculated that already 70,000 farm wagons reached town in a year. The first plank road, to Lyons, on the Des Plaines River, was finished before the end of the year.

Far most important of all, the Illinois and Michigan Canal was completed in 1848 and the first boat over it was received in Chicago with a grand public celebration. The canal, running to La Salle on the Illinois River, was ninety miles long and six feet deep. Soon stately packets with real chairs to sit on were carrying passengers the whole length, and for some years the canal was the greatest grain highway in the West. From Chicago, of course, grain could be shipped East cheaply by lake. It was a natural joint in continental commerce.

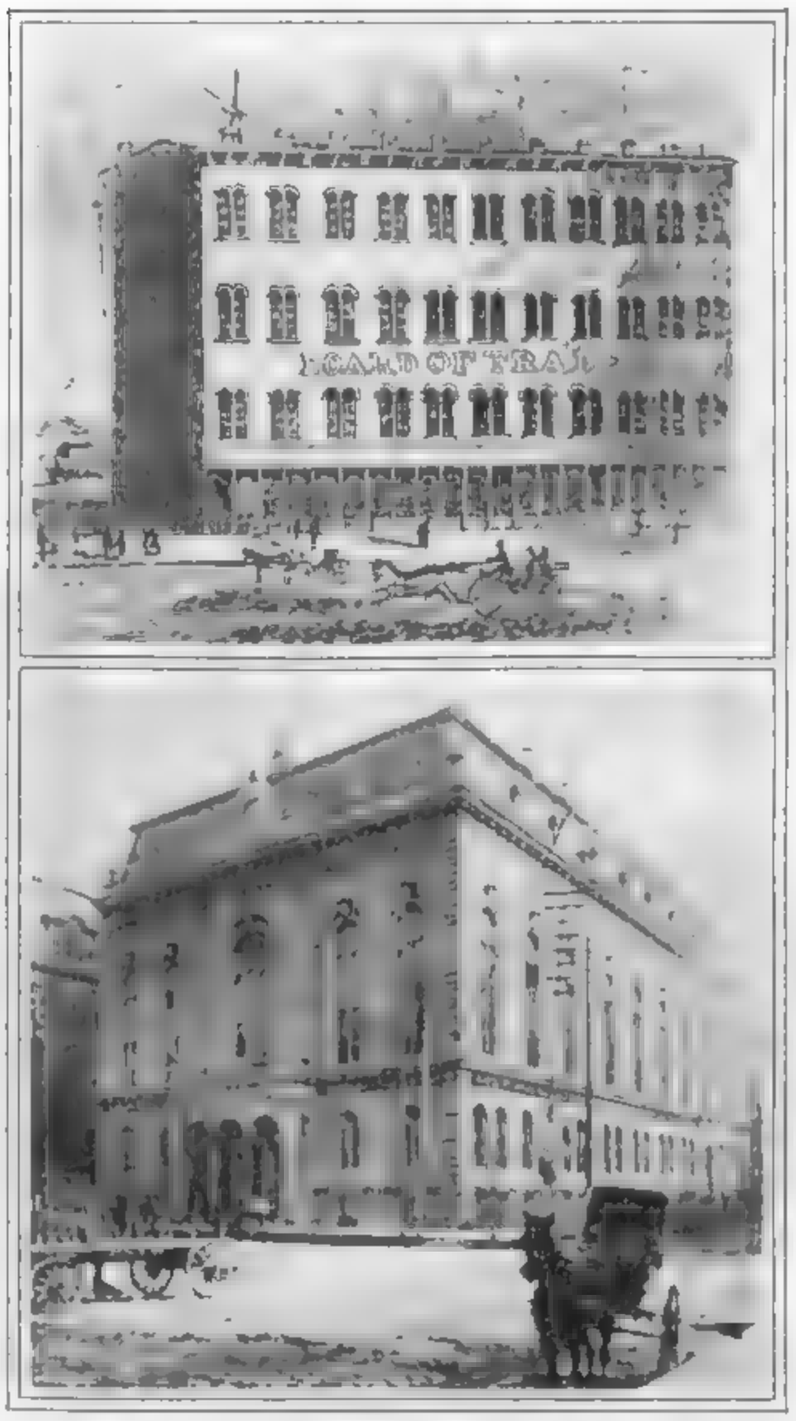
Now a northwest wind might bring a fleet of boats, hungry for cargo, into the Chicago harbor when there was relatively little grain on hand, or many wagons, arriving

the same day, might bring a glut. So there soon grew up a system of buying and selling grain to arrive in ten days, or to arrive during the first half of the month, or the last half. Thus boats could be assured of their cargoes within a certain time, and sellers could be somewhat protected against a temporary glut. These were simply sales for the future arrival of grain actually on the way.

Then country buyers on the canal bought corn in the fall and put it in cribs to await opening of navigation on the canal. Wheat farther north had also to await opening of navigation on the lake. Some of this grain was sold to arrive in the spring. In that way a custom of selling long futures developed. Originally the futures, whether long or short, were merely incidental to the marketing of real grain. A man sold a contract to deliver wheat or corn the following May because he had the grain or would have it in the regular course of his trade. On the other side of the ledger a man bought such a contract because, being a miller or shipper, he wanted the actual grain.

These contracts for future delivery offered an obvious opportunity for speculation. If a man thought wheat was too cheap in the fall and would sell higher in the spring, he might buy the real grain and hold it till spring. That required considerable capital and left no opening for the man who thought that wheat was too dear in the fall and would sell lower in the spring. How much simpler for the first man to buy a contract for the delivery of wheat in May, and for the second man—the bear—to sell him such a contract! When May came around one could take his profit, the other his loss, without either of them having touched a kernel of real wheat.

Such purely speculative transactions, detached from the handling of real grain, came into vogue slowly, but surely. In 1859 we find the board gravely condemning "certain warehousemen" for lending grain that has been stored with them. This lending of grain was for short selling as it was practiced then. But it was only in 1865 that the board took official notice of speculation by adopting its first rule governing futures. The secretary's report for that year expressed a pious hope that "with the coming of peace the fever of speculation will abate." The fever, however, was just beginning, and before very long the speculative tail was decidedly wagging the real-grain dog.



The Chamber of Commerce, Chicago. Destroyed in the Fire of 1871. Above—Early Board of Trade Building

As a rough-and-ready generalization, up to the close of the Civil War the board's paramount interest was in the merchandising of grain and provisions. Thereafter, for a long while, the speculative interest was dominant. We have a fairly trustworthy gauge to go by. The name of that gauge is "corners." They run to the crux of the matter. Speculation, if we arbitrarily define it as buying and selling futures with no intention to receive or deliver real grain, may play a very useful rôle in the marketing of actual wheat, corn, pork, and so on. But no taint of legitimacy attaches to a deliberate corner. That is anticommercial and harmful to the trade in real grain from every point of view; in fact, it is only a gambler's holdup.

Cornering

FUTURES, it must be understood, were never the mere "wind" that critics of the board said they were. They have always been binding contracts to deliver the amount of grain stipulated in the contract before the expiration of the month for which the future is named. Millers, shippers and others who want real grain at certain times may buy futures so that they will know beforehand at just what price they will get the grain. Country elevators and others having real grain quite generally sell futures against it, in order to be sure what price they will get when the grain reaches market. The seller of a future must deliver the grain if it is demanded of him. The only other way in which he can release himself is to buy back his futures contract in the market. He could not deliver just any grain. It had to be grain of contract grade, stored in some one of certain designated warehouses in Chicago, delivery being made by handing over the warehouse receipt. The whole trade in futures has long centered in the Chicago market, but only a small part of the real grain comes to Chicago. At any given time the quantity of grain in store in Chicago, deliverable in settlement of futures contracts, will be only a little fraction of the total supply of grain.

The strategy of the cornerer consisted in getting control of the relatively small quantity of grain in Chicago—seizing the tiny neck of the bottle—thereby putting the shorts in such a position that they could not lay hands on real grain in time to satisfy their contracts, then in running the price up on them so that they had to pay him a great ransom to release them. Naturally, the cornerer wished to receive the smallest possible amount of real grain at the artificial corner price. He would not spring his corner unless he was confident that but comparatively little real grain could be delivered to him. Then, as soon as the shorts ransomed themselves, he would drop the price back to a normal level. Consequently, growers of grain or holders of it got very little benefit from the high corner price. On the other hand, many holders of real grain at other points than Chicago, such as country elevators and millers, who had sold futures in Chicago for the purpose of hedging, were caught in the corner and ruinously squeezed. The whole proceeding was as demoralizing to legitimate trade as the sudden incursion of holdup men into a dry-goods store.

Old Hutch's Ingenious Defense

THEORETICALLY everybody realized this—with, perhaps, the notable exception of B. P. Hutchinson, probably the most famous cornerer in the board's long history. In my early days in Chicago, Mr. Hutchinson's lean beak-nosed figure, in rumpled clothes and slouch hat, could still be seen daily on the board—and pointed out to visitors from the country with an awed whisper, "That's Old Hutch." No name, not even Barnum's or the President's, was more familiar in the Middle West, and no one's exploits were discussed at the village general store with more absorbed interest. Once, by the willing hand of a newspaper man, Mr. Hutchinson wrote a magazine article that I cannot now find; but, according to my recollection, his argument ran substantially as follows: A corner can occur only in time of scarcity. In such a time the scant supply of wheat—or whatever the article may be—should be used with the greatest prudence, for if any is wasted, the pinch of hunger may be felt. But people always waste cheap things. The speculator, by forcing prices up sharply, admonishes people not to waste wheat and thereby—inferentially—saves the country from famine. It is safe to say that Mr. Hutchinson's argument convinced no growers of wheat or merchandisers of wheat. There was no real defense of corners, except that they enlivened the game, just as taking off the limit enlivens a game of poker. They gave greater opportunity for purely speculative gains and losses. Probably the livelier game attracted more players, and more players meant more commissions for Board of Trade members. During a great many years the board made corners easy; its rules and practices really facilitated corners instead of preventing them. That is evidence that the speculative tail was wagging the real-grain dog.

But the board, as represented by its directors, had misgivings about it, as one finds by leafing over the old records. Thus, in June, 1868, there was a violent corner in wheat, the price jumping from $1.77 early in the month to $2.20. When the performance was repeated in October the honored president of the board was caught in the squeeze and busted, whereupon his fellow directors formally resolved that corners were "improper and fraudulent" and any member engaging in such a maneuver should be expelled. This good resolution had so little effect that there

(Continued on Page 42)

The Wheat Pit, Chicago Board of Trade

THE BEST MUST ALWAYS GO

They Made a Strange Contrast Standing There. The Contrast of the Old That Was Leaving and the New Which Had Come to Seize Upon All That the Old Had Gathered

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

UP TO a year or so ago the best man to see was Harry Dow if you wanted the ancient gossip of our town. Harry made his living buying books and letters from the attics when cleaning time came round, and selling the best of them to city dealers. In his shop, one flight up above our main street, he had two rooms filled with rubbish which should have been thrown away two generations back. Century-old newspapers kept cascading to the floor, and boxes of letters kept getting underfoot—letters which their owners should have burned when they were still fresh from the post. You could never guess what you might find among the leaves which he brought there to rest. There was no wonder, once you saw the place, that the past and present had become confused to Harry Dow.

The shop itself was old, two upper rooms of one of those square Federalist dwellings whose ground floor had been turned into a grocery and meat market. You could still see the molding and wainscot behind the books; and once you had climbed the stairs and caught your breath, it was not hard to think that ghosts might walk the passages at night. The shop seemed filled with a thousand whisperings all the time Harry Dow was speaking. Yellow leaves rustled harshly as he moved his hands through ancient ship logs and mercantile accounts, and while he opened sheets of foolscap.

"Yes, sir," Harry Dow would tell you, "I buy 'em all and lug 'em here in baskets. Trash and all, I buy 'em, when that junkman don't come first; and a lot of queer things you can find among 'em. Yes, sir, I know a lot that others wouldn't guess."

There was a subtle air of mystery when he wrinkled up his mouth and blew the dust off his fingers, that unschooled, stoop-shouldered man who knew the past of all our town.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dow, "the occult is awful interesting. I can set right here and piece together facts that would surprise you, human nature being what it is. I don't believe there's any past. It's all somewhere, if you follow me—somewheres."

But you could not follow him all the way, for his mind had become a pudding of names and facts, as unreliable as a broken watch. The era of the China trade seemed yesterday when Harry Dow got started, and he could ramble back to the first New England Primer and the Freeman's Oath; he could discuss Judge Sewall's morals without a change of tense. He could tell how Cotton Mather called secretly on one of the Parlin girls after candlelight, and his speech was sprinkled with old family names—the Whistles and the Morrils and the Scarlets and the Swales.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dow, "they've always been here—the Scarlets and the Swales. Here's Col. Richard Swale's papers now—the one that was magistrate of the first settlement. I ran acrost them and bought 'em for a quarter. Heh, heh, he must 'a' been a tough old customer. Listen to what I know about him. Heh, heh. Would you like to hear?"

Yes, he was the one who could tell the forgotten stories. They might be imagination or they might be fact, but nothing seemed impossible when his voice droned on. Praying Indians and bare pine walls and gaping chimneys seemed only around the corner, and ghostly voices groaned beneath the burden of their souls.

"Heh, heh," said Mr. Dow, "I've got that old party's number. He had his dreams like the rest of us, and they went up in smoke. Ever seen his coat of arms? Heh, heh, I bought it for a dime. Yes, sir, the occult is awful interesting. Like as not his ghost is rubbering at me now. . . . Heh, heh, you wouldn't let him marry her, would you, Colonel Swale?"

Who knows, he may have believed it? He had a way of calling back to the past as though it were in the street outside. He wrinkled up his mouth and nodded as though in answer to some unheard remark.

"Heh, heh," said Mr. Dow. "Listen to him now. They were stern parties, the old ones in the Bay."

He snatched at a loose piece of paper and began to read. He had a knack of getting through old writing:

> This morning I called my grandson Micah Swale into my Great Chamber and asked him did he fear the Lord. On his telling me he did so fear Him I did tell him that I had small comfort in my two sons, to wit his father and his uncle; that they were better in the warehouses than keeping a fitting place as Gents.; that it was my desire he should have my Great House when I was gone to my reward and the Meadow land about it and two of my ships and the Goods within my House and my five tankards of silver; and my three slaves to wit the Negurs from the Guinea coast brought thence by Captain Haight. I bade him hold his Head high as I have done with the Lord's help to talk round to the Governors. Then I bade him be humble for the meek are blessed having a care not to consort with Commoners who cross the sea like locusts; that he was a Gent.; with a coat of arms. Then I gave him ten pistoles and bade him dress him like a man of substance; that lace is now allowed to Gents.

"Heh, heh," said Mr. Dow. "Didn't he have his hopes?"

The great house of Col. Richard Swale has vanished long ago before the waves of change. Yet old men in our town could still remember, as late as 1890, its gaunt and weathered walls, its rambling ells and gables. Though they have fallen now, like the House of Usher, a street by our river, where the house once stood, still is called Swale's Lane. The colonel built his house there in 1685, when the land to the right and left and straight down to the river bank belonged to Richard Swale, and ships belonging to him pulled at their moorings near the channel.

That lane, once lined with maples, is now a noisome way of slatternly frame dwellings populated by a foreign-speaking peasantry. The house is gone, the fields and gardens and orchards. A donkey engine where his wharf once stood hisses and shrieks in mockery at the vanity of all endeavor. But as the legends go, Swale's Lane was very fine when it was Richard Swale's. The fields were green and rich, and the Swale house stood alone, massive and rambling, like a manor house at home.

In August, 1690, when Colonel Swale sat in his parlor he could look through his window across the marshes to the sea, with no house to mar his view. A snatch of breeze through the window passed softly across his face and stirred his long white hair, and into the cool dusky room there came the scent of grass and flowers, and with it the smell of salt water. Distant sounds of hammering were carried on that breeze, and the rumbling of a heavy wain and the tolling of a bell. Colonel Swale reached for his cane and rapped on the floor three times, and Peter, his bond servant, opened the door before the rapping had ended.

"Is Master Micah not come yet?" asked Richard Swale.

"No, your honor," Peter said.

"He's late," said Richard Swale. "He's late and drinking, I'll be bound as tight as you. The young men at Harvard College are always at strong liquor."

"Ay, your honor," said Peter, speaking through his nose, as was still the fashion then. "It do be shocking, so please you, how the young bloods carry on these days. What with wine and wenching ——"

"Hold your tongue!" said Richard Swale.

"Ay, your honor," said Peter. "It's not the young master's fault. It's the crew down to Scarlet's drinking before they go on board. They've trussed up a tithing man, your honor, and are a-going at the rum."

By 1690 there were no less than ten tithing men in our town, whose function it was to oversee the morals of townsman and stranger, and to keep the peace.

"Hold your tongue!" said Richard Swale. "You say he's brawling with my ship's crew in a tavern?"

"Ay, your honor," said Peter. "But times do be changing, sir, since you and me was young. When I was back in Norwich before misfortune came upon me ——"

"Peace!" said Richard Swale. "And keep your misfortune to yourself. It falls on every man who lives"

"Ay," said Peter; "but, please your honor, it don't fall on you none, let us praise the Lord!"

Richard Swale was an old man then; he had lived beyond his time. Though years of grim repression had made his face as cold as a portrait's face upon a darkened canvas, a spasm crossed it as his bond servant spoke.

"You fool!" he said. "May the Lord make your sight more keen, you addle-pated fool. You were sold to bondage for a crime, but here I sit, sold to a greater bondage than is yours—to the bondage of my flesh. Now is the reaping time, and the harvest is all tares and the drink is bitter drink. And now the doors are shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low. Be still with your whining and your talk, and remember, when misfortune comes, to bear it like a man."

Colonel Swale paused and looked about the room, and in that moment he seemed very weary.

"Peter," he said, "you were indentured by the court for theft, but what is it in the end where there is no remembrance of former things? In spite of all my strivings, you're a happier man than I. I have been with this plantation when it was new. I have made me great works. I got me servants and maids and had servants born in my house. I have gathered me also silver and gold. And what good does it do me now?"

"Ah, sir," said Peter, "you're the great man of the town, your honor."

"And what is that?" said Richard Swale. "All vanity. You've stood behind my chair at meat; you've seen the comings and goings at my table. I've buried two wives and half a dozen children and I have quarreled with my two sons who are alive. And what is Richard Swale? A narrow, plodding man. And what is Thomas Swale? A commoner at heart who has left us for the English church. If Micah Swale's his son, he has other blood in him. Where is the good in striving when there is no reward? You know, without my telling, that I'd meant this house for Micah Swale. Yet you say I have no misfortune, when he is swilling rum in a commoner's tavern. Are there no gentlemen's houses where he can drink? Answer me that, you fool."

"Please you, sir," said Peter, "I meant no wrong in saying he was at the tavern."

"Swilling rum with sailors," said Richard Swale. "They'll be drinking salt water before my ship turns from Quebec. Where are the other tithing men? Why have they not run there with their staves to beat the tavern still?"

"They do be afeared, sir," said Peter. "The men with Captain Haight are lusty, godless men, with dirks and their hair in braids, please your honor. They'd stick a tithing man in the belly the way I might stick a pig. They flung knives at Goodman Scarlet. He can do naught with them, though he's a powerful man."

Richard Swale rose slowly from his chair. The name of Scarlet stirred with dull hate.

"The Scarlets!" he said. "When there's trouble, there's Scarlets always in it." Richard Swale's bent shoulders still bore the traces of the vanished strength as he rose slowly from his chair. He walked toward the cold, dark chimney and seized his riding whip, which hung upon a nail.

"Go saddle up my horse," he said.

"Your pardon, sir," said Peter. "You ain't going to the tavern?"

"Saddle up my horse!" said Richard Swale. "Those dogs are off my ship."

"But, before heaven, sir," cried Peter, "they're roaring mad with drink!"

And then the fire that was in Richard Swale grew bright; it could still grow bright at times.

"Get about thy business!" roared out Richard Swale.

Once in his saddle, he was still a pretty sight; old as he was, none in all the town could sit a horse as well, and his horse's coat shone like velvet from hours of careful brushing. His jackboots were shining with fresh tallow; his dark coat had silver buttons and frogs of silver braids; his wristbands and his falling band were starched and spotless white.

"You'll want help, sir," said Peter. "Shall I sound the horn?"

"No," said Richard Swale, "I need no help." And he walked his horse slowly down the lane.

By the great oak door of the Swale house Peter stood staring after him, rubbing at his chin. Two of the maid-servants from the kitchen had hurried to the door. Now that the horse was down the lane, their tongues were loosed.

"Coward!" said one. "You never told him."

"You wench," said Peter. "Told him what?"

"I heard you," said the other. "You never spoke about the Spanish man."

"Oh, him," said Peter, and began to grin.

"And you knew!" the first one cried. "The Spanish man the master ordered flogged for breaking last Sabbath Day!"

"Oh, him," said Peter, and he grinned again.

"And you heard him and I heard him!" one of the women cried. "He swore to have the master's blood. You let the master go from home and you never told him that."

Peter stared down the lane and smoothed his greasy, leather vest.

"Fools!" he said "Women are always fools. He'd have only gone the faster if I'd told him."

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Then Goodman Scarlet Spoke, Staring Straight at Richard Swale. "Look at Her, if You Like," He Said. "Ah, You're a Proud Man, Colonel—a Proud, Hard Man"

LIFE IS AN ART

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"Mamma, Masculine Conversation is Different From Fem'nine Conversation. I Apologize"

YOU could count on old Jake for one thing: He was a dilatory milker, he evaded weeding in the vegetable garden, and he seldom was much good if a cow fell sick, but he always felt Mrs. Westlund's approaches to the barnyard and sounded the alarm. He now came around a corner of the tool shed and hissed, "Mind yerself, Crazy!" and then hurried away to begin ostentatiously piling logs into the wagon near the gates.

"Heard about it," Ailanthus said, dropping his brush into the whitewash bucket.

"Well, what'll she do?" asked Toby Edge, but rather nervously.

"Talk," Ailanthus sighed, putting his shirt on. "You stay here or I'll get it worse than usual."

"What'll Uncle Hosea say?"

"Nothing. He just laughed. He was havin' a bath when I got home this mornin'. Dad don't ever get excited since the war. He says he perceived the futility of useless emotions, sittin' in the dressin' station up at the Front. He never did get very excited, Toby, and now he doesn't ever "

"Well, you don't either," said Toby. "You weren't excited last night. I was! Wally knows a lot more about boxing than you do."

"He always did," Ailanthus admitted. "Can't you remember when I fought him in seventh grade and tore the seat out of his sailor pants? He knew about boxing back then. His dad had a chauffeur they had teach him."

"I can't remember things like that!"

"Well," said Ailanthus, "I don't see how you forget so easy."

Mrs. Westlund then cried "Ailanthus!" in a loud and deep voice outside the tool shed.

Ailanthus said "Yes, mamma?" meekly, and wondered if it was true that he got his voice from his mother. His father often said he had inherited his lack of anything like a sense of humor and his voice from Mrs. Westlund. But Ailanthus hoped that he didn't sound as foolish as she sounded.

"Well," Mrs. Westlund said, planting a green slipper inside the shed, "and there you are, Toby!"

"Yes, Aunt Sadie," Toby muttered, shrinking from a sizable fellow in riding boots to a kind of frightened dwarf.

"And you stood by," she thundered, "last night and saw Ailanthus disgrace himself, and you're twenty-one years old and you did nothing to prevent it!"

Toby roused some courage and, quite deliberately, lit a cigarette before he answered, "I'm only five-feet-nine, Aunt Sadie. Crazy's six feet, and Wally Warren's six-feet-one. Who'm I to step in where policemen fear to tread? If anybody was going to stop it, it ought to have been a strong-arm squad. . . . I wish you wouldn't take things like this so darn seriously."

"And you," Mrs. Westlund said to her son, "are nearly twenty years old! And if you have any explanation of this—this disgusting business, Ailanthus James Westlund ——"

"Mamma," said Ailanthus drearily, "it was just a fight! It ain't any use to try to explain that to you. I told dad this morning when I came home. If he ain't excited about it, why would you have to be?"

"That is not an explanation! You were fighting Walter Warren all over the square at four in the morning, and dozens of people saw it! Why?"

"It was just a fight, mamma. Wally's always hated my guts an' ——"

"Ailanthus!"

"Aw," said Ailanthus, picking up the whitewash brush, "it's no use tryin' to explain nothin' to a woman. Mamma, masculine conversation is different from fem'nine conversation. I apologize. You better get your dress out of here, because I'm whitewashin' this shed."

He turned his back upon his parent in her fuzzy green frock and began to lather another panel of the hot wood. She would now either be off to telephone his father in the office of the Blandyburg Argus on Market Street or she would commence some observations on the barbarian instincts he had inherited from the Westlunds. It was a little alarming that she delayed so long. He heard deep breathing and, sideways, noted that Toby was fooling with a spur.

"Ailanthus, for the last ten days you've been far above yourself. I don't see that finding those horrible bodies in that car has—has promoted you ——"

"Now, listen, mamma," said Ailanthus. "They weren't horrible. Dad said that for a couple of folks that had just been murdered they looked very comfortable. I thought they'd gone to sleep when I looked inside the car. If it hadn't been for the blood on ——"

"Ailanthus!"

"Well, all right," he said. "Dad told me he expected me to act like a man when I got to be sixteen, and I try to. And Uncle Nolan says I'm the only person that testified at the inquest that had any sense. You heard him say it. I've got to finish this shed and drive all that wood down to Olsen's. . . . Hi, Jake! Hitch Bob and Bullard in, will you?"

If you resisted mamma in this way and kept talking she sometimes quieted down. It was her having three poems printed in a New York newspaper when he was a kid that set Mrs. Westlund up on this authoritative plane. His aunts and uncles all told him that she used to be simple and timid and just like anybody else, although born a Cass. To be born a Cass was to be superior to the rest of Bland County, with an ancestor who was a general in the Civil War and Uncle Henry in Congress and Uncle Nolan the best surgeon in this part of the state. Ailanthus appreciated the Cass dignities, but he understood that Sam Edge and his own random father often made loans to the minor Casses and that Uncle Nolan plentifully referred to his sisters as a lot of leeches. However, mamma meant no harm.

"Well, you're to apologize to Wally Warren the next time you see him, Ailanthus."

"Say, Aunt Sadie," said Toby Edge, "that ain't fair! You don't know how this started last night! Wally brought down a newspaper from New York with an editorial in it about the murder, and this beef in New York wrote that Crazy was the village idiot that found the car with Mr. Bartello in it. It said ——"

"Idiot!"

"Yes'm. It said that the car was found by a poor simpleton named Westlund. That was it, Crazy, wasn't it?"

"Naw. I wouldn't have a memory like you've got for ten million dollars. It said: 'A half-witted lad named, locally, Crazy Westlund noticed the big car standing beside his father's pasture as he drove out his cows on the morning of July twentieth.' That's what it said, Toby."

"That's it! And Wally read this out while we were eatin' supper, and Sue Ransome told him to stop, and he wouldn't, and then she began cryin'; and it was a lousy stunt, I thought, when it was her birthday dance and she's so darn shy. And Crazy told him to shut it off. And that was that."

For some reason this statement was wholly successful. Mrs. Westlund simply vanished without saying a word in answer to Toby's exposition of the matter. She just went away. Ailanthus turned around and watched her moving through the barnyard, under the locust trees. His cousin gaped. Old Jake stopped harnessing the white horses to the ancient, deep wagon and blinked, his gray lashes fluttering in the sunlight. Even Toby's mare seemed interested in this downfall of a female and twisted a chestnut neck to peer up the lawn after the green frock.

"Gosh," said Toby.

"You kind of stunned her, I guess," Ailanthus pondered.

"Well, I'm goin' home," his cousin remarked, getting up from the low bench. "She might come back."

"I'm drivin' down right away. You wait a minute, Toby."

"All right," said Toby, kicking his boots about on the sloppy floor. "You look like a tramp in jail!"

"Is it gettin' any blacker?"

Toby delicately touched the smear on his kinsman's left cheek and shook his dark head.

"Guess not. But ain't your back sore?"

"Kind of. Only I've been workin' all day and it's limbered up."

Ailanthus stretched his arms and locked his hands on a rafter of the flimsy shed, tightening the muscles. The rafter trembled faintly and a shingle creaked in the roof, four feet above his face. He remembered years ago having to jump for the rafter and sometimes missing it. That was the summer dad was in France in the war. He shook the rafter and stood recollecting things of that summer, or admired his arms until something tilted from the squared beam and slid along his forearm and clanged on the floor.

"Hey," said Toby. "Who stores a gun up there?"

The flat pistol lay blue in the sunlight just at his feet, its muzzle aimed in at his left big toe. Ailanthus curled his toes and stopped to wonder why he was so scared of pistols. Then he squatted and looked at the thing.

"But that ain't dad's. His is a revolver out of the Army."

"Then whose is she?"

"I dunno. It ain't dad's and it ain't none of mine."

"Gosh," said Toby, "your grammar's awful."

He picked up the machine and his brown hands covered it. Ailanthus backed off carefully. He remembered that he was scared of pistols because he once sat down on Uncle Sam Edge's shotgun when he was a kid, and it went off. Uncle Sam had used several startling words while spanking him afterward. The business had struck him as very unjust until dad pointed out that his uncle was really relieved to find Ailanthus entire.

"Four empty cartridges, Crazy."

"I guess this is pretty important, Toby. You wrap it in your handkerchief an' you can carry it. You come too. You're a witness or somethin'. You saw me shake it down. . . . He shot 'em and then he came and hid the gun up here! I bet he sat round here and waited for it to stop rainin'. Because it certainly did rain that night. I had to walk home and there wasn't a dry inch on me when I got here. Not even my matches."

"He shot Mr. Bartello three times and the Jap once, didn't he?"

"Can't you remember anything at all?" Ailanthus groaned.

He found his canvas working shoes under the bench an I pulled them on over the grime and whitewash of his feet, wishing that Toby would hide the pistol. His cousin stood gazing at the thing and his red lips flickered uncomfortably. Of course this was pretty horrible, if you let go and thought about it. Ailanthus said to himself that life was an art and that all the sensations of life ought to be studied composedly, and that this pistol was no more horrible than any other lethal weapon. But he hated to look at it, even when it was just a bulge in Toby's tweed jacket. As he drove Bob and Bullard down the lane between the raspberry hedges, Ailanthus hoped that there would not be a lot of people in the police station.

"Then it wasn't the man on a motorbike who held up those tourists back in May that did this killin'," Toby muttered.

"Guess not. Of course," said Ailanthus, deliberating, "this fella showed lots of sense. You'd stop and pick up a man in a rainstorm sooner than if the weather was pleasant. They let him in the car and he just plugged the old man and the driver, and walked off with their money an' all. I suppose he was a tramp from the hills."

He let the horses walk down the uneven lane and gazed at the violet hills. Blandyburg was a mound of trees and steeples in a narrow plain cut by the twisting river. The hills crept in and out of the plain's edges, rising with a sudden steepness, drifting back to join the clouds and the pale sky. Up in those valleys lived pretty wild people still, and it had pleased a lot of theorists in Blandyburg to think that some silent man from a hut up in the pines had killed Mr. Bartello here, in the rainy night, twelve days ago. But a tall fellow on a motor bicycle had stopped and robbed two cars back in May, and the police wondered if this wasn't another crime of his.

"Make 'em step out," said Toby sharply.

Ailanthus clucked at the horses. They were coming to the turn where he had seen the green top of Mr. Bartello's silent car that morning. Toby did not want to loiter past the spot. The pool of rain which had been tainted pink under the soaked car was dried up days ago, and now there was nothing to see but a gravelly ditch and the brushwood bobbing a little on the fenced edge of the south pasture. Michael Hooley was sitting astride his red cycle, staring at the place, when the horses came round the turn, with his gloved hands on his hips and his leather belts glistening, a heavy, important shape in the heat.

"He's a swell motor cop," Toby growled.

"Yeh, a motor cop oughtn't to be a souse, I guess," said Ailanthus in a polite whisper. "He's a funny kind of guy, ain't he?"

Young Hooley stirred and looked back at the travelers. His face seemed to be made of red brick with black holes in it for his eyes, his lashes were so thick. Girls always thought him a handsome man. Ailanthus had not decided whether the sulky officer was handsome or not, but his legs were impressively long and he was known for a good fighter.

"Hey, Crazy," said Hooley, "where's any English ivy grow along the road here?"

Ailanthus pulled in the white horses and remembered, after three moments. He could see ivy descending a cold piece of old wall, and then he found the wall on its curve, north of town.

"'Bout fifty yards this side of the Warren place, Mike. Why?"

Hooley spat on the road and rubbed his chin.

"They sent me out to look. Young Bartello's got here. He looked the car over and saw some of this English ivy on the floor in front. They sent me out to look if ivy grows here. I see there ain't."

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"The Westland Boy Was on the Road at Past Midnight of That Night. He Was Walking Stealthy in His Bare Feet With a Thing in His Hand"

The Twelve Men and Santa Claus

By Gilbert Seldes

A NEW institution has come into existence in the past few years. It is called "the twelve men." Unlike the ordinary jury, it is not composed of any twelve men; these twelve men are the twelve greatest men in the world—and they are anonymous.

So far as I can trace them back, they appeared for the first time when Einstein made public his theory of relativity a few years ago. According to the story, he said at the time that no more than twelve men living could understand it. Whether he actually said this, or said that only twelve men living could understand the mathematical formulas he used, or merely shrugged his shoulders and played the violin while a reporter made up the story, does not matter. From that moment these twelve men have appeared at regular intervals in the press, constituting the most powerful jury the world has ever known. They themselves do nothing about it. They do not nominate themselves to judge the work of any physicist or chemist or mathematician. They are all scientists of note and probably estimable citizens. Not they, but the people who refer to them, have created the new institution.

The old jury system has been getting its knocks. It is said to be too democratic, to put a premium on ignorance, to allow too much leeway for trickery and prejudice. But the new jury, the sacred twelve, is above criticism. The assumption in the case of the ordinary twelve men and true is that they are a cross-section of the community and represent the consensus of opinion. But the assumption on the part of the worshipers of the new sacred twelve is more involved—because no one else can understand what these twelve men understand, the thing they understand must be true!

As I said, the twelve men themselves are innocent of any such pretension. Once it was my pleasure to meet one of them—he must be one of them because it is frequently said that only twelve men can understand *his* more involved speculations. He turned out to be the most amiable of hosts, who assumed that I had arrived in England directly from America and kept passing toward me the excellent wine he had provided for our luncheon; actually I had come by way of Paris, but you cannot expect a scientist to keep such trifles in mind.

Not at Home

POSSIBLY all the others in the magnificent dozen are as warm-hearted, as charming and as witty and high-souled as he. I think of them as devoted scholars worrying a pair of parallel lines until they meet in infinity—or in the fourth dimension. It is at that point that they impinge on the life of Santa Claus.

For the people who believe whatever the twelve men alone understand are precisely the ones who disbelieve in Santa Claus. They believe that in the fourth dimension parallel lines do meet and two and two possibly make five; but they are absolutely certain that a bearded saint in a red suit does not come down the chimney and leave gifts for good little boys and girls on the stroke of midnight, December twenty-fourth. Their disbelief in Santa Claus has become contagious and children of four and five are having a hard time pretending—for the sake of their parents—that they can still take stock in the legend. Their effort to keep their parents in good humor is rather noble, because these little children are stern moralists and know that it is wrong to pretend to believe anything you really do not believe. Tell them that thunder means God is angry or that all men are created free and equal or that the stork brings babies, and they say, "Ah, bunk!" But they recognize in their parents—many of whom were born too soon to accept the verdict of the superior twelve—a special softness about Santa Claus and in their polite way they try to keep an open mind on the subject. Secretly, they and the followers of the great jury think that Santa Claus is a joke.

He always has been a joke—in the sense that he was the symbol of a lot of merriment. But the question now is whether the joke isn't on the people who say he doesn't exist. Quite a lot of people would have a good laugh if they found out that he does.

The everyday arguments against the existence of the fat saint are solid enough. Only the superior arguments are faulty. There is plenty of proof that the gentlemen in red cloaks and white beards seen in department stores just before Christmas are really named Milligan and Cornelius and Smith; even diminished by diet, the ideal Santa Claus couldn't get down the chimney in a modern apartment house; and the toys and gifts ascribed to his generosity were, in sober fact, bought by parents weeks before. But the final blow depends not on common sense but on science. According to accepted legend, Santa Claus lives at the North Pole and on April 6, 1909, Robert E. Peary, a credible witness and an officer of the American Navy, reached the North Pole and found it uninhabited. And if this could be set down to a temporary absence from home, the reports of more recent explorers who have examined the spot seem to be final—Santa Claus isn't there.

What all this means is that no one has seen him. But no one has seen the precise number of millions of miles which according to the scientists make up the universe, no one has seen Napoleon, no one has seen the fourth dimension or the law of gravitation. All the evidence of common sense says that Santa Claus' work is really being done by someone else, but the evidence of the scientists, which seems to say that there is no Santa Claus, boils down to the insignificant fact that the same people who want us to believe in electrons and relativity and the quantum theory—which none of us have seen—want us not to believe in Santa Claus for the same reason.

Like Alice in Wonderland, we are all being urged to believe three impossible things a day—usually before breakfast—but we are not allowed to believe anything pleasant. We are asked to believe that a scientist may dissociate the atom and blow the universe to pieces, but it is sentimental to think that in the course of time there may be peace on earth and good will toward men. The glory of science, we used to hear, is that it believes nothing without proof, but the layman is supposed to believe whatever twelve men think they can prove—especially if it makes the layman unhappy.

But so far the hangers-on of the scientific men have not proved that Santa Claus doesn't exist. They have scared us into being skeptical about everything except themselves, and people are going through life on tiptoe for fear of being caught believing anything which might make life agreeable to them.

But suppose there is a Santa Claus! The new dispensation in child training may produce a flock of little geniuses, but it is raising hob with the temper of the little geniuses' parents. Your natural feeling is that when a child is bad, he ought to be slapped; so long as Santa Claus lived, you were permitted to slap to your heart's content. They have changed all that. If you slap, the child will develop a wrong pattern or a complex or a bad behavior system. Nearly every intelligent parent accepts the new gospel and the child goes unslapped while mother's nerves become so frazzled that she runs into the kitchen to have a good cry. But ten years from now, when a new school of child training rises, it is as likely as not that a smart slap will be considered just the thing to give the child character and a sound nervous system. By that time the parents of today will be so weakened in morale and their children will be so old and masterful that it will be too late and all they will be able to do is look back on their wasted opportunities.

They Always Come Back

ALREADY one eminent psychologist has named two or three occasions when a tap with a pencil will do no harm, and the head of the behaviorist school is trying to invent a system of live wires, with very slight electric shocks, to keep small hands away from Ming vases and old New Jersey glassware. Another expert has let down the bars a little in regard to picking up baby when baby cries; it seems that if you pick him up too soon he'll get a wrong pattern, but if you pick him up too late, or not at all, he'll get a wrong complex; so if you follow this particular leader, you can pick baby up after forty-five minutes of yowling—and Santa Claus is peeping round the corner already. If he would only hurry, we might all get in one good sock at the children before it's too late.

Along with his other forms, the Santa Claus of comfort has been banished from our homes. Modernistic furniture isn't as bad as it looks—especially as it looks in cartoons—but, as a matter of fact, only twelve men in the world understand all the aesthetic principles which make it imperative for us to sit on glass and go to bed on steel. The agreeable thing in this connection is to remember that this particular Santa Claus has been chased out of our houses about every fifteen years and always manages to come beaming back. They drove out the horsehair-sofa Santa Claus in favor of the angles of mission; and with a benign smile, Santa reappeared with overstuffed; and now that that is being flung madly into the vans for the storehouse, a faint twinkle in his eye reminds us that Victorian furniture has had a bit of revival recently and the interior decorators are still importing more eighteenth-century pieces than anything else.

There are a lot of other Santas whose reappearance on the scene would give a number of people a shock and a still greater number a laugh. If it turned out, for example, that Democracy, hard-ridden as it is, still has some good in it, and the dispensation of Karl Marx—as put into practice by twelve men in Russia—is not the single and solitary cure for all industrial ills! If, twenty years from now, a great critic persuaded all the intellectuals that the best novels

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ENGLE FERRY

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Elephant Butte Dam, built by the United States Reclamation Service in New Mexico, makes a lake forty miles long. It is a hundred feet deep over Engle Ferry, near old Fort McCrae. Engle Ford and Ferry once served a county over one hundred miles square.

ENGLE FERRY is narrow and deep,
The current is strong and the banks are steep;
Teamster and horseman, they praise the Lord
For the stony footing of Engle Ford;
Scoured and cleansed of quivering sand,
The safest ford on the Rio Grande.
The patient oxen may drink their fill,
With thankful eyes on the farther hill;
Drink, and lean to their yokes again,
Toiling over, with heave and strain,
To night, and rest, and the scanty sward
Of the starlit meadows by Engle Ford.

A winding road upon either hand,
Between black lava and yellow sand,
Between red water and close blue sky,
Leads to the ferry when floods are high.
Chain your wheels with a double hitch,
Skid and lurch on the last steep pitch,
Slide on the ferry and close the gates,
Block your wagons—and trust the fates!
Clouds brood low on the sultry air,
Stabbing the gorges with lightning flare;
Angry echoes from hill to hill
Mutter and clamor and threaten still;
The pulleys whine to the cable's strain—
But Engle Ferry is crossed again!

Engle Ferry is lost and gone,
Engle Ford and Ferry.
The owl hoots over Babylon,
Deep over Ur the sand is blown,
Carthage city is sown with salt,
And never again will wagons halt
At Engle Ford and Ferry.
Never again shall moon or star
Kiss the hill where their camp fires are;
Never again beneath the sun
Glance and glitter and lance and gun,
Drum and bugle and flag and sword,
And soldiers splashing through Engle Ford!

The passionless waters are deep and still
On golden mesa and dreaming hill;
Never again shall echoes call
To plunging ferry and lava wall.
Ditches may reach to the thirsty plain,
Roads may wander through fields of grain,
Valleys blossom with cities strange—
But Engle Ferry will never change!
Silence and darkness keep watch and ward
On Engle Ferry and Engle Ford.

FOR DEAR OLD DUBLIN

By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT MUST be admitted by fair-minded persons that nearly every woonie in the country, whether he owns a brain or not, believes football is an American game invented by an American for a very good American reason which, unlike an American, he kept to himself.

Certainly football appears to have many an American characteristic. Players rush and run around, kicking one another in the shins, pulling one another's noses, trying to get somewhere without leaving the field, carrying on, in general, like infuriated brokers going broke on the floor of a stock exchange. And in the stands sit thousands of kibitzers screaming advice while bands toss frantic tunes into the frenzied air, and college students, yelling their heads off, wonder where they'll be going after the game.

But football isn't of American origin at all. The sport was popular in Ireland in the Year Two, which was long before Columbus thought the world was round-o, and the Irish played the game practically as it is played today, only a whole lot better.

King Brian Boru played it, and King O'Conor of Cuspidure, and Honest Paddy McPhungus, and Dinty MacCool himself.

The Thriple Threat of the Emerald Isle

MACCOOL indeed, was the star of them all, the greatest and grandest lad ever to throw sand in a tackler's teeth. With Boru and Cuspidure and Honest Paddy he made up the backfield of the Dublin College Varsity, and beside his gridiron accomplishments the feats of Mahan and Gipp and Thorpe and Grange and Nevers and Hyland and Cagle pale into puerility.

Dinty was known as The Galloping Ghost, and as Four Yards MacCool, and as Slippery Dinty, and as Locomotive, Triphammer, Battering-ram and Bonecrusher, and each year every expert in the Emerald Isle picked him for the all-Ireland squad.

The felly was gigantic, he was, with a back as broad as his mind was narrow. He was long, he was strong, with his head a mass of fat and the courage of a tugboat in him. He could run the ends and smash off the tackles and rip through the guards, and on the gander play, which went through center, he couldn't be stopped at all. His forward passes were perfect and his punts were as long as a catamaran.

But it wasn't alone his natural fitness which made him as good as he was. He really knew more about the game than did anyone else, for the fact is MacCool invented it, during his sophomore year. It was his ambition, at the time, to become a bond salesman, and instinctively he understood that unless he engaged in athletics in college he'd never be able to sell a bond.

Calling Boru and Cuspidure and Honest Paddy, his pals and his classmates, into conference at Sinn Fein, his fraternity, he explained the idea of the game, and made up the rules as he talked.

"There'll be eleven fine lads on the team," he concluded, "and seven of them will play in the line and do all the work. We'll be the other four and get all the glory."

There was some objection on the part of the faculty when MacCool's plans became known, and the college magazine, The Dublin Gab, printed a scathing editorial entitled What is Dublin Coming To? But Dinty pointed out that a new gymnasium was needed, and a couple of buildings, and some new harps; and the faculty at once withdrew its objection and expelled the Gab's editor.

My Lord Sligo, a terrible man with a lisp, was the first coach.

"We must have a coach," MacCool declared, "and Sligo, all filled with bibble-babble as he is, is just the felly for the job. He'll be talking the ears off us, so he will, and that will imbue us with college spirit and make us ready and willing and eager to die for dear old Dublin."

With Dinty and Brian and O'Conor and McPhungus on the team were Oscar (Ears) Spinoza and Gugliemo (Socks) Magannini, ends; Chesley (Tarzan) Grundit and Anatol (Grizzly) Daudet, tackles; Wong (Chinky) Bong and Wilbur (Glut) Gunzendorfer, guards; and Wiggo (Fatty) Sorenson, center. Substitutes were Pierre (Toddy) Van de Wiel, Ferdinand (Feet) Barbeau, Herman (Stupe) Bernstein and a host of others. The entire squad, of course, was known as The Fighting Irish.

Uniforms were of green, bordered with green and having green stripes. Green socks, green shoes and green helmets completed the ensemble. MacCool, however, couldn't wear moleskin, though the others did. There wasn't a mole in Ireland with a skin big enough to cover him, big as the moles in Ireland are. He had to have a bull skin, he did, and he found even a bull skin a bit tight in the shoulder.

The ball they used wasn't the pig-bladder thing used by the teams of today. The Fighting Irish used the pig itself, the whole pig, and a grand sight it was when the players ran on the field to warm up, for hundreds of practice pigs would be thrown from the sidelines by student managers, and the players would grab them out of the air, and pass them from one to the other, and kick them, and run signals.

They Learned About Football From Him

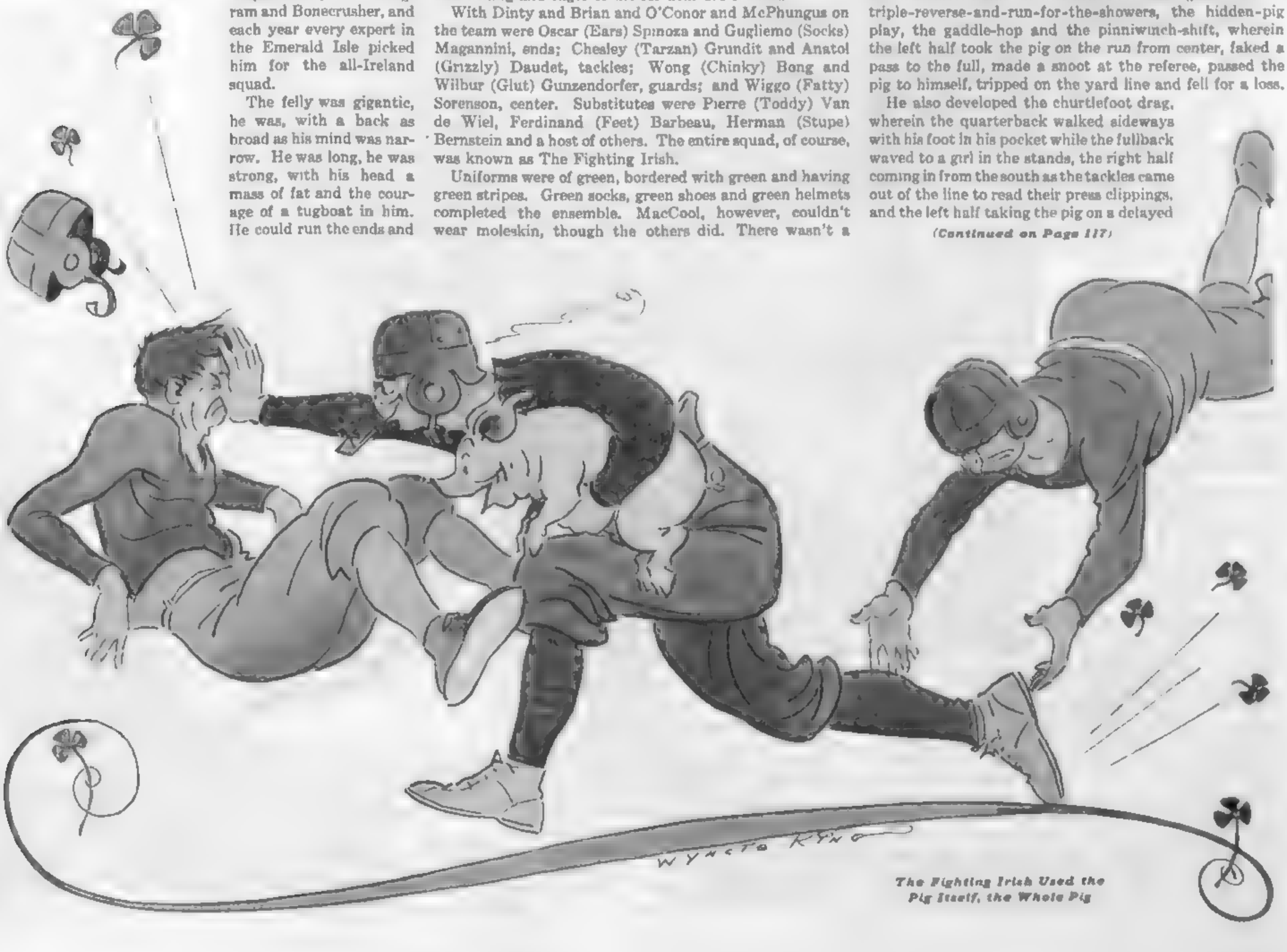
THE pigs presented a problem at first, every one of them resenting the kicking, and not liking at all to go sailing from one end of the field to the other, but My Lord Sligo took them in hand and gave them a good talking-to on the subject of progress, and soon they became air-minded and bothered about it no more. Indeed, though the thump of the cleat was somewhat annoying, many a pig would fall into the safety man's arms with a giggle, and squeal "Let's go again!" It was in a desire to please the pigs that the idea of punting on the first down originated.

MacCool, Boru, Cuspidure and Paddy played three years for dear old Dublin, meeting teams from Ulster and never losing a game. Then they were graduated, and at once they enrolled as medical students and played three years more. After that they studied oral surgery, and law, and then they took up carmicology, and glatting, and bicycle riding, so that on a fair count, they were in college for a total of eighteen years.

Dinty is pretty generally credited with having devised most of the trick plays which nowadays are in every coach's curriculum. It was MacCool who figured out the triple-reverse-and-run-for-the-showers, the hidden-pig play, the gaddle-hop and the pinniwinch-shift, wherein the left half took the pig on the run from center, faked a pass to the full, made a snoot at the referee, passed the pig to himself, tripped on the yard line and fell for a loss.

He also developed the churtlefoot drag, wherein the quarterback walked sideways with his foot in his pocket while the fullback waved to a girl in the stands, the right half coming in from the south as the tackles came out of the line to read their press clippings, and the left half taking the pig on a delayed

(Continued on Page 117)



The Fighting Irish Used the Pig Itself, the Whole Pig

THE COG THAT SLIPPED

Criggett Touched it, However. He Lifted it to the Floor and Then Bore it Across the Yard to the Cellar of His Store

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE time was 8:45 P. M. The place was The Metropolitan Store, situated on Main Street in the village of East Harniss. The air outside was raw and cold, the sky starless, black and forbidding. The mail had been distributed an hour before, the small group waiting for it and the Boston papers had dispersed, the post office was closed. Consequently Main Street—never a lively thoroughfare except perhaps during the short summer-vacation season—was lonely and deserted. The windows of The Metropolitan Store were still alight, but, inside as well as out, it, too, was lonely and, save for its proprietor seated at his desk in the rear, deserted.

Moses Criggett, the proprietor just mentioned, heaved a long sigh. Before him on the desk was a small heap of unpaid and overdue bills. The amount represented by these bills was small, owing to the fact that the confidence of Mr. Criggett's creditors was no longer great. Beside the bills was a fire-insurance policy for five thousand dollars on merchandise in stock. The stock upon the shelves and counters of The Metropolitan Store might be worth, at the most liberal estimate, one thousand. The date of expiration written upon the policy was February twenty-third. It was now Friday, the twenty-first; at noon of Sunday, the next day but one, that policy became worthless. To renew it meant a cash payment which, according to the Criggett figuring, would be but throwing good money after bad.

Business was terrible; there was little reason to hope the near future would make it anything but worse. From behind the gilt-banded cigar in one corner of his mouth Moses Criggett sighed again. He was desperate.

East Harniss would have been very much astonished had it known of his state of mind and the condition of affairs responsible for it. It regarded Moe Criggett as one of its most prosperous and carefree citizens. He was young—in the early thirties—a bachelor, a regular attendant at dances and town-hall festivities, a member of the Comet Club—the small but carefully picked group of daredevil spirits who played penny ante each Saturday night in the back room of the billiard and pool parlor—one of the backers of the local ball team, and an authority on horse flesh as represented in the trotting races at the annual fair at Ostable. "A smart dresser, right up and comin', and some boy for a good time"—so said East Harniss. Also it calculated that he must be doing a mighty fine business.

He was not a native of the village. His uncle, Reuben Criggett—the surname Criggett was as near the original spelling and pronunciation as East Harniss could manage—had drifted into the community from no one knew precisely where, some twelve years before. He had bought the building next to Judah Weeks' barber shop, installed a line of dry goods, boots and shoes, gents' furnishings, summer goods and hats, and almost immediately began to make money. He was a scrimper and saver, a sharp bargainer, and a shrewd dabbler in the stock market on the side, or so rumor said. For ten years he prospered and then moved to a Boston suburb, where he was reported to be growing richer as a trader in real estate. The Metropolitan Store he had turned over to his nephew, young Moe, who for two years had acted as his clerk. "A fine chance for the young fellow," was the local opinion.

From behind the banded cigar Moses sighed for the third time. He pushed aside the heap of bills, thrust the insurance policy into his pocket and picked up a letter, received that morning, and which had been lying near them. He had already read it several times, but now he read it again. The final paragraph was a sample of those preceding; it contained the root of the matter:

> No, sir, not another nickel. Ain't I done enough for you, I ask? If you was anybody but my brother's boy, would I have done so much? I give you three guesses if I would or not. Didn't I give you the whole store—all but the building? Didn't I start you in a fine, growing business? If you can't make a living out of it, whose fault should it be? I made one, didn't I? And so no more you get, believe me.
>
> Yours truly, REUBEN I. CRIGGETT.

Moe tore the letter into small pieces and threw them into the wastebasket. Then he rose to his feet, closed the front of the desk and looked about him. The appeal to his uncle had failed. Well, he had expected as much, and, therefore, had for weeks been contriving a sure, foolproof plan. Now the time had come to put that plan into work. Considering the date of expiration of that policy, it meant very close figuring, but no matter—it was neck or nothing with him now.

He turned out the electric lamp on the top of his desk and, stepping over to the switch, extinguished the swinging light dependent from the ceiling near the front of the store. Next he pulled down the heavy shades of the show windows, put on his overcoat and went out, locking the front door and hanging the key upon a nail driven just beneath the sill of one of the windows. The key to the back door was in his pocket. He meant to use that back-door key before the night was over; it was a part of his plan.

The tiny building adjoining The Metropolitan Store displayed a battered sign lettered: Judah P. Weeks, Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Stationery, Peanuts, Confectionery and Soft Drinks. Haircutting and Shaving Done by a Professional Expert. The dingy windows were hung with colored advertisements of smoking materials, shaving creams, hair tonic and chewing gum. Prominent among them was a large painted poster announcing, Mammoth Celebration! Denboro, Washington's Birthday, February 22nd. Denboro, the town twelve miles from East Harniss, was about to commemorate not only the birthday of the immortal George but its own, the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation as a township. There were to be band concerts, speeches, a Grand Ball, and—weather permitting—fireworks in the evening. Most of East Harniss meant to visit Denboro on the morrow.

Lamplight showed behind and between the placards and posters, so Mr. Criggett knew that the little shop was still open. It was bound to be. Rain or shine, holidays and all days, Sundays excepted, Judah Weeks unlocked that shop at eight in the morning and locked it at 9:30 at night. Criggett opened the door and went in.

"Hello, Jude, old boy!" he hailed cheerfully.

Weeks, a wizened little fellow, was sprawled in the barber's chair, reading the county weekly. He jumped and turned to peer absently through his spectacles.

"Eh?" he said. "Oh, how be you, Moe? Shuttin' up and goin' home, I presume likely? Well, I'll be doin' the same thing afore many minutes. I told Susie I wouldn't be late tonight."

Susie was his widowed sister-in-law, Mrs. Susanna Badger, with whom he lived. He dropped his paper on the floor and smiled upon his caller.

"Can't give you a haircut nor shave, 'tain't likely, is it, Moe?" he suggested hopefully.

Criggett grinned. "Considering that you cut my hair less than a week ago, it ain't very likely; that's right, Jude," he replied. "You can sell me a bottle of ginger ale if you've got any that ain't made out of hair oil and red pepper."

Weeks scrambled from the chair and hastened to the soft-drink counter. "Well, now, I snummy!" he exclaimed. "If that ain't too bad! I'm all out of ginger ale; been meanin' to get some in for most a week, but I keep forgettin'. Got some first-class lemon tonic, if that'll do you."

"That'll do. Say, Jude"—with a chuckle—"some of these days you're going to forget to draw your breath. How about that imported car of yours? Have you been trying to run her without gas again lately?"

Judah's smile now was rather one-sided. The tale of the occasion when he had forgotten to replenish the gasoline tank of his ancient flivver and had been marooned for hours on a lonely crossroad in a snowstorm was still one of East Harniss' pet jokes.

"You bet your sweet life I ain't," he retorted with emphasis. "I don't go nowheres nowadays without cartin' a five gallon can full of spare gas in case she runs dry. I'm cal'latin' to drive over to Denboro tomorrow, and the last thing I done this very afternoon was have that can filled full—yes, and the car tank too. You don't catch me settin' freezin' to death six mile from nowhere again. Not much! . . . . Eh? What's the matter, Moe? What are you lookin' at me like that for?"

"But, I Declare, Seems as if Us Poor Humans Couldn't Make Up a Plan That Wasn't Liable to Slip a Cog Some Time or 'Nother. . . . Ain't That So, Jonathan?"

Mr. Criggett was looking at him and his expression was peculiar. One wheel of his elaborate plan was set to revolve upon Judah Weeks and the certainty that the latter would not join the Denboro pilgrimage next day.

"What's that, Jude?" he inquired. . . . "Oh, well, I might have been looking at you, but I was thinking about this lemon stuff. Say, you didn't fill that bottle with gasoline when you was filling your spare can, did you? . . . Oh, never mind, never mind! So you're going to let business go to heck tomorrow, like the rest of 'em, eh? Going to spend all day celebrating in Denboro?"

The Weeks teeth snapped together. "I am not! When Seth Gott came in here last week with that paper you and him and the rest all signed agreein' not to open up at all Washin'ton's Birthday, I spoke right out and told him; says I: 'You rich storekeepin' fellows maybe can afford to lose a day's trade, but I can't. No, and I ain't a-goin' to. I'll be right here in this place, shavin' folks and peddlin' out gum and candy to young ones, same as I always am. Why, I have more peanuts and tonic custom holidays than any other time.' That's what I told Seth, but"—triumphantly—"I'm cal'latin' to take in some of that Denboro celebratin' just the same. Yes, sir, I be!"

"Oh, you are? How?"

"I'll tell you how. I'll be right here in this shop till half-past five tomorrow night. Then I'll lock her up and go out to my garage and climb into my auto. If anybody is left in this town and happens to look out of the window, they'll see me doin' twenty-five mile an hour headin' for Denboro. I figger to get there in time for the ball and the fireworks, anyhow. A man's got to have some fun in life, ain't he?"

"Sure he has! You're dead right, Jude." This was quite satisfactory; the plan would not need revision, after all.

"Presume likely, Moe, you'll be in Denboro at crack of dawn, won't you?" inquired Judah enviously. Moses shook his head.

"No such luck," he replied. "I'm taking the morning train to Boston. Got to see Uncle Rube on business. Can't get back till Monday noon, either. There's no Sunday train as far as here in the winter."

"There's one far as Denboro. Maybe you could hire somebody to drive you over from there Sunday night."

"That would cost more than I'd make in the store on a Monday morning at this time of year. No, I'll wait over in Boston. So long till Monday noon, Jude."

Moses Criggett lodged and boarded at the home of Mrs. Emeline Tidditt on Wharf Street. Mrs. Tidditt had gone up to bed when he opened the door with his latch key, but she was awake and called to him as he came up the stairs.

"Your breakfast will be ready for you at six o'clock, Mr. Criggett," she called. "That'll be plenty of time for you to get your train. Good night."

Moe said good night and went on to his own room at the back of the house. He did not take off his clothes, but, after blowing out the lamp—Mrs. Tidditt's "modern improvements" did not include electricity—stretched himself upon the bed and lay there until he heard the clock in the dining room below strike twelve. Then he rose, took a pocket flash light from the bureau drawer, slipped it into his overcoat pocket, tiptoed downstairs and out of the house. Ten minutes later he unlocked and opened the back door of The Metropolitan Store and slipped quietly within. Then he became very busy indeed.

He descended to the cellar, which was crowded with empty crates, piles of packing material, papers and rubbish of all sorts. Near the wall midway of the cellar's length was a large heap of shavings, excelsior and fragments of wooden boxes reaching almost to the beams above. Against the wall, however, was a small clear space, and here the wires connected with the globe hanging from the ceiling in the store overhead had been attached by the electrician who installed the fixture.

By the light of his pocket flash, Moe examined those wires. At a spot near the floor they were wound—by himself, a few days before—with rubber adhesive tape. This strip of tape he now carefully unwound and removed. The wires underneath had been scraped bare of insulation and were frayed and ragged. If the switch connected with the ceiling lamp in the store was turned on, he knew—from repeated trials—that in a short time that section of those wires would glow red-hot and begin to spit sparks.

"Eh? What's the Matter, Moe? What are You Lookin' at Me Like That For?"

So far, so good. He next proceeded loosely to pile on and above those wires excelsior, chips and bits of wood, transferring almost the whole of the great heap by which he was standing.

Then he stepped away and turned his flash upon the result of his labor. It was satisfactory. If the excelsior and shavings were dry ——

He stooped and thrust his hand into the pile. Of course the cellar was a damp place; there had been a good deal of rain during the past week. They seemed dry, but if——

And then he had an idea. It was not entirely a new idea. he had considered something like it before, but had abandoned it as involving too great a risk. The Metropolitan Store was not lighted by kerosene—everyone in East Harniss knew that. Also they knew that he did not own an automobile and therefore could have no legitimate use for gasoline in any quantity. If he bought enough of either of these inflammable liquids at any shop or garage in town, the purchase might be remembered afterward, be talked about and, possibly, lead to suspicion and trouble. So he had reluctantly decided to do without these aids to certain success.

But now, as he stood there in the cellar, something Judah Weeks had said that evening came to his mind. He remembered it, deliberated concerning it and then grinned triumphantly. It seemed safe and sure; if there was any risk attached to it, it was so little as to be well worth taking. The Weeks garage, where Judah stabled his ancient flivver, was at the rear of the barber shop and, consequently, in the back yard adjoining that of The Metropolitan Store. Criggett stole across that yard and fumbled with the hasp and staple of the garage door. That door was locked in characteristic Judah Weeks fashion—that is, by a nail thrust through the staple. Moe withdrew the nail and tiptoed into the garage. The ray from his flash revealed the five-gallon can sitting in the rumble compartment of the little runabout. Its weight proved it to be full and a sniff identified its contents as gasoline.

Moe inspected the gasoline tank, which proved to be full. There was, or should be, gasoline enough in that tank to make the run to Denboro and back. The spare can need not be touched at all.

Criggett touched it, however. He lifted it to the floor and then bore it across the yard to the cellar of his store. A few minutes later the can was empty and the heap of excelsior and kindling by the wall damp and decidedly fragrant.

He ascended the cellar stairs with the empty can in his hand. He set it down beside the sink in the back room, hastened out through the store, took from his pocket a leather wallet, laid the wallet on the counter near the front door, and tiptoed back again. Then he lifted the can to the sink and busied himself with it and the tap for a brief interval.

Ten minutes more and The Metropolitan Store, locked fast, was again untenanted. The can—now as heavy as ever—was again in the rumble of the Weeks car. The nail was replaced in the staple of the Weeks garage door.

As for Moses Criggett, he was hastening back to his lodgings. His landlady had not heard him go out; she did not hear him come in.

Early in the morning he boarded the train for Boston.

Judah was spending an unsatisfactory Washington's Birthday. To begin with, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Badger, was going to Denboro for the day, making the trip with friends in their car, and so he was obliged to take a cold luncheon with him to the barber shop. Then, too, trade was wretched, perhaps four or five shaves in the morning

(Continued on Page 54)

PASSITER'S SIMPLE JOB

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"ORGANIZATION," Major Eustace Grant, D.S.O., president of the famous little company of crooks, declared boastfully, as he leaned against the upstairs bar of Flood's Club. "That is what does it, Conklin—the most perfect organization in the world, every detail thought out, every possibility taken into account."

Mr. Nicholas Conklin, or, as he was usually called among his intimates, Nick of New York, the notorious American criminal, drank his cocktail in respectful silence.

"There's a touch of luck in it, too, major," he insisted.

"Why luck?" Grant rejoined. "It's quite true that when the description of the man who had burgled Portland House was circulated, and Mat's dead body was found the next day in the Thames, the police did come here. I interviewed one of the inspectors myself, but I ask you how could they make anything out of it? There were between thirty and forty people in the restaurant downstairs who were prepared to swear to the fact that Mat never left our dining table except to answer the telephone; that he was with us all the evening and only went away when he was so drunk that he had to be helped out. The commissionaire who put him into a taxi declared that he could do nothing with him. Off he drove, and our responsibility ended there. As to the man who committed the burglary at Portland House, he may have been a small man, too, and may have resembled Mat, but what do we know about that? What do we know about the jewels?"

"I hope we know that they are going to be added to the general stock," Conklin observed. "There was one there, at any rate, I should like to see again."

He Had Become a Soundless Creature of the Underworld

"I will decide later about their disposition," Grant promised, "but I don't think they'll come your way, in any case, my friend from overseas."

Conklin chuckled. "We'll see about that. I haven't finished feeling puzzled about Mat yet. You had to have someone follow him when he was pushed into the taxicab."

"The gang were out—Jackie Costigan's," Grant explained shortly—"Costigan's Hornets, as the police call them. We have our own motorboat; and if it comes to that, the taxicab was ours too. Poor Mat wasn't the first who's been taken for a ride down to the Thames; only he was dead before he started, poor fellow!"

"Well, I'm beginning to think something of you chaps," Nick Conklin remarked condescendingly. "I'm proud to be connected with you, major. I used to think we ran things pretty well over my way, but we haven't the detail you have. Charles," he added, turning to the barman, "set up a round of cocktails to me. I know, when the time comes," he went on, "I shall be almost ashamed to take all this money away with me. I would be, at least, if I didn't know that you could all afford it."

There was a ripple of laughter around the little circle, which had increased during the last few moments. Eustace Grant laughed with the usual unpleasant curve of his lips; Passiter's expression of mirth was like the harsh cackling of a hyena; Chaplain Lane's was more natural, but Sam Rubens' was simply a jeer.

"What are you going out for, Nick—the Crown Jewels?" Grant demanded sarcastically.

"He's got his eye on the Mint," Passiter suggested.

"What about the Bank of England?" Bradman queried.

"Chaff away, you fellows," Conklin invited good-humoredly. "The fact remains that on the night of the feast, Amos Grimmett, your great valuer, will award me the prize. What I am going after I marked down long before I came to this country. I admit the major here is a great organizer, and he's got you lads going well, but I can take the lid off my little affair at any time. I have every risk taken care of, even to the chance of the under-housemaid having the toothache."

"You fellows do know how to brag," Sam Rubens declared. "Pity you won't learn how to play cards. I'd take some of you down a bit."

"When you bring off this coup, are you going to hire the whole of Costigan's gang," Grant inquired, "or have you chartered a ship to bring your own people across?"

"I am working alone," Nick of New York announced. "I have never needed help and I never seek any. I am taking only a get-away—Miss Dring, if she will still trust me."

Martha came into the room at that moment and, at the sound of her name, crossed toward the bar. Conklin thrust a cocktail into her hand, which she drank almost feverishly.

"I was just saying that I'd like you in my show," he confided. "I told you so from the first, you know."

She made a little grimace.

"I'm not sure that I want to do anything about it," she replied. "It isn't that I don't trust you, Nick, because I do, but I think that my sympathies are swinging over to the other side. You really bad men are getting on my nerves."

"Where have you been all day?" Grant asked suspiciously.

"I've been to Brighton to lunch with some friends and I went round to call upon ex-Detective Dickins," she answered defiantly.

"Hankering after these Scotland Yard mutts, are you?" Grant muttered.

"I think I am," she admitted, turning toward him with a sweet smile. "They haven't your brains, but I like their dispositions better. They're not so bloodthirsty as you people."

"Who says they're not?" Passiter demanded. "They're such rotten gunmen. That's why they don't do more mischief."

"I like them all the better for it," she insisted. "Then, Mr. Dickins is quite an artist. He has a sweet little cottage, and, for a man, really good taste. He has some copies of old masters he bought in Florence which are exceedingly well chosen, some modern French etchings which I envied him, some genuine old engravings, Dutch furniture I'd give anything to own, and—listen—one of my designs, which he bought at the Goupil Gallery."

"How's his health?" Passiter sneered.

"He doesn't look any better," she sighed. "Of course he says he feels stronger every day. By the bye, I see you're all here. Is anyone going out tonight?"

"I am," Passiter announced. "Want to come with me? You'll see something."

"I don't think so," she answered. "What sort of a stunt is it?"

Passiter shook his head. "I'm after the big prize," he confided. "I can't afford to give anything away, even at the last moment. If you're coming with me, you shall hear all about it before you leave; if you're not, it's mum. I could do with you and Nick Conklin," he reflected.

"Any rough-house business?" the girl inquired.

"Not in your department."

"We'll think of it," she promised. "Give me another cocktail to get my courage up."

"A round," he insisted. "Charlie, cocktails round."

There was a little flutter, a chorus of well-simulated amazement, some applause. Passiter was notoriously a mean man. He mocked at them.

"After the day of judgment here," he prophesied, "there won't be one of you who has the money to stand cocktails except Ted Passiter."

They drifted down to dinner. Passiter seated himself between Nick Conklin and Martha He refused champagne and ordered Evian water.

"For my work," he explained, "I need no stimulant. I love it. Afterward—for enjoyment, and nothing else—as much wine as the best of you. Now, if you really mean to come with me, I'll explain the show."

"If we don't cotton to it," Conklin assured him, "we won't give you away."

Passiter talked in a low tone, and earnestly, now addressing himself particularly to one, and now to the other. When he had finished he indulged in a triumphant chuckle. He looked at them sideways and clapped himself on the knees.

"It's clever," Nick of New York admitted, "and simple. Too simple, I'm afraid. Do you think he'll fall for them?"

"How can he help it?" Passiter demanded. "What else is there for him to do? You're getting soft-hearted. You ought to take a fancy to this scheme of mine, Miss Dring. It's giving a man a chance for his life. That's what it is. It's the most humane job that's ever been planned."

"It seems to me all right," she admitted.

Passiter straightened his tie. He was looking like a pleased and malicious guinea fowl.

"I tell you a crook's business needs brains," he confided. "These other fellows aren't bad, and the major knows a thing or two, but there's too much gunnery about his jobs for my taste. Not enough finesse. Not enough subtlety."

"You'll leave your gun behind tonight then, of course?" the girl remarked.

Passiter smiled a cunning smile.

"Couldn't do that," he replied. "I keep it for an emergency, though. I don't use it for the sake of making a noise, like those Chicago toughs. Well, are you on, both of you?"

They exchanged glances. Nick of New York nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Yes, we'll come," the girl agreed.

The commencement of their expedition seemed to Martha and her companion full of mystery. They drew up exactly according to directions in a small street leading out of the Brompton Road and found themselves in the shadow of an enormous building with the outline of which neither of them was familiar.

"Buckingham Palace, after all," Conklin whispered as he stepped onto the pavement.

She extinguished the lights of her car and took him by the arm.

"It's one of the museums, I believe," she confided. "I forget which. Come along!"

Apparently Passiter's organization had left nothing to be desired. About twenty yards up the street they stepped through the postern door of some great wooden gates and found themselves in a large yard in which were hundreds of packing cases. Keeping in the shadow of the building, Martha counted the doors until she reached the seventh. With the pressure of her hand it opened. They were both conscious, more by sensation than by actual vision, that Passiter was standing now within a few feet of them.

"Follow me!" he directed. "Don't use your torches. I'll flash on a light where it's necessary."

Both to Martha and Conklin the way seemed interminable. They followed their smooth-footed guide along a maze of passages, across bare rooms littered with empty boxes, huge, cryptlike chambers packed with damaged or rejected statuary, both ancient and modern, from the crudest Grecian remains to the latest grotesque productions of some ultramodern studio. Here and there they came across a collection of bones, apparently of some primeval creature, formless and shapeless, re-collected and fastened together by artificial means. There was a gigantic statue, evidently smashed to pieces in transit, with the head lolling over the side of the case, a hideous grin fixed upon its opened mouth. There were broken pillars, the strange, entwining designs upon which had been lost by a fracture, and, in one room, row after row of pictures, unwelcome offerings, with their faces turned to the wall. It seemed to be the garbage heap of years, the unwanted contributions of centuries. All these things they saw by the occasional flashes of the torch which Passiter, a few yards in front, carried. They watched him in wonder, and Martha, at any rate, for the first time understood his peculiar reputation as a thief by night. He seemed like a human stoat, bent halfway to the ground, making his progress in little darts, switching on his light precisely at the right moment, dimming it when the way was clear. Even his breathing was inaudible. He had become a soundless creature of the underworld. They came at last to a short staircase. Here he held out a warning hand and mounted the steps one by one. On the topmost he paused for quite a minute, standing there, almost invisible, with his light extinguished. Then he motioned to them to come on.

They knew, of course, when they stepped out into the broad alley, with its show cases on each side, that they were in the museum proper. Yet, in the dim light, there seemed something unearthly in their surroundings, as though they had wandered into some supernatural edifice of mammoth proportions. Passiter obviously had no such fanciful thoughts. He beckoned them to stand close to him and pointed to a divan a few feet away.

"That," he whispered, "is the divan where you rested after exploring the north end of the building, and fell asleep. You will take your places there as soon as I have gone. To your left, about twenty yards away, runs the main avenue. You see it?"

Martha nodded.

"To the right," he went on, "it leads to the side entrance where you will find your car, and by which I wish you to leave. To the left, about eighty yards down, the janitor sits in an easy-chair, watching over the loaned jewels. You understand? All one long avenue, the jewels and the janitor one end, the door by which you leave the other."

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There Was No Reply. The Watchman Lay Limply in His Chair. A Purple Welt Stretched Clear Across His Bald Skull

UP TO NOW—An Autobiography

By ALFRED E. SMITH

The Governor and His Mother at Her Middagh Street, Brooklyn, Home

THE session of 1905 brought forth a commission to inquire into the affairs of life-insurance companies; and aside from the great public interest displayed in delving into their affairs, the session was without importance. I was appointed to the committees on Banks, and for Public Lands and Forestry. At its close I found myself in about the same position as in 1904, in so far as having any understanding of the problems was concerned. I knew nothing about banking laws and had never been in a bank except to serve a jury notice, and I had never seen a forest.

In the summer of 1905 I had breakfast with Tom Foley at Holtz's Restaurant at Franklin Street and Broadway, and the question of my future came up for discussion between us. Mr. Foley had an opportunity to have me appointed to a position as Superintendent of Buildings under Mayor McClellan, and I was inclined to accept the offer, feeling fairly well convinced that the position of member of the assembly was a little bit too much for me. No decision, however, was arrived at during breakfast. I thought it all over and I just hated the idea that I should have to admit there was anything I could not understand. After thinking it over for weeks, I decided to try the assembly for another year.

Nineteen hundred and six found me back in the legislature, but the procedure and rules had been materially changed under the leadership of James W. Wadsworth, who that year was elected Speaker. He evinced a personal interest in me and gave me committee assignments that put me in a position to understand better just what was going on. I found myself on the important Committee on Insurance in the year that the Hughes report came to the legislature.

In this, my third year in the assembly, I became personally friendly with James W. Wadsworth, who was called the "young Speaker of the assembly." Though I disagreed strongly with many of his policies, I have always held him in high personal esteem.

Good Advice From a Good Leader

DETERMINED to make headway, I worked very hard during the winter of 1906. By working hard I mean to say that I went back to the Capitol at night and devoted every minute of my time to a study of what was taking place. I felt that I made so much headway in that winter that I was eager for renomination.

Following the advice of Tom Foley, during the sessions of 1904–05 and 1906 my voice was not heard in the assembly chamber except to vote. Foley had said to me, "Don't speak until you have something to say. Men who talk just for the pleasure of it do not get very far." He also said, "Never promise anything that you are not perfectly sure you can deliver. Most people who come to public men are not looking for the truth. They like to be jollied. The safest practice is to tell them the truth, and after they have tried out a dozen other people, they will come to the conclusion that you were right in the beginning."

It was Foley's contention that "most political leaders try to tell the man who meets them what they think the man would like to hear and what would probably be forgotten before the next election, relying upon what they believe to be short memories." Foley himself practiced an entirely different course. He spoke the truth, no matter how much it hurt, and, as a result, probably enjoyed a greater degree of confidence among the rank and file of the men of his party than any leader in the history of Tammany Hall. From 1901 to 1925, when Foley died, he was the complete master of the political situation of lower Manhattan Island. His leadership was never challenged. His greatest strength and greatest power came from the fact that he was himself absolutely unselfish, and aside from being elected alderman for one term and councilman for one term and sheriff for two years, he neither held political office of any kind nor received any pecuniary benefit from his interest in politics.

The Smith New York Home at 25 Oliver Street

It is a matter of record that although a good business man, he died without any money. In his humble home in Oliver Street the people who came to take a last look at him made an impressive sight. People in every social stratum visited the house. His memory is still green and all the young men who started with him in his career as leader a quarter of a century ago gather in St. James' Church every year to attend a memorial mass for him, and regular visits are made to his grave in Calvary Cemetery.

Making Headway

IN THE session of 1907 I took an active part in debates, particularly upon amendments to the New York City charter. My appointment that year as a member of the Committee on Affairs of Cities gave me my first great chance to make myself felt in the assembly. In that same year I was also appointed a member of the Special Committee on Revision of the Charter of Greater New York, which opened wider still the door of opportunity for study.

When I arrived in Albany, Governor Odell was in the last year of his second term. Nothing of importance or of a constructive nature occurred in 1904. There was pretty general dissatisfaction throughout the state with the Republican administration of affairs at Albany and I think it is safe to say that, had it not been for the form of the ballot, the Democratic candidate for governor in the fall of 1904 would have been elected. D. Cady Herrick, former justice of the Supreme Court, a very able and prominent citizen of Albany, was the candidate on the Democratic ticket, running against Frank W. Higgins, Republican, who had been lieutenant governor during Governor Odell's term.

The ballot was arranged at that time so that the entire Democratic or Republican ticket could be voted by making a single cross mark in the circle underneath the party emblem. Theodore Roosevelt, then candidate of the Republican Party for President of the United States, had his name at the top of the ballot. He was at the height of his popularity, and a great vote getter.

It is a known advantage to have one's name at the top of a ballot, and not unusual to find that the head of a ticket carries the rest of the ticket with him. People do not always read to the end of a ballot. They mark a few names with which they are familiar at the top of the list and then seem to get tired. This was the reason for the reform of the ballot so that people could not vote a whole ticket by making one mark. In the Massachusetts form of the ballot now prevalent in most states, the candidates for various offices are grouped together under the heading of the office for which they are candidates. Even in this form of voting, it is noticeable that the candidate drawing first place on the ballot almost invariably has an advantage and rolls up more votes than his colleagues on the same ticket. Although Roosevelt, at the top of the ticket, carried the state by 175,500, Frank Higgins was elected governor on the Republican ticket by only 80,000 votes.

Governor Higgins' administration was notable in the legislature for devising new state taxes to

make provision for the support of the government. It was in his administration that two important legislative committees were appointed. One was to investigate the cost of production and distribution of gas in the city of New York for the purpose of fixing by law a reasonable rate to consumers and proper return to the companies. The duty of the other was to investigate the business of life-insurance companies.

The committee investigating the cost of production and distribution of gas made two major proposals. One covered the creation by law of a permanent commission to study the cost of production and distribution of gas for the purpose of reporting to the legislature from time to time. The report was to form a basis to fix the price to the ultimate consumer. The other recommendation fixed the price of gas definitely at eighty cents a thousand cubic feet. The people of the state were shocked to find that the legislature passed the bill creating the commission and failed to pass the bill fixing the price of gas at eighty cents.

Charles E. Hughes was counsel to both commissions. He made an enviable record in both investigations. The defeat of the eighty-cent gas bill and the revelation of official wrongdoing brought out in the course of the insurance investigation created such a strong public feeling against the Republican Party that when, in 1906, Mr. Hughes was nominated for governor, he was the only Republican on the state ticket who was elected. So that when Governor Hughes was inaugurated on January 1, 1907, the lieutenant governor and all the other elected state officers were Democrats. The legislature was strongly Republican.

I served as a member of the Assembly Committee on Insurance when the so-called Hughes report was presented to the legislature in 1906. I still had little interest in the big affairs of the legislature, but I was struggling to learn and I liked the position my being an assemblyman gave me in my home district.

Early in his term, Governor Hughes incurred the hostility of the reactionary leaders of his own party. Many of the constructive reforms afterward accomplished by the Democratic Party were recommended by Governor Hughes. He recommended, for instance, the shortening of the ballot by doing away with many of the elected officials. That was afterward accomplished in my administration upon my recommendation. He recommended a change in the form of ballot that made it necessary for every voter to choose between the different candidates for a given office, doing away with the possibility of voting a straight ticket with the single cross.

Assemblyman Smith and His Family at Far Rockaway About 1910

Hamstrung

THE legislature passed and presented to him a bill, early in the session, fixing fares on the steam railroads of the state at the uniform rate of two cents a mile. He vetoed that bill upon the ground that there were no figures before him which would indicate that the smaller railroads of the state would be able to give service at the price sought to be fixed by statute. The whole theory of fixing prices and standards of service for public utilities by law had fallen into disrepute. The action of the legislature on the report of the gas investigation foreshadowed what was to follow. Governor Hughes recommended what undoubtedly was the outstanding achievement of his whole administration—the creation of the Public Service Commission and the delegation to that body of power to fix the standards of rates of payment by the customers of public utilities. The bill was supported in the legislature by both parties and became a law on the first of July, 1907. To my way of thinking, it contained one error when it gave jurisdiction over the construction of subways in New York City to the state body. This remained unchanged until July 1, 1924, during my second administration.

All of Governor Hughes' other recommendations, including the application of the direct nominating system instead of party conventions, went down to defeat. So strong was the feeling of the Republican leaders against Governor Hughes after his first term that, in convention assembled in the city of Saratoga Springs, in 1908, they had definitely determined not to renominate him. Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, was the big boss, and word came from Washington to the leaders at the Grand Union Hotel that the renomination of Hughes was very much desired by the national administration. The advice and suggestion of the President were accepted and Governor Hughes was renominated and reëlected.

Many things that he suggested in his second administration were accepted by the party leaders, but the outstanding progressive suggestions of his first term again went down to defeat in the second term. He succeeded in enacting laws against bookmaking and pool selling at the race tracks. He signed much legislation of benefit to the state of New York, particularly the bill reorganizing the courts of inferior criminal jurisdiction. I was a member of that commission and spent a great deal of time in studying all the operations of the inferior criminal courts.

Had Governor Hughes received the sympathetic coöperation of the members of his own party, his two administrations would have been noted for great constructive achievement. Early in his administration he realized how impossible it was for a governor, although charged in the public mind with responsibility, to have effective control of the administrative officers under him, since they were all appointed for terms longer than his own. In order to find out how the heads were running their departments and whether they were men of sufficient ability, he recommended and had enacted into law what is called the Moreland Act. This is an amendment to the executive law which gives the governor, through himself or through a person designated by him, the right to inquire into the affairs of any board, bureau or commission of the state government and to require people to testify under oath and to issue subpœnas for their attendance. This amendment to the executive law has been useful to all governors since. I used it with great effect upon many occasions where there were indications of abuse of power or dishonesty in public office

Governor Hughes did not finish out his second term. He resigned, to accept appointment by President Taft as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

At the close of the session of 1907, I had so well established myself that renominations thereafter came practically as a matter of course and I felt my influence in the legislature growing year by year.

The children were growing up and the 28 Oliver Street apartment became so crowded that I had to sleep on the lounge in the parlor. In the fall of 1909, when I had just been elected to my fifth term in the assembly, we moved across the street into 25 Oliver Street, where we had a basement, parlor floor and second floor. As the houses were directly opposite each other I utilized the boys of the Tammany Club as the moving-van company to bring about the transfer of the Smith household property.

Mrs. Smith and Her Children on the Steps of the Oliver Street House

Moving

A DRIVER in the Street Cleaning Department carried over the stove and the ice box—the only heavy pieces we had. For the smaller things around the house we had the help of the small boys living around the neighborhood. I venture to say that no modern up-to-date moving company could have made a more complete job of it inside of two hours.

In December of that year the youngest member of my family, Walter, was born at 25 Oliver Street. All five of my children attended St. James' School—the same school that I attended and the same school that my mother attended.

These localities may not be familiar to all my readers, but I can sum it up in a few words and say that my father, my mother, my sister, my wife, all five of my children and I were born within five blocks of one another.

In 1911, while spending the summer at Far Rockaway, a friend of mine gave me a present of a team of goats and a carriage for the children. We had no trouble caring for them while in the country, but the problem arose of what to do about them when we came back to Oliver Street. I suppose I was just as insistent as the children that we keep them, and consequently I had a door broken through from the yard of the Oliver Street house into the side of a stable on Madison Street, so we had a private stall for the goats with a rear entrance into the yard of the Oliver Street house. You can imagine the popularity of a boy in the old neighborhood who had it within his power to ride children around in a goat wagon. Mine and the neighbors' children got all there was in the poor goats, and they worked on Sundays as well.

I never had less than two dogs, and one of them, when I lived in Oliver Street, was an enormous Great Dane. They were quite a problem and I had a time training the dogs to be friendly with the goats, as they were all out in the yard at once.

My Great Dane dog, known as Cæsar, had a speaking acquaintance with everybody in the neighborhood, despite his size and ferocious appearance. He was a good-natured, mild-mannered animal, and children took a great delight in putting their arms around him because of his size. Not infrequently he went on visits all by himself to the homes

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PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

"Why, I'd Love to See You, of Course," Stammered Gordon. She Looked Up at Him and Smiled Waveringly, as Though She Were Poised Between Desire and Doubt

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MISS GORDON HAMMILL, outwardly so self-possessed, found herself in a puzzled state of mind. Here it was the last night of the voyage and nothing had happened—nothing! As she dealt the cards with her usual expertness her thoughts snatched at the opportunity to fly back to Mr. Roulin, the unwilling sponsor of her present journey.

Was it possible that he had been indulging in a huge joke on her at the expense of giving her a trip abroad? She colored violently and then turned pale at a memory of Ellis Boughton's face when she had told him point-blank she could not be his friend. That incident alone would be a high price to pay for a free passage to Europe.

"My dear!" exclaimed Kit Leffingwell with the airiness which invariably discounted her shrewd perception, "what on earth are you thinking about?"

Gordon's color deepened, but her wit rose to the attack. "Of the last fool play I made," she answered quickly.

"But you haven't made a fool play the whole trip, and that's as long as I've known you!"

"Haven't I?" said Gordon with her most dazzling smile. "I now bid a no-trump."

Her partner took her out with four hearts and she sat back to pick up her thoughts where she had left off. She had felt from the first Boughton's power of attraction as far as she individually was concerned, but forewarned is to be forearmed. Mr. Roulin had predicted the advent of such a man with uncanny precision and she was determined to play fair; at least until she was positive she was not being made the butt of a misguided hoax. Once she was sure of that, things would go hard with Mr. Roulin.

Her doubts had grown more and more insistent as the voyage, seemingly so languid, progressed nevertheless with startling rapidity to its close. Nothing had happened—nothing. The Leffingwells were nice, Colonel Rivers could have been interesting had he exerted himself, Meacham was the usual rich young man with a weak heart, and as for the upstart, Mr. Bertrand, the only outsider who had broken into their circle, he was a ballroom popinjay. Only Boughton mattered—or could have mattered if she had let him—and with the dropping of the gangplank he would walk down it and away into the wilderness of lost acquaintances.

Glancing up, she caught him studying her with barefaced effrontery, taking those liberties with his eyes which from nine men in ten give a woman a feeling of outrage, but from the tenth have all the appeal of an actual caress. Poor fellow! The voyage had certainly been no round of pleasure as far as he was concerned. She was planning to be kind to him for once as soon as the rubber was over, when Mrs. Leffingwell forestalled her by asking him to go in search of her husband.

He accepted the errand with a poor grace, but went and was gone so long that the three people left at the card table, each engaged with his own thoughts, grew steadily more and more restless. Mr. Bertrand, it is true, had suggested a dance, but had been so shortly refused that he now gave the impression of having been definitely muzzled. It was Kit Leffingwell's patience that gave out first. She arose abruptly, announced she was going to her cabin, and deserted them in spite of a dismayed glance from Gordon.

Bertrand came to life. Seeing the imperturbable Miss Hammill at a loss, he again suggested they go to the ballroom, not because he anticipated success but because dancing happened to be the one thing he knew. It was the only *métier* which could make him feel at home with the socially elect, the only language he could talk with any assurance of understanding or of being understood. She arose, but did not reply, as if reserving to herself the right of refusal at the last moment.

They went by way of the deck to avoid the crowded lounge and reading room. Mr. Bertrand was still nervous and knew that a cigarette would do him good. He reflected that he always felt this way when about to dance with a girl above his station, and reassured himself with the further thought that, once on the floor, none had ever yet high-hatted him. He struck a match, but the wind, in conjunction with the trembling of his long fingers, put it out. Without excusing himself, he stepped behind the protection of a bulging bulkhead, and Gordon naturally went on.

She was deciding with finality that her chance companion was a boor when a familiar voice came through a curtained open window of the palm court and struck her a blow which seemed to numb her from head to foot. What made the phenomenon all the more extraordinary was that Colonel Rivers' familiar tones were so soft and smooth, so slurred with sympathy and understanding.

"Leffingwell," he was saying, "I beg you to think of yourself—of your own future. Nobody can force a grown man to play for money. For you to beef about this three thousand you've lost is essentially the same as for a schoolmarm to howl over ten dollars she doesn't want to pay. Quite aside from making yourself ridiculous, I would hate to tell you, my dear chap, what a court of damages will do to you if Senator Meacham should lose his good humor and sue you for defamation of character."

Gordon stayed to hear no more; the last place she wished to be found when rejoined by Mr. Bertrand was beside that veiled but all-disclosing window. She hurried on into the wind and was standing forward at the rail when he caught up with her. Seeing the disarray of her hair, he sensed that there was to be no dancing, but still was incapable of changing the subject.

"Just one dance, Miss Hammill," he begged. "I'll wait for you anywhere you say."

She would have liked to rid herself of him, but did not wish to be alone just yet; not until she could make sure that she could speak and walk without betraying her inner commotion So it was all true—just as Mr. Roulin had said. He had been playing no joke on her, unless it was the grim one of throwing her at her own request into the lions' den.

"I don't think I care about dancing tonight," she said indifferently, trying out her voice. "We'll walk a little and then you can rejoin your cronies while I go to finish my packing."

"What cronies?"

"Colonel Rivers and Mr. Meacham. Aren't they your friends?"

"Not so you'd notice it. I never saw them before we got on this boat and I ——"

She scarcely listened to what he said. As they walked she was thinking of a number of things, but mostly of Boughton and how near she had come to making a fool of herself. Only chance had saved her. If Mrs. Leffingwell had happened to send Mr. Bertrand instead of Boughton after her husband, Miss Gordon Hammill would have gone down to ignominious defeat and might have incurred Mr. Roulin's complacent disdain for the rest of her life.

As they came for the third time opposite the smoking room, still alight and rather rowdy, she caught a glimpse of Meacham's shock of hair moving aft rather rapidly, as if he was making for a door. Leaping intuitively at a conclusion, she drew her wrap close around her and turned to face her companion.

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave you here. I'm getting a little cold."

Not waiting for his answer, she slipped through a companionway and down three flights of stairs; then she hurried along the passage almost at a run. It was her plan to go back by the deck next above and repeat the round indefinitely, but she was not to be put to so much trouble. As she started up the after gangway she heard the approach of rapid steps, and looking up, found herself face to face with a Mr. Meacham she would scarcely have recognized had she not had an inkling of the cause of the change in him.

She was accustomed to the high color on his cheek bones, but now there was a truculence in his bearing as unmistakable as it was strange to her experience. She scarcely needed the bold glint in his eyes to tell her she was gazing upon predatory man after a killing. The blood thrilled along her spine, but there was no more than a flattering tremor in her voice when she spoke:

"Oh, Mr. Meacham, I'm so glad I ran into you! You know how much of a chance there would have been to say good-by on the quay with you men clearing your baggage before a lone woman can even collect hers!"

Mr. Meacham stopped with an abruptness which was part and parcel of his new manner. "I would never have thought of you as a lone woman, Miss Hammill."

"I suppose you mean the Leffingwells ——" she began.

"Not at all," he interrupted. "I mean it doesn't go with your general appearance." He leaned down toward her, gripping the rail to keep his balance. "You're one woman that need never be lonely—at least not for the next thirty years."

"Do you think this is fair?" laughed Gordon. "Here it is the last night—almost the last moment—of the voyage! What woke you from your long sleep?"

"Never mind what, as long as I'm awake. I mean it, Miss Hammill. You needn't be lonely either on the quay or in Paris. What do you say?"

"Why, I'd love to see you, of course," stammered Gordon. She looked up at him and smiled waveringly, as though she were poised between desire and doubt. He drew closer to her, his hand tightening on the rail until the knuckles whitened. She had a feeling that she was playing with dynamite, or, to put it more mildly, that she faced a blind jump with perhaps a ditch beyond the fence. On this side was a safe field, on the other was certain danger. Here, after five days at sea, was her point of embarkation—the true moment of decision. Up to its advent Gordon Hammill was merely a fancy, a conception of the brain; after it, she would be flesh and blood or nothing. The color in her cheeks deepened, but her eyes remained steady as she took the leap and continued, "But perhaps you weren't suggesting yourself for an escort?"

"I was suggesting anything and as much as you like," replied Meacham promptly. "Of course I've known right along you were good to look at, but tonight you hit me cold. I'm down and out for you, Miss Hammill."

The man's speech, as well as his eyes, cheeks and hands, was feverish. The words themselves were blurred, but they came through with the staccato thrum of machine-gun fire in a fog. She could hear them plainly enough, but to anyone ten feet away they would have been only an indistinct murmur.

It was at this critical moment that she felt rather than saw Boughton flash across the platform above Meacham and consequently behind his back. Without looking up, she was conscious of horrified eyes, of a sort of suspension in a contact already grown familiar in spite of her own reserve. Instinct warned her not only that Boughton knew what she knew about Meacham but also that her decision to go on in her enterprise carried an added burden—a burden of genuine sacrifice.

She was thinking she would have to face the suspicions of a man she liked in exchange for the company of one she had already begun to detest and might learn to fear. There was a possibility that her friendship for Boughton, openly denied to him and yet acknowledged in her heart as a valuable possession, might be lost irretrievably in the next few minutes, but even so, it was not in her to turn back. She fastened her attention on Meacham.

"You're not only a changed man, Mr. Meacham; you speak a new language. I'm afraid you'll have to translate the idiom."

She smiled as she spoke, but he remained gravely intent. "I mean I wasn't even thinking of you," he promptly explained, "but running into you here was like running into Dempsey's fist. I went out like a light."

"I'm beginning to understand," laughed Gordon, "though I can't say much for you as a translator! I gather you fell for me. Isn't that another way they have of putting it?"

"Flat," replied Mr. Meacham succinctly.

The steward on night-watch duty approached, pushed in between them with little consideration for Meacham and thrust a scribbled note into her hand. She read it and promptly crumpled it up. The steward looked at her blankly, shrugged his shoulders and hurried off.

Meacham waited a moment and then said softly, "Give me that note."

The request was outrageous, but strangely enough it did not sound that way to Gordon. For the first time she realized with unanswerable finality that she had actually stepped into another world—a world of unspoken but none the less established alternatives. Beyond a doubt what Meacham had really said was, "Give me that note or I'll twist your arm off. Take your choice." She handed him the crumpled paper. He smoothed it out and read the message aloud: "You are talking to a card sharper who has just rooked Leffie of three thousand."

It was amazing the way Senator Meacham's manner reverted to professional suavity with the reading of that note. It was like a fireman answering the alarm gong, or a patrolman reacting to a police whistle, or an actor taking the last call for his main scene. He reassumed a polished manner as a chameleon changes its color, and so naturally that Gordon could almost feel herself being fooled.

"What is your opinion of anonymous letters, Miss Hammill?"

"They are almost invariably cowardly."

"Exactly," said Meacham, flushing with genuine indignation. "I wish you could have seen what happened. Leffingwell, Colonel Rivers and I drifted into a little game to kill time. The luck ran in a streak and the money began to double up pretty fast. It didn't happen behind a screen, Miss Hammill, but right on the table where everybody could see it, feel it, taste it—and run whenever he felt like it! If Leffingwell is a ten-dollar man, wouldn't you have thought when he had spent all of that much he would have said, 'Gentlemen, ten dollars is my limit, so good night and good-by'? Wouldn't you?"

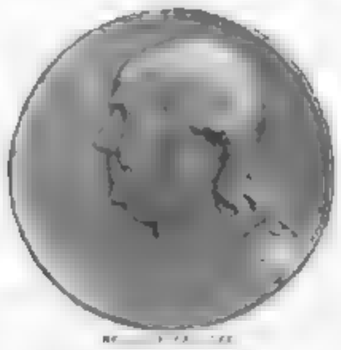
"Yes, I would," said Gordon truthfully, for she had been wondering pretty actively how Leffingwell could possibly have failed to follow some such course.

"So there you are. Simply because it happened to be three thousand, which both the colonel and I would have been quite willing and able to pay if we'd lost, this full-blooded business man starts to yap like a whipped cur.

(Continued on Page 62)

"I Suppose You Know," Said Mrs. Leffingwell, "That Both Ellis Boughton and Mr. James Tupper Leffingwell, Jr., Take You for a Crook?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 10, 1929

The Main Road

IN THESE days of almost universal automobile driving it is a common experience to come upon a junction of ways, whether in city or country, without knowing which is the main road. It is the same with the many problems of life; we have difficulty in deciding which are side issues and which is the broad highway. No subject presents more of these perplexities than prohibition, and in no case is it more necessary to keep to the main road.

That the business men of the country, desiring as a group to be sane and constructive, should keep in mind what is the main issue of the prohibition question seems to us vitally important. The main issue, it cannot too strongly be emphasized or too often repeated, is economic. This fact could be overlooked and forgotten easily enough, even if in the prohibition debate there were not those whose special interest lies in having it escape notice. In any case, economic science is a dull subject. Regularity of employment, wage levels, statistics of savings and home ownership, and indices of production and consumption do not make appealing topics of after-dinner conversation. They are too dry for the flip give and take of social intercourse. Yet no one can even begin to understand why prohibition came about or what is its relation to the life of the day without first allowing for the economic factor.

That fanaticism marks the more extreme views of the prohibition question is clear enough. At one end the prevailing idea seems to favor the uttermost in the way of punishment for infractions of the law, while at the other wing the even stranger proposal is made that the way to bring about reform is to encourage disrespect for law. We are not prophets and we do not pretend to know what the laws or customs of the future will be. There may well come a time when this particular law should be changed. Laws, like other human institutions, are subject to modifications. This law, as every other, should be subject to the will of the majority, duly registered at the polls. But we do assert with confidence that at the present time there are economic realities which must be faced and understood.

Fundamentally prohibition was brought about because of the driving force of business; and by business we mean employes as well as employers. The prohibitionist is usually symbolized and caricatured as a thin-nosed fanatic with a high hat, a black tie and a mussed-up umbrella. But the railroads were among the first prohibitionists. They long ago put into effect the policy which the country later adopted, and for the same reasons. The whole history of this country could be written in terms of the changing attitude of business toward alcoholic beverages. In Colonial times part of the daily wage was a ration of rum or whisky. Gradually it was recognized that productivity did not go with drinking, and concern after concern put prohibition into effect as regarded its own force, with the result that labor profited as much as or more than capital.

We think it is generally agreed on all sides that prohibition would never have come about, despite the years of propaganda on the part of the churches, the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League, if business had not been fundamentally in its favor. Modern machines are not adapted to drink-befuddled brains. Mr. Ford's reputation as a business man is well enough established to make him a credible witness. He has repeated again and again that prohibition of beverage alcohol goes hand in hand with a high-speed interlocking civilization. He regards it as an inescapable result of the close integration of modern society, industrial mass production and intensive groupings in great cities. Customs and habits which might have applied to an isolated pioneer and provincial people who knew only horse transportation, the craftsman and the hand loom are anachronisms in the age of the airplane, automobile and a nation-wide system of machine production and distribution.

Business did not pave the way for prohibition because of emotionalism or fanaticism, but as the astute, sagacious, farsighted, profitable, businesslike thing to do for all concerned. It looked like a good financial bargain, and it proved to be such. We do not know exactly what proportion of American prosperity is due to prohibition, but we seriously doubt whether any honest observer denies it to be a major factor.

Even among the professed opponents of prohibition there seems to be a sort of tacit admission that the widespread ownership of securities by the masses of the people, the increase in savings, and the rapid multiplication of life-insurance policies and home ownership have some definite relation to this policy of the nation.

But prohibition has had more far-reaching economic results than these. Since it was adopted the automobile has come into nearly universal use, the radio has found its way into millions of homes and the films have catered to ever greater multitudes. The people generally wear far better clothing than ten or fifteen years ago, their house furnishings are superior, they use more telephones and other electrical equipment, they consume far more ice cream, confectionery and soft drinks, they send their children to school much longer and they eat an enormously expanded variety of foodstuffs. Of course no one ascribes all this improvement entirely to prohibition. But it is flying in the face of common sense and ordinary daily observation to deny the connection between the greater regularity of employment, the more intact condition of the worker's pay envelope and the growth in savings which have followed prohibition on the one hand, and the unprecedented increase in the consumption of a wide range of goods on the other.

To thresh over the old moral arguments for and against is tiresome and gets us nowhere. Of course prohibition does not work nearly so well as could be wished, but no other method of handling the liquor traffic ever has. Of course there are lawlessness and corruption, but only the very young and those older persons who suffer from a convenient amnesia forget the bribery, political influence, demoralization, illicit sale, defiance and murder that went with the former system. All this kind of discussion, of either the present or the earlier order, leads to emotionalism, prejudice and passion.

But there is no prejudice and passion when it comes to statistics and indices of production and consumption. The business of this country has no time to fuse itself with the fanaticism of either school of antagonists. Its decision concerning policies must rest upon a surer and more solid foundation. If there was an economic basis for the adoption of prohibition, the question now facing the business world is whether with the enormously expanded markets the same policy is not even more essential today. The country must move very slowly indeed in any direction which threatens the improved conditions of women and children or the extraordinarily high standards of amusement, recreation, comfort, housing, clothing and feeding which the people at large have come to enjoy in comparatively recent years. This is what the business man should keep in mind when he discusses prohibition.

Speculation's Seamy Side

THE great activity in stock prices in the past few years has given rise to endless controversy. Though the question of credit has caused the most heated debate, differences of opinion in regard to the legitimacy of the movement itself have been pronounced. To what extent rising prices reflect a welcome and mounting prosperity, and how far they are merely an accompaniment of overdevelopment and more or less permanent errors of investment judgment which it may require years to disclose, are as yet veiled in obscurity. There seems no doubt that fundamental values have been increasing, but no sensible or thoughtful person can be blind to the less palatable aspects of the situation.

The seamy side has to do with the betting proclivities, unreasoning greed and ignorance of so many participants in the market. The occasional failure or disappearance of concerns which pretended to be brokers but were merely cheap swindlers reveals that thousands of persons, including professional men, intrust their savings to strangers without inquiry, caution or even elementary common sense. Moreover, it develops that these customers frequently operate on margins so slender that their dealings cannot be considered anything but ordinary betting on the turn of the market, in no way different from any game of chance.

The willingness of otherwise intelligent persons to operate in a bucket shop reveals an insensate cupidity that harks back to very primitive and unpleasant passions. Newspapers commonly refer to the customers of absconding swindlers as victims. One wonders why. No customer is a victim who expects to make something out of nothing and then discovers to his cost that the other fellow was smarter than he. "Sucker" is a far more accurate word.

Fortunately a great mechanism for the legitimate purchase and sale of stocks has developed around the New York Stock Exchange and other similar markets. But, unfortunately, large numbers of speculators do not care whether actual purchases or sales are made, provided their account shows a credit balance. They are not to be criticized for wishing to make a profit; that is one of the motives which has built the world as it is. But the indifference to the means by which wealth is acquired spells either a dangerous immorality or an equally dangerous ignorance.

There is an economic illiteracy about much of the current speculation that has its threatening side. Speculation is no longer regarded as an art for the skilled and shrewd performer but as a mass proposition, to be indulged in without effort—a sort of free-for-all grab bag for the multitude. But if stocks are rushed up by such buying, they also come down when the crowd seeks to cash in. Then there is despair in the land and newspapers talk about billions of dollars having been wiped off the values of securities. All of which is nonsense. No values have disappeared. Values must be earned by the corporations themselves, and these values remain even after a lot of reckless gamesters have overplayed their hand.

We have only words of encouragement for those who seek to provide future competence by well-selected investments in the stocks of business enterprises which are carefully managed and which may be expected to grow with the country. But the boys who are out to play must not squeal when the game goes against them. There is no law against playing the stock market instead of poker or roulette, but there is a serious question whether such sport is good for the country. One point, however, admits of no lingering shadow of doubt: The boys who do take part in these antics nearly always lay themselves open to a sound thrashing sooner or later. That is the weak spot in their game—the fact that they almost invariably overreach themselves and lose what they have previously won.

TOMORROW—WHO KNOWS?

By Lee de Forest

IT IS a pretty lonely life for a boy—to be brought up as I was.

My father was a Congregational minister in Muscatine, Iowa, when he received an appointment to go to Talladega, Alabama, to become president of a college whose purpose it was to educate the negro.

I was six years old at the time and the whites in the community resented our presence. We were Northerners, and not so many years had elapsed since men had died in the struggle between the North and the South. The ugly practices of the carpetbaggers were still vivid in the memories of the people, and any effort at cultivating the negro—even to educate him—was detestable.

But my father was stirred as the Crusaders must have been stirred. Although he knew what his children, and the few children of his teaching associates, were passing through he could not turn back. He believed our suffering, as well as his own, was but the penalty which comes to those who fight for noble causes. As I look back, he was right, but just the same it was pretty hard to keep a stiff upper lip.

The white children of Talladega would not play with us, and the negro children stared, wide-eyed and suspicious, because we were disowned by our own. Like all normal children we loved play, and like all normal children we soon tired of each other—the same faces, same games, same voices. For my part, I did what almost any boy with a studious turn of mind would have done. At an age when I should have been thrilled by fairy tales I was reading books much too old for my years. Precocious, you say? Not at all. What else was there for me to do? The boyish mind reaches out.

I used to go on long walks with my father, walks in which he would explain, as best he could, the mysteries of the universe. Hanging low in the deep blue, almost black, Southern sky the stars seemed so close that I used to think I could stand on a ladder and pluck them from the heavens, much the same as I had plucked persimmons from a tree. My father used to laugh at my bewilderment when he told me the stars were millions of miles away.

"Farther away than Muscatine?" I would skeptically ask.

"Yes. Farther away than Muscatine."

For years I couldn't grasp that, because the train ride had seemed so long. It had taken us two days to make the journey, and in the tediousness of that ride I had often inquired: "We're nearly there, aren't we?" I first asked that question when we were less than fifty miles out of Muscatine, and kept right on asking it until the end of the journey.

And then, as the dull years drifted along, there came a day when I received a present of a story on the life of Thomas A. Edison. Never did anything thrill me so much. This was one story I read, and read, and read again. No hero ever meant more to a boy, so that when the time came for me to leave Alabama and go to Yale University the face of one man went with me.

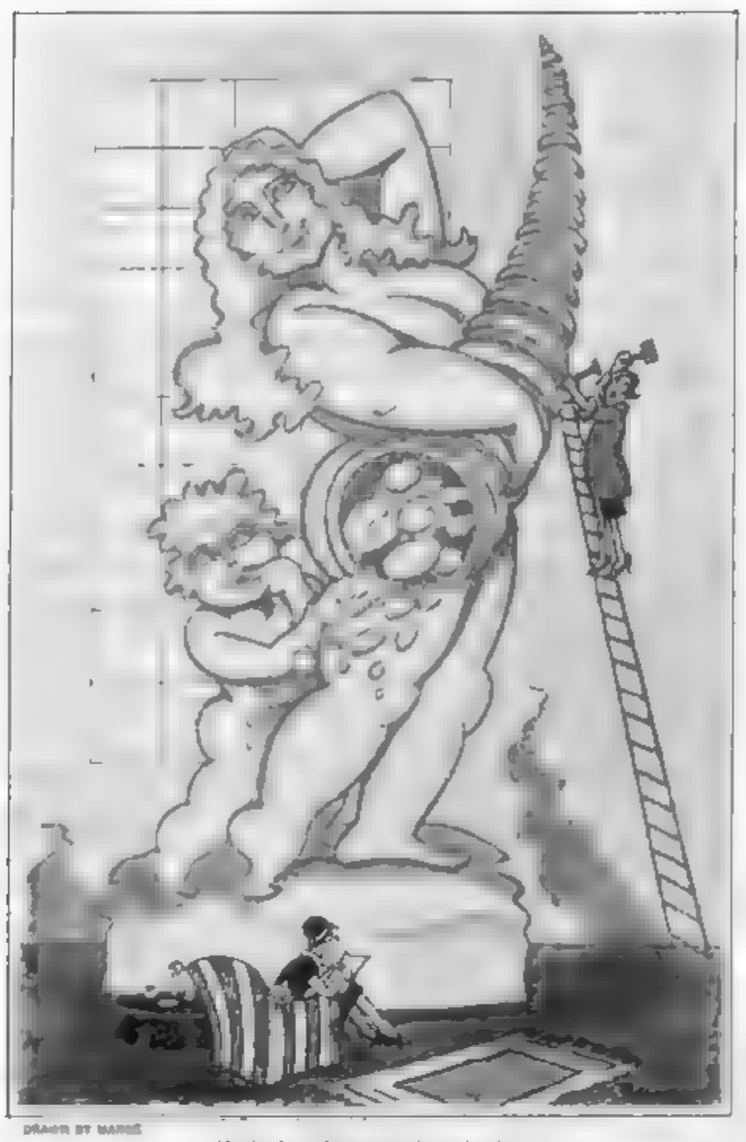
Perhaps no youth ever entered Yale and came out again as I did. Through my college years I knew but few of my classmates, and none of them intimately. I was shy, introspective, diffident. Difficult to approach. I was lonely, with the same loneliness of boyhood, because in those years down in Alabama I had never learned to make friends. Yet, as I think of it, I was not so lonely as I might have been, because I had my thoughts of Edison and my talisman of how he had worked, and studied, and worked again.

Today, a few feet away from my desk and hanging against the wall is a picture of Mr. Edison. To me that photograph

(Continued on Page 46)

Come Across, the Fog's Thinning

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



WHAT MAN, INDEED?

"And May I Ask, Miss Chisel, Why You Have Never Married?" "My Dear Young Lady! What Mere Man Could Take the Place of This to Me?"

The Loving Couple

The Golf Lesson

HE: YOU have a good stance, dear. You have the idea fine. You'll be a good player yet.

SHE: And we'll play golf together, won't we?

HE: I should say so.

SHE: All the time?

HE: Why, yes.

SHE: And you won't want to go off with that loud Fowler fellow all the time?

HE: He's a good fellow for me to play with. His handicap is two less than mine.

SHE: But he's such a bad influence on you. Every time you play with him it seems to me it coarsens you a little.

HE: Here, address the ball. Take a tighter grip and keep your wrists loose.

SHE: What's so nice about you is that you're sort of instinctively a gentleman. You're naturally kind and courteous. But after you've spent the afternoon with that Fowler person —

HE: Better keep your mind on what you're doing. Face the club up carefully. Now bring it up slow. Keep your eye on the ball. Now! *(The club swishes harmlessly.)* I'm afraid you didn't keep your eye on the ball

SHE: You startled me.

HE: How did I?

SHE: You said "Now!" when I was just ready to play, and threw me off.

HE: Oh, I didn't mean to, dear. I won't say it this time.

(Continued on Page 71)

She: "I Wonder if George is Having Me Watched"

"Sorry, Mister. Gran'ma Says No Matter What You're Selling She Don't Want Any"

"Oh, Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now!"

Suburbanite: "Well, Robbins, I See You've Joined the Cook-of-the-Month Club"

Everybody wants to know why more people buy Campbell's Beans than any other kind

Nothing interests a woman more than seeing so many other women buying a certain food. What's more, it isn't long before she has that food on her own table—to find out for herself. And because millions of women have done this very thing, Campbell's Beans lead all others, in actual purchases, throughout the entire United States.

It shows that the vast majority of people want their beans the Campbell's way—slow-cooked, golden brown, whole yet tender, luscious with a lively tomato sauce!

Serve hot
Serve cold

Slow-cooked

Golden Brown

LONE TREE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXI

THE caravan bearing the Carcross entourage sped on to the West, the members of the entourage being variously instructed and frequently entertained. Its principal spent much of his time on the observation platform, seeming to breathe deeper and oftener as the undesired East retreated from beneath his carriage.

"The sheriff's getting fire in his eye," Whitey told Miss Ellis on a later day as they sat in the dining car.

Miss Ellis said that Mr. Carcross was an old dear and then, having long looked out of the window, refreshed her companion with a comment. This keen young observer had supposed that the vast bulk of her fellow citizens were massed in New York and its environs. Yet she had been swiftly leaving New York for hours and hours and still they persisted. She had not been unduly astonished by the indications of congested urban life in Chicago, but they were far beyond Chicago.

She turned from the window and weightily announced, "No matter how far you go, there's always people."

Whitey choked, wiped coffee from his face and tears from his suddenly dimmed eyes. The professor joined them and, at Whitey's request, Miss Ellis repeated her wondering comment.

"But, my dear young lady, of course there are always people—towns and cities," the professor helpfully told her. About to discourse on the distribution of human beings, he was diverted by a freight car passed on a siding. Windows had been cut into its dull red sides, curtains hung at these, and before them were boxes filled with flowering plants. The professor remarked that nothing would please him more than to go a-gypsying in one of these quaint homes. "So domestic, yet with such a drolly sophisticated air of travel!" He added that one of the chief causes of modern unrest was a craving for meaningless luxury.

The existence of modern unrest was news to Miss Ellis She had slept comfortably and insisted that a Pullman would be a lot more restful than any old freight car, no matter if it did have curtained windows and geraniums. The professor began patiently to explain his subtler meaning, but Whitey left in haste to tell Ben all about it.

He found him leading the little old lady from across the aisle to Doyle's drawing-room and followed to observe her as the baby was discovered. She gave a little gasp of delight and promptly seized the infant to cuddle it. The two seemed to recognize each other across a void of years. They both gurgled, and the baby's feet waved madly.

Ben watched them narrowly. Out in the car the old lady had been withdrawn from the world, a tiny shrunken figure in black silk, lace at her throat held by a cameo brooch on which a weeping willow sheltered a drooping female; on her face the half smile of uncomplaining acceptance. Now the ancient lines had softened and fresh life was there.

"Darned if she don't look like a girl again," Ben told himself.

"Is he yours?" asked the old lady. Ben hesitated.

Ben Was Staring With Some Dismay at the Painted Likeness—Sympathizing With the General. "Why, the Poor Old Boy Had His Erysipelas Come Back on Him in Paris!"

"Well, it's kind of mine," he awkwardly confessed. The old lady crooned to the baby, her face aglow.

"Long-trail," thought Ben. He recalled a radio song, King for a Day! That was it—"King for a day," and then long-trail. Life was full of catches. The old lady seemed to tire from excitement and he led her back to her seat, where she once more sat nodding to the train's rhythm, still with the half smile of acceptance softening her face. Watching her, Ben wondered if his own years would sneak up on him like this, leaving him no longer puzzled, merely accepting. Anyway, he'd still do some fighting.

He nearly had to do some fighting later in the day when Doyle stormed indignantly upon him. "You know what that goofy professor did? He slunk in there while I was out for a minute and gave baby a big piece of chocolate. Baby got it in his mouth and all over his face and hands, and even some in one eye. The man's a murderer at heart, mark my word. He'd like to dissect babies the way they do frogs and guinea pigs. I told him so and he smiled in that sickening way and said chocolate was known the world over to be a sound food. I want you to scold him good."

"All right, all right," said Ben placatingly.

"Woman is a mystery," the professor was presently telling him.

"They're clearing up a lot of that, the way they dress nowadays," Ben answered.

"What I mean ——" the professor patiently began.

But Ben left him. Anyway, he had gone the family two better in the matter of assistants, even if his work was going to be cut out for him. But perhaps none of it would matter, for the old lady now showed him a newspaper; her home paper, Ben guessed, and she was telling him that nothing new ever happened.

"Every week they print things 'Twenty years ago,' or even 'Fifty years ago,' and they're the same things that happened last week. I can't see any difference. Once last month they had my own wedding under 'Fifty years ago.' Wasn't that funny?"

"Nothing ever happens," thought Ben. Some day the Branlock Advertiser would print that twenty years ago he returned from New York with a lot of trouble for everyone. Still, that paper would never be able to print that he'd become anything but a cowman. He'd never be style-conscious—only cow-conscious.

He went outside to watch the flat lands of Nebraska recede and to draw deeper breaths of an air already superior. Doyle was there, still raging; she pointed out distant objects of interest to her child: "See the funny house! See the funny cows! See the funny man on the horse!" She was trying to make the child forget its disaster with chocolate. "Did the nas'y old man give 'ums nas'y old black stuff—awful bitter!" Doyle contorted her face in the manner of one tasting a nauseous substance. No sooner had she lost her fear of some snooping old policeman than another danger menaced. That goofy professor pretending to know so much about babies, behaviorism and locomotor functions and all that silliness! She would watch that man.

"Pretty soon we'll climb," Ben told her; "pretty soon the high country!" His dark eyes glistened.

The following day his excitement continued to mount. Between intervals of rapid speech he resorted to nervous whistling. His hearers were enabled to identify the air as Rock-a-bye-baby, but only by certain structural traces.

"Every single note he gets sour," declared Whitey.

"Why can't he act calm like he tells other people to?" Miss Ellis wanted to know. "Look at me. I feel like the new heiress that they found the missing will for, hid away back of the clock, but I can keep cool about it. First thing that old boy knows he'll work up a temperature."

Ben's fervor increased so that on that last day the predicted temperature seemed imminent. "At last we're getting somewhere," he told them.

"We been getting somewhere every day," Miss Ellis reminded him. "Of course it didn't look so much like it, back there in those flat places."

"You'll find plenty of stacked land from now on," he promised her. "We're getting somewhere at last. No use talking, these trains got it all over a wagon or cayuse. You can see yourself get somewhere." He dwelt briefly on the wonders of steam transportation and its superiority over an older method, breaking at length into his untuneful whistle.

The train crossed a small river in spring tumult and the whistling ceased. "See that creek? That's Little Antelope."

(Continued on Page 30)

WAFFLES—hot, crisp, golden . . . . butter—cool, melting, sweet! The special goodness you get always in Brookfield Creamery Butter. Made from graded, tested cream. Churned in sunlit Swift creameries. Then carried in immaculate Swift refrigerator cars quickly, *directly* to your dealer . . . *CREAMERY FRESH!*

Look for the identifying label when buying Brookfield Milk-Fed Chickens.

Swift's Brookfield

Farm and Dairy Products

These famous packages identify Brookfield quality for you.

BUTTER • EGGS • CHEESE • POULTRY

(Continued from Page 28)

The party regarded it from the observation platform. "Once, before the railroad, a bunch of us had to cross it in flood; stiff current, deep and cold; rough bottom. The saddlers swum all right, but the rest of the string got to milling, biting, kicking, trying to shed their packs in midstream. One of them with my bed roll on him made for deep water and me trying to rise out of my stirrups because that cold creek was lapping alongside of the saddle seat! What I yelled out wasn't for any lady audience." He whistled again and Miss Ellis had learned about railroads. She had supposed that railroads were naturally there; always had been.

"Five o'clock we're due," Ben told them, "and the brakeman says we're on time." The brakeman had said this more than once and had begun to look bored.

"You're going to have a temperature," Miss Ellis warned him. But he was not to be quelled; memorable landmarks were now flashing by and he regaled them with salty items. Biographic morsels overlapped, due to the train's speed and because there were digressions for incidental comment. Whitey had brought him a basket of unseasonable and expensive grapes intended as a sedative. The grapes were welcomed, but Ben's talk triumphed over minor obstacles. At intervals in his speech came now a vocable approximately "Fut-woof!" which, in English, meant the adroit expulsion of grape skins, and the saga ran on:

"Yonder's the old P. J. Knapp place. Pete married that oldest Prindle girl, a good-built girl—Fut-woof!—like Pete said, 'One of these fine-looking animals in a black velvet dress.' . . . Look yonder at those sheep—poor stock; you can tell by the wrinkles in their necks. . . . So, after Pete died, his oldest boy bought him a racing stable and married a little blond fixin' out of a show and ran through everything. . . . A lot of that dairy stock you see out beyond there is tubercular; fed too much alfalfa. . . . So Mat Bartle says to her if she can overlook his taking a few drinks now and then, he'll marry her, and it was the sagebrush for her if she didn't. . . . Those umbrella trees are the best shade trees in the world if you plant for the next generation. . . . Anyway, she married Mat, and when this bond issue on the B. and J. ditch came out Mat was in New York and wired back for a hundred thousand dollars' worth—afraid he'd be too late if he wrote a letter. He wouldn't have been; he could have sent a boy across country on a bicycle with the order and still got his bonds. So Mat gets into this bond scandal good and plenty. . . .

"Look at the team at work over there and look at your watch. A quarter to one; how do they get a man back to work at that hour? I ain't able to. . . . Well, about that time Mat gets to going with a widow lady that had brought in a stock of New York millinery—one of these willowy blondes. . . . Look at that grass; they call it poverty grass—no joints in the stem—grass without joints won't hold moisture. . . . There's another of those cement schoolhouses. . . . So Ella got wise, and then she meets this Grannis boy that his father had sent him out to tame the West with one of these mustaches that looks like every hair's been put in with a pegging awl and —— Somebody got that jack rabbit before he could cross the highway. I ran over one once; cried like a child until I went back and killed it. . . . Well, this so-and-so willowy blonde with the millinery ——

"See the big white house with columns yonder on that slope, with the cedars around it? That's the old Byles Morton place. Byles left it in trust to be a preachers' home—preachers that had got old and feeble. It started off fine with about twenty such, but only run for six months. The trustees had to shut down because the old gentlemen got so bitter about religion on account of having all kinds there. Fact! Morning, noon and night was just one scrap; got so they couldn't have a meal of victuals without breaking up in a row; hardly one of them speaking to any of the others except of his own kind. The trustees turned the place into a home for feeble school-teachers. Doing right well that way, I understand. I guess school-teachers don't have so much to fight about. . . . Notice that new windmill there on the Glen Parslow place? Looks right pretty, don't it? . . . Here we come to Lanark. That reminds me ——"

There had been whistling intermezzos and the grapes were gone. Miss Ellis threatened to take his temperature if he didn't keep quiet. Ben ignored this and began his Iliad anew. He had returned from afar and was overcome by memorable sights.

Their train halted briefly at small towns and hardly could he finish the history of one before another engaged him. They ran in the center of a wide green valley, mountains with their approaching foothills hazily distant on either side. A willow-fringed stream tumbled after them beside the track. No longer did Ben need to ask the brakeman. He knew the time-table now and had but to consult his watch at the stops; nor did he hear the brakeman's call of Branlock, in a tired voice, as if it were just any place. Ben was feverishly in the vestibule, bags in hand, shoulders up, eyes gleaming. He had returned from afar.

XXII

"SO THIS is the big shot," said Miss Ellis, politely trying to commend what was visible of Branlock from the station platform.

"You can't see much from here," Ben warned her.

"Not on a bet," agreed Miss Ellis.

Ben went to shake hands boisterously with Art Dugdale, who lounged forward. Trunk checks were produced.

"Bring 'em out in the truck," Ben directed, "and better hustle some of these satchels in along with 'em. I'll drive the car. We got a baby."

"Baby?" inquired Art Dugdale. He was a youngish bleak-faced man who suddenly changed it all by smiling widely.

"Thar's gold in them teeth," whispered Miss Ellis; she, nevertheless, looked long at the subject of her comment, because he was recognizably a cowboy.

Ben hurried them into a car and took the wheel. They skirted Branlock in gaining their road. Ben would feel unsafe until the ranch was reached. That was sanctuary. There—he recalled a boyish game—he could say, "King's X." Nor did he regard with more than a furtive side glance the splendid new Carcross mansion adorning a sightly eminence at the edge of the town. He knew it without looking at it—a thing of embrasured towers,

(Continued on Page 105)

Ah Fang Showed That He Knew Not a Bit More About Young Babies Than Any Doctor of Philosophy

NEWS for the owners of

Buick
Hupmobile
Auburn 8
Graham-Paige
Nash

We have discovered in thousands of miles of test driving on the Atlantic City Speedway, and in hundreds of laboratory tests, that the New Mobiloil "BB" gives the greatest summer protection and adds the most power to Buick (1929, 1928, 1927 models), Nash (Advanced and Special Six 1929, 1928, 1927 models), Hupmobile (All 1929 and 1928 models), Graham-Paige (All 1929 and 1928 models), and Auburn 8's (1929, 1928, 1927 models). If you own one of these cars remember to *ask for Mobiloil "BB."* The price is 35¢ a quart (prices slightly higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States), and there is a Mobiloil dealer always nearby.

Mobiloil "BB" is recommended also for other makes of cars. See chart at the right.

No matter which make of car you drive, the way to be sure of correct lubrication for your automobile engine is to buy oil according to the New Mobiloil chart. The chart shown in this advertisement is a complete automobile chart. From it you can tell the grade of the New Mobiloil that you should use to give the best protection to your engine, and all Mobiloil dealers have this chart for your reference at any time. Regular use of the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

FIND YOUR CAR

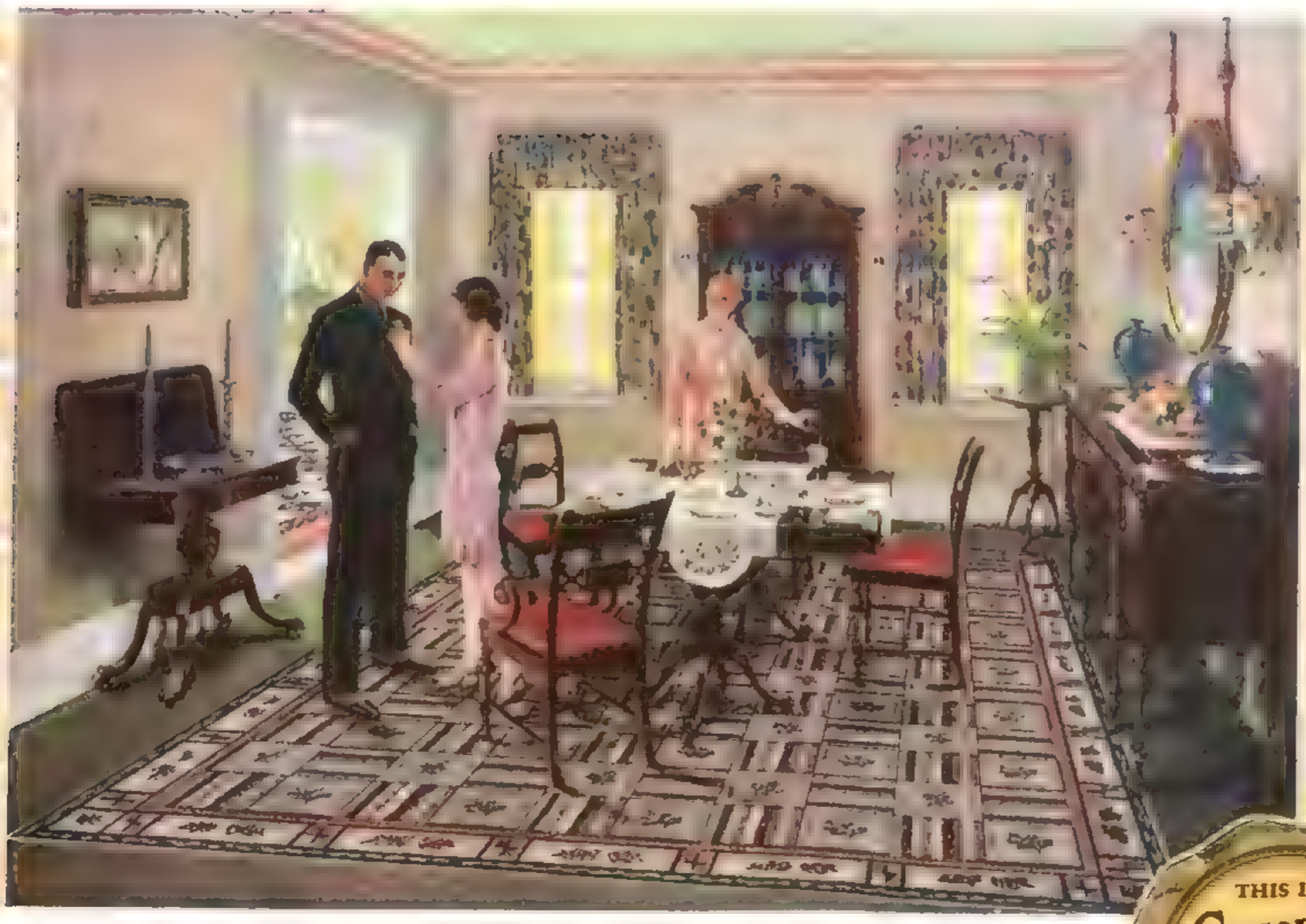
Here—for the first time in a publication—is a *complete* Mobiloil Chart of all passenger cars made in the U. S. A. Check up now. Find the correct grade of Mobiloil for *your* car. The recommendations below were made after practical and scientific tests of the New Mobiloil in your type of engine. Make this Mobiloil Chart your guide.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Ajax							A	Arc
Apperson							A	Arc
Auburn 6-cyl							A	A
" 8-cyl	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Blackhawk	BB	Arc						
Brewster							B	Arc
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Case							A	Arc
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 4-cyl.			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Cleveland							A	Arc
Cunningham	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dagmar 6-81							A	A
" 2-4-70			A	Arc				
" other models			A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Davis			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Derby			A	Arc				
De Soto	A	Arc						
Diana			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge Bros.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant							A	Arc
Duesenberg	BB	Arc						
DuPont	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Elcar 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Falcon-Knight			BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Flint					A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Model T					E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models							A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc	BB	Arc				
Gray							Arc	Arc
Hanover							A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile							A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett							A	Arc
Jordan	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kissel Speed	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kleiber	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Lexington Concord							Arc	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Locomobile 8-cyl. 80 & 88	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Marquette	A	Arc						
McFarlan Eight			BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" other models			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
McLaughlin-Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Meteor	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash Adv. 6 & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland					A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige 8-cyl.					BB	Arc		
" other models					A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A		
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pierce-Arrow 8-cyl.	BB	Arc						
" other models			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc						
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Revere							A	Arc
Rickenbacker					A	Arc	A	Arc
Roamer 6-75 & 6-80	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
" 8-88	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" 6-50 & 6-54					A	Arc	A	Arc
" Duesenberg							A	Arc
Rolls-Royce	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rugby	A	Arc						
Sayers & Scovill 8&8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Scat							A	Arc
Stearns-Knight 6-60	BB	Arc	BB	Arc				
" other models	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc				
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Viking	BB	Arc						
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 70 Close					B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 66 & 6-cy							B	Arc
" " 6-cy	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Windsor White Prince	A	A						

the New

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil "BB"



Now-the loveliest of hooked-rug effects in a genuine CONGOLEUM RUG

"CONCORD," the lovely rug shown above, was *really* designed by a maiden who lived in Colonial times. For this same pattern was originally woven into a hooked rug nearly 200 years ago. Today its charming simplicity and enduring beauty are faithfully reproduced in a labor-saving, inexpensive Congoleum Rug.

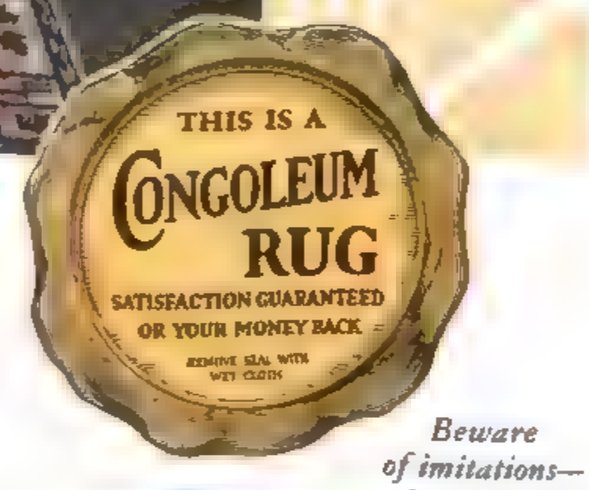
There are many other Congoleum patterns which are equally artistic. For example, *Du Barry*, *Poppy*, *Mikado* and *Palmetto* shown on this page. Of course, these swatches give but a hint of their real beauty. Remember the names and have your dealer show you the actual rugs.

Only Congoleum Rugs are made by the *Multicote Process* which assures years of satisfactory service. And the smooth, water-proof surface is indeed a blessing. Cleaned with a damp mop in no time at all, these up-to-date rugs bring to busy housewives golden hours of leisure.

Just a word of caution: You'll know Congoleum Rugs by the big Gold Seal pasted right on the face of the pattern. To protect yourself against inferior substitutes, be sure it appears on the rugs you buy. More rugs bearing this Gold Seal have been sold than all similar brands combined.

In every way, *genuine* Congoleum Rugs are the world's "best buy" in floor-coverings. All popular sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

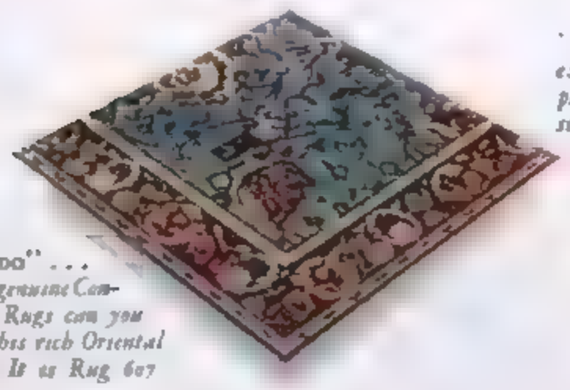
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen. Offices:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Dallas Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Detroit Atlanta Rio de Janeiro. *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.



Beware of imitations—look for this Gold Seal!

"DU BARRY" . . . *a lovely old-world motif, to be had only in Congoleum Rugs No. 526*

"POPPY" . . . *this charming floral design is made only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. No 609.*



"MIKADO" . . . *only in genuine Congoleum Rugs can you secure this rich Oriental design. It is Rug 607*

"PALMETTO" . . . *an exclusive Congoleum pattern for kitchens and sun-parlors. Rug 604.*

CONGOLEUM RUGS

—none genuine without the Gold Seal!

Free—"COLOR . . . WHERE AND WHY"—*by Harriette Lee*

Here is a valuable home-decoration handbook every home-maker should have. It contains a wealth of information, helpful ideas and sensible suggestions, as well as a scientific chart of color harmony. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., for a free copy.

Name_____

Address_____ SEP 75

THE PERMANENT WAIVE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THERE was a sound of revelry by night, but Joe Juniper was not contributing to it. Mr. Juniper's stocky frame was perched on a revolving stool in front of the eatment counter of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, and the very dark gentleman scowled at the merriment which surrounded him.

He had refused a half dozen invitations to play pool, he had turned a deaf ear to several insinuations that he accept a supper guest. He did not even exhibit enthusiasm toward the luscious barbecue sandwich which lay on the plate before him. Mr. Juniper was wallowing in the slough of despond and making no effort to emerge therefrom.

The front door opened and into the smoky and odorous confines of Bud's place there sidled a thoroughly insignificant figure clad in shiny serge trousers, a black alpaca coat and what was left of a celluloid collar. Someone in the rear of the pool room gave vent to a loud hiss, which caused a frown to appear on the brow of the newcomer. Mr. Semore Mashby, emaciated little money lender, suspected that the sibilation of dislike emanated from the lips of one Florian Slappey, who was busy at the moment extracting money from an overambitious opponent.

But Semore was rather indifferent to popular disapproval. He trod a lane of life which was lined on either side by shining silver dollars which multiplied with greater speed than rabbits. In all that room he saw no one whom he might honestly call his friend; unless, indeed, it was the dour person at the lunch counter. And so, being beset by a pang of hunger, Mr. Mashby seated himself next to Joe Juniper and demanded that Bud deliver to him immediately one barbecued pork rib and one cup of coffee. Then he turned to the man at his side.

"Have somethin', Joe?"

"No," answered Mr. Juniper promptly.

"Ain't you hungry?"

"That's the most thing I ain't, Semore."

"How come not?"

"Ise too mis'able."

"H'm. On account of which?"

For a moment Joe hesitated. Then he uttered a name—and he uttered it with venom: "Jasper De Void!"

Semore cocked his head on one side. There were many and particular reasons why he was interested in anyone who had a grudge against the long, tall, gangling gentleman who had descended upon Birmingham three years since from the little city of Dothan. Yes, indeedy. Semore bore Jasper nothing but ill-will, and plenty of it. His interest in Mr. Juniper shifted from the casual to the keen.

"Have a piece of pie," he invited.

Joe shrugged. "A'right."

"I pays fo' it," boasted Semore. "What kind?"

"Lemon merang," murmured Joe, and Semore winced. Bud's pies retailed at five cents per cut—all except the lemon meringue—and of course Mr. Juniper would select the ten-cent delicacy. But Mr. Mashby was engaged in being a good sport, and so he said nothing—even when Joe wolfed the pie without proper appreciation of its price.

"'An' So, Jasper,' He Finished Hopefully, 'Us Has Come to Offer You Back the Joe Juniper Jents' Furnishing Store"

Eventually the meal was finished and the check paid. Semore attempted conversation:

"How's business, Joe?"

"Rotten."

"How come? I thought you was doin' good."

"You thought wrong."

"You ain't had no hard luck, has you?"

"Li'l' man," said Mr. Juniper with enormous emphasis, "hard luck is the one thing I ain't been havin' nothin' else but."

Semore made a clucking sound which was intended to express sympathy.

"I got my car out yonder, Joe. How 'bout I an' you takin' a li'l' ride this fine evening, so you can 'splain to me all how it is that business is punk?"

Mr. Juniper hesitated. He didn't particularly crave Semore's society or like his personality, but the little financier seemed in a friendly and expansive mood, and Joe knew that Semore hated Jasper De Void.

Jasper was popularly accredited with being a fool for luck. He had arrived in Birmingham with several thousand dollars in cash, which certain enterprising gentlemen—notably Semore Mashby—had attempted to take from him by shady means. Each attempt had resulted in disaster for the attempters, and on three separate and distinct occasions Mr. Mashby had been the outstanding victim. There were some who were beginning to suspect that Mr. De Void was not so dumb as his face and manner indicated, but Semore was not yet ready to concede that there existed in Birmingham a colored man who was his peer as a financier. Some day, he swore, he was going to get even with Jasper, and he passed up no opportunity to consider ways and means toward that end. An enemy of Jasper's was always fresh meat for him.

And so now the two men—the squat and stocky Joe Juniper and the skinny little money lender—walked down Eighteenth Street toward the spot where Semore's asthmatic car was parked.

The center of Birmingham's Darktown was thronged. The colored citizenry of the Alabama metropolis was out in force, bent on enjoying itself. Crowds waited before the Champion, Famous and Frolic theaters; the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor was doing a land-office business, and various little sandwich stands along Eighteenth Street and on Fourth Avenue were obviously prospering.

But just when Semore turned toward his car, Joe Juniper placed a restraining hand on the thin arm.

"You want to see something?" he inquired.

"Tha's the most thing I do."

"Then come heah."

Joe led Semore a half-dozen doors farther down the street. He paused before the darkened windows of a little shop over the doorway of which hung a sign:

JOE JUNIPER'S JENTS' FURNISHING STORE

Semore nodded approvingly.

"Tha's a swell sign, Joe."

"Hmph!" Mr. Juniper's voice trembled with passion. "But just cast yo' optics on this!"

He pointed to some fresh gold lettering on the plate-glass show window, and Semore Mashby whistled with surprise as he read:

JASPER DE VOID, Prop.

Nothing more was said until the men were in the car and Semore was picking his way southward through the maze of traffic. Out on the broad and uncrowded stretches of Highland Avenue, Semore questioned.

(Continued on Page 35)

PATHFINDER

PATHFINDER! The very name says discoverer—trail-breaker—pioneer.

And the other name of this great tire is *Goodyear*.

When you put these facts together, you begin to understand why this big, husky tire is even greater than it looks to be.

You can see powerful *traction*, molded into every massive block of its broad, thick tread.

You can see *long wear*—and feel it, too, in the honest solidity of this handsome tire. But you cannot see the equally vital quality beneath the tread. For there is *Supertwist*—the famous cord material which increases tire-life by its elastic and sinewy resistance to fatigue.

Here indeed is quality

pioneers the way to *outstanding quality* at *low price*

which reaches far beyond the point which the low price would indicate. A tire qualified in every way to take its place with "first-liners" sold by others at much higher figures.

You can tell that Goodyear is proud of this Pathfinder—for it is branded with the greatest name in rubber, and with the Goodyear seal.

Try this new Pathfinder—see what great value Goodyear gives you for little money.

Copyright 1929 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 33

"What did that sign mean, Joe: 'Jasper De Void, Prop.'?"

"It means just ezackly what it says. That no-'count Jasper is propping my store entirely now."

"You says words, cullud brother, but they don't convey no sensibility to me."

The car was dropping down the far side of Red Mountain and its headlights split the gloom of Shades Valley. Joe Juniper stared ahead without enthusiasm.

"Semore," he exclaimed abruptly, "that feller done me wicked."

"Mistuh De Void?"

"Him an' nobody else."

"S'pose," suggested Mr. Mashby, "that you 'splains yo' woes to me."

"A'right, I will. You has got a ve'y financial disposition, an' maybe you can he'p me."

"I don't know nothin' I would be fonder of."

Mr. Juniper helped himself to a cheroot which protruded from Semore's pocket, ignored Mr. Mashby's glance of stern disapproval, puffed three times and started.

"'Bout a year ago, Semore, I borried a thousan' dollars from Jasper De Void, an' I give him a mortgage on my business as security. Th'ee days ago he walked into that store with a sign painter an' wrote his name all over ev'ything, sayin' that he is now the Prop."

Semore frowned. "But, Joe, didn't you never pay him back that thousan' dollars?"

"No," confessed Mr. Juniper, "I didn't."

"Why not?"

"I didn't have it, an' ain't got it."

"Tha's funny. I thought yo' business was makin' money."

"It is. But I has been playin' frequent poker."

"I see. Business men never ought to gamble."

"Don't tell me such. I agree with you befo' you even mutters the words. The point Ise drivin' at is that Mistuh De Void didn't have no right takin' my business away fum me like he done."

Mr. Mashby was too keen a business man to agree. "But if you give him yo' store as security, an' if you didn't pay him back them thousan' dollars——"

"That ain't got nothin' to do with it. It was my business, wasn't it?"

"Yeh, but it's Jasper's now."

Joe Juniper growled. "I guess you think I is happy to have you remind me of same. I guess you think——"

"Listen, Joe; I think plenty. I don't love Mistuh De Void no mo' than what you do, an' was any chance to arise whereby I could git even with that lucky stiff, I'd do such so quick yo' haid would go swimmin'. But in this pretickeler case——"

"Oh, I wouldn't mind it so terrible, Semore, if Jasper hadn't give me a job also."

"Give you a job?"

"Uh-huh."

"Doin' what?"

"Runnin' my own store. Tha's what hurts. Heah I is managin' my own store an' makin' money fo' that other feller."

"That sholy ain't sweet," agreed Mr. Mashby. "But I reckon you didn't have to assept that job."

"I did. Or else."

"Or else what?"

"Starve."

"True enough. I wish I could he'p you." Mr. Mashby turned his eyes from the road toward the lugubrious countenance at his side. He was fascinated by the discovery of a new enemy of Jasper's and felt that it was a crime not to capitalize Joe's antipathy for the man who was Semore's pet, particular thorn.

Thirty Minutes Later Semore Mashby Emerged From the Office of Dr. Lijah Atcherson

Mr. Mashby suffered poignantly every time he thought about Jasper. He continued to stare at Joe Juniper, and he stared so raptly that he failed to see a cataclysm sweeping toward him through the night.

He swung his little car around a sharp curve straight into the glare of a pair of head lamps. There was the shriek of a horn, a human howl, a screeching of brakes, and the ripping and tearing of steel. Semore never knew precisely what happened. He felt himself catapulted through space, heard a frantic ejaculation from the terrified Joe Juniper who was acting as his companion meteor, and then Mr. Mashby was faced by the job of unwrapping himself from the poplar tree which had broken his aerial journey.

The automobile which had blasted down upon them from out of the night had disappeared. Surrounding the two disasterees was nothing but black and stilly night. Immediately adjacent was the pile of hardware which a few moments since had been the humble property of Semore Mashby. Joe Juniper was sitting straight up, staring popeyed. Semore put one hand to his throbbing temples and emitted a groan. "Oh! Whoa is me!"

Joe blinked. "You is sholy misfortunate, Semore."

"Ain't you speakin' truth now!" Mr. Mashby inspected himself. "Ise lookin' fo' one single spot, Joe, which ain't achin', but I cain't find it."

"You is lucky you ain't dead."

"I don't know 'bout that. I got heaps of insurance. . . . Is you hurt, Joe?"

"Not 'specially. Just a few bumps."

"Ise all messed up." Mr. Mashby probed into the pocket of his alpaca coat and extracted a handful of matches. He scratched one of them on the sole of his shoe and held it before his face.

"Wh-what do I look like, Joe?"

In the eerie, flickering light Mr. Mashby resembled nothing so much as a déclassé ghost. Joe Juniper uttered a howl.

"Goodness goshness, Miss Agnes! If I didn't know it was you, I would swear it was somebody else. But I couldn't say who."

"Is—is it that bad?"

"Skinny feller, it's worse! You look seven times mo' terrible than a ha'nt. Yo' clothes is torn, yo' lef' eye is closed, yo' nose is sort of crooked, an' one ear ain't so perky as it useter be That feller what hit us——"

Both men stared along the dark and deserted road along which the car had vanished. Then they commenced discussing the unknown and unseen driver who had crashed them. They said plenty, and they said it graphically. And finally they deserted the ruins of Semore's ex-car and commenced the long trek toward the city of Birmingham.

It was a sad and solemncholy journey. Joe Juniper felt badly, but Semore Mashby was in a truly deplorable condition. In the glare of a suddenly passing headlight Mr. Juniper favored him with one more look.

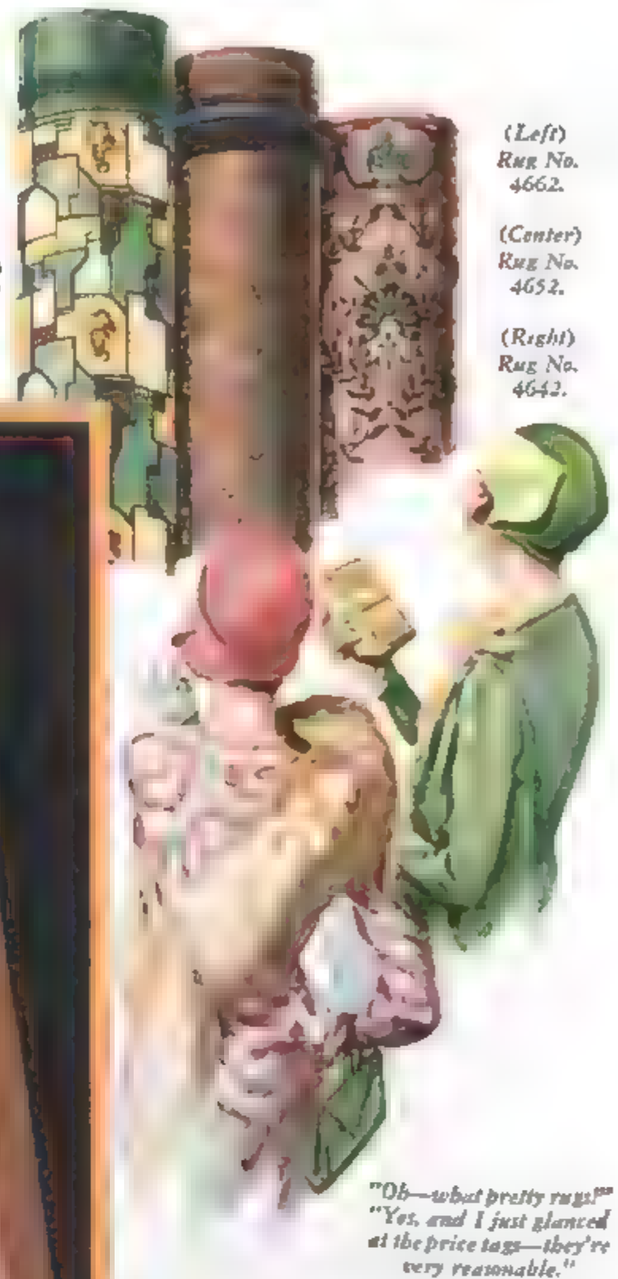
"Great sufferin' tripe!" he exclaimed. "Man, you ain't got no understandin' of yo' appearance. Yo' look like you had just been in a terrible fight."

(Continued on Page 83)

In the Eerie, Flickering Light Mr. Mashby Resembled Nothing So Much as a Declassé Ghost

Let your eyes choose this rug for its *Beauty*

Your good sense will approve the low price



(Left) Rug No. 4662.
(Center) Rug No. 4652.
(Right) Rug No. 4642.

"Oh—what pretty rugs!" "Yes, and I just glanced at the price tags—they're very reasonable."

For the room that needs color-cheer—and what room doesn't? Simply ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4621.

WHAT if your eyes *do* carry you away with the beauty of an Armstrong's Quaker Rug! Let them. For once, at least, you can buy by eye without paying dearly for the pleasure.

After all, can you blame your eyes for falling in love with such a rug? The patterns are so new, so smart. The colorings so rich, so gay.

And more. These rugs bring freedom from the everlasting rubbing and scrubbing of floors. What a relief to tired back, to hands, to knees!

By the special Accolac Process, Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are lacquer-surfaced for jiffy-quick cleaning. Every-day dust and dirt wipe right off. Food, stains, grease spots—all disappear just as quickly with the stroke of a mop or damp cloth. And no harm whatever to the pretty pattern that lies protected under the gloss-smooth waterproof surface. Even such caustics as lye cannot penetrate to spoil the fresh beauty of the rug.

Don't worry when accidents happen. A mop-stroke and the Accolac Process surface is fresh and clean again.

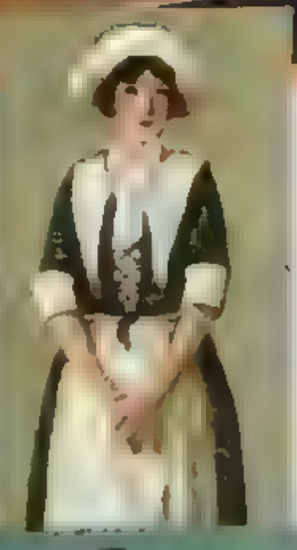
Now for the pocketbook news. Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are low priced. In fact, even the large 9 ft. x 12 ft. size costs no more than a pair of good shoes.

But you needn't think twice even before you invest that much. For a written promise of satisfaction is given with every rug. Each bears, pasted right on the face, a Quaker Girl certificate. That is our agreement to replace the rug free, if it does not delight you completely.

Free: To wives who want to stay young

And who doesn't? An interesting little folder that shows all the Armstrong's Quaker Rug patterns in actual colors. For your copy, mention the title—"To Wives Who Want to Stay Young," and address the Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 2908 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum



Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

To cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker floor covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths

THE HORSE-SHOW BUG

By MARGE
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

WELL, we're getting ready for another horse show. To the uninitiated mind that probably sounds like a perfectly simple statement. But unless you have actually gone through the business of getting ready for a horse show yourself, you have no idea how really simple it is.

In the first place, it is distinctly nutty for us even to attempt to show horses. It would be different if we were first-raters. But it takes more money than we'll ever have to be first-raters. You have to have really good horses, and a regular retinue of grooms, swipes, and so on. But here we are with not a whole horse to our names. Taking all the good points of our seven and putting them together, you might possibly have one fairly decent show horse. But looking at them separately, and with an unprejudiced eye, they're wrong—all wrong.

It is Often Very Hard to be Forced to Sit by and Watch Proceedings

Why, most of Dot's time in the ring—she does the family show riding—has been spent standing in front of bad legs, and keeping the horse moving so the judges won't see he's bucked in the knees. And our retinue generally consists of one undersized and mentally deficient colored boy with a taste for noisy haberdashery and a lot of pride. Our hired boys are so proud when attending us at a show that if we aren't winning anything, they sort of slink away and let on they're not with us. They have even been known to desert the ship completely and go home disgusted.

Still, there is one thing about being second-raters. When you do accidentally win a ribbon over a horse worth three or four times as much money as yours, you get such an unholy kick out of it. You feel as though you're putting something over on somebody.

The horse-show bug is just about the deadliest bug in the world. Once it bites you, you never are the same again. The disease generally dates from the time when you win your first ribbon. The sight of a show ribbon, even though it's a homemade one pinned with a safety pin, will almost always unbalance the average amateur horseman mentally. And the first piece of silver—even the kind that turns green when you polish it—well, after you get your first piece of silver, you're done for. Kiss your sanity good-by.

You Feel as Though You're Putting Something Over on Somebody

You may think I'm taking this matter too seriously, but believe me, I know whereof I speak. Once upon a time, the stock remark that people would get off to mamma to make her feel good—not being able to say "My, what beautiful girls!"—was: "Bertha, you have such sensible daughters!" We now no longer receive even that doubtful compliment. And no wonder. With a perfectly nice home to live in, we practically live in the barn. We've got seven of the worst spoiled, petted and pampered old plugs out in that barn, and work ourselves dizzy keeping them clean and contented, and what do we have to show for it? A box full of ribbons worth about five cents, and a modest assortment of very small cups. And are we proud of them? Don't be foolish! We count each one like a miser, and bring them out and show them to people, and inflict unwilling listeners with all the details about where they came from and the competition we had to beat to get them. In fact, just make darn fools of ourselves.

This state of nuttiness is not confined to our family alone. An evening spent with friends is simply a case of each person sitting around waiting impatiently for the other person to get through talking about his horses so they can talk about their horses, if you know what I mean. It is every man for himself, and the man with the loudest voice wins. Horses are as deadly a conversational subject as operations, and even more boring to the person who hasn't had one. I could tell you a lot about the nuttiness of our neighbors, but I started out to write this about our own personal nuttiness. So, to go back to the beginning again, we are getting ready for another horse show.

And it is some job. All the hired boys that ever worked around here have had this failing: They are perfectly willing to—nay, insist upon—riding the horses, but when it comes to the actual labor of feeding them, cleaning them, or cleaning tack—which means saddles, bridles and such—they are flat failures. You have to keep your eyes on them every minute or they go galloping away over the hill. The upshot of it is that Betty and Dot and I do most of the work ourselves. And it is not to be spoken of lightly. Horses are worse than Oriental rugs to keep clean. As Betty remarked today, after a particularly trying session; "If I could only do one part at a time. For instance, carry a leg into the house and polish away on it for a couple of hours, it would be a cinch. But this business of tackling a whole horse at once! It's discouraging!"

We usually succeed in removing the top layer of dirt, and to the inexperienced eye they appear apparently clean and spotless, but don't try slapping any of our horses on the back, or a cloud of dust will arise that'll keep you sneezing for a week

Consequently, a large part of our horse cleaning consists of running a rag covered with coal oil over the horse at the last minute, which lays the dust. You have to be awfully careful about this, though. Too much coal oil makes a horse look as though a mob of starved moths had been at him. It is no picnic to clean tack, either, even though there is the advantage that a saddle doesn't kick at you when you're scrubbing it.

Then there is the matter of schooling the horses to jump. There is more plain and fancy schooling done around here before a show than anybody would care to see. And I don't suppose it makes a bit of difference in the end. Put a horse in a show ring and he'll probably do just as he pleases. If he wants to jump well, he'll jump well, and if he doesn't, he won't. However, we kid ourselves that the schooling is a big help, and have about a dozen hurdles fixed up to school over. We didn't use to have a brush jump, but after being humiliated at a show last autumn, when one of our horses, instead of jumping the brush, stopped and ate the top off it, we have installed one on the place.

Besides schooling over the hurdles, we do a lot of jumping over the neighbors' fences so as to get some variety, and it is no uncommon sight to see us dashing over the countryside with the flivver full of fence rails to replace the ones we busted.

Not the easiest part of owning horses is the business of thinking up appropriate names for them. Ours have all sorts of high-hat monikers for show purposes, but they are too complicated and silly sounding for private use. So we have solved the problem by calling each new one "Colt," no matter what his age—and most of them are old enough to vote—when we get him, and trusting to the Lord that some day we'll be able to think of something decent. The result is very confusing. I only wish we had started out naming them Monday, Tuesday, and so on. If so, we'd have the whole week now, and it would be much simpler.

After You Get Your First Piece of Silver, You're Done For

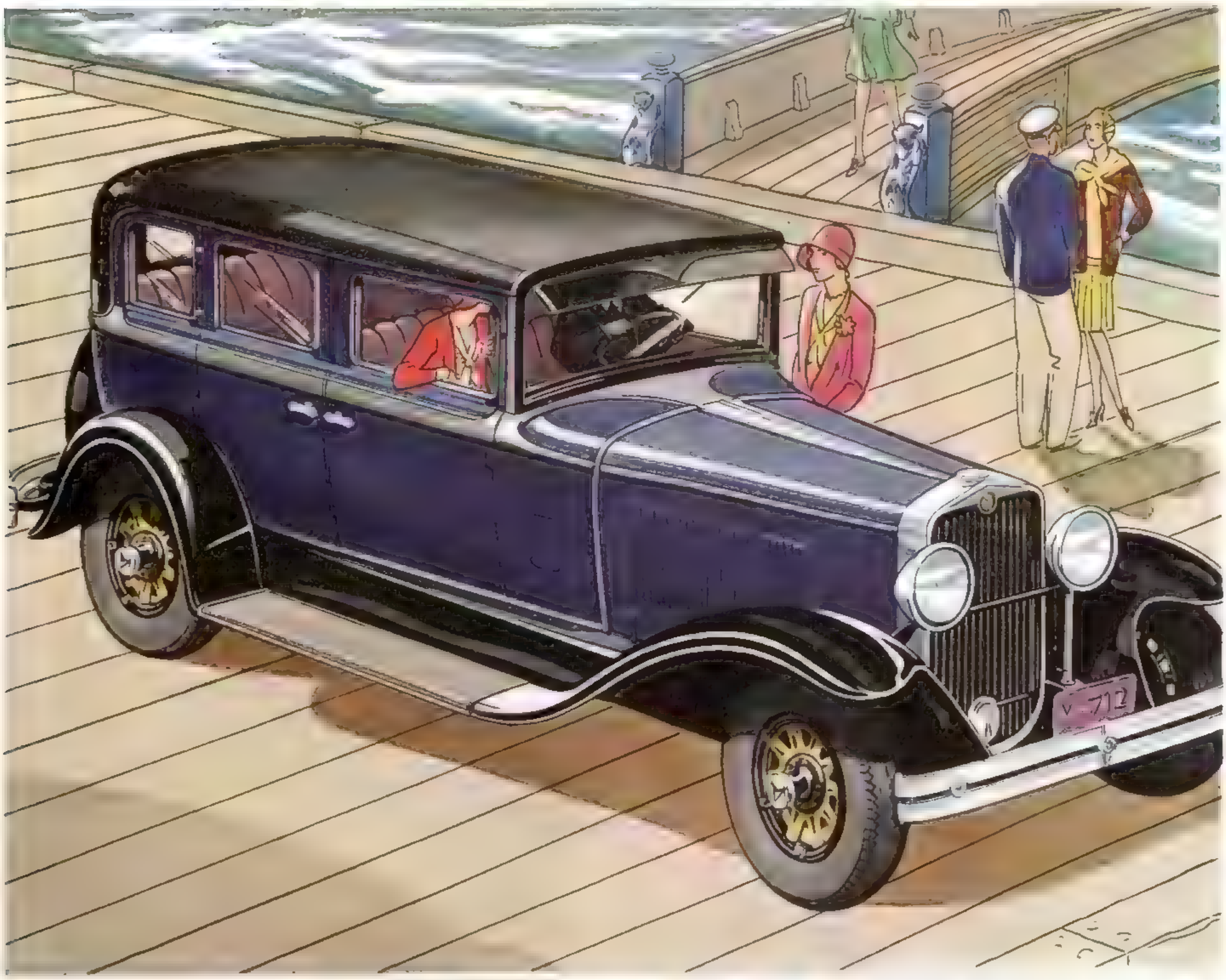
The morning of a show we rise at 5:30, after having sat up half the night talking over our chances and reading the weather reports, which nearly always say, "Tomorrow cloudy, with probable showers." Then we apply the finishing touches to the horses—meaning the oily rag—blacking their feet and tying up their tails, have nervous chills because the truck which is to take them to the show is five minutes late, suffer because the current groom hasn't shown up, and suffer more when he does arrive. Our grooms have the habit of going into town the night before a show and spending a-month's wages on green and red lumber jackets, bright yellow boots and a bottle of lilac hair tonic. They never, by any stretch of the imagination, add anything to the style of our stable. Then, after the horses have finally been loaded on the truck and have gone rattling down the lane, we fill the flivver full of saddles, bridles, rub-down rags, lunches for the horses and lunches for ourselves, pile in on top, and off we go. Always finding, about halfway to our destination, that we left something vital behind, and having to turn around and go back after it. By that time we are sick and tired of the whole business, especially Dot, who is usually on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and consumes large quantities of soda mints and aspirins to give her strength. But it is then too late to back out, so we continue on to our fate.

A horse show is an interesting, but not especially exciting, spectacle to the casual observer, but to one who is

(Continued on Page 40)

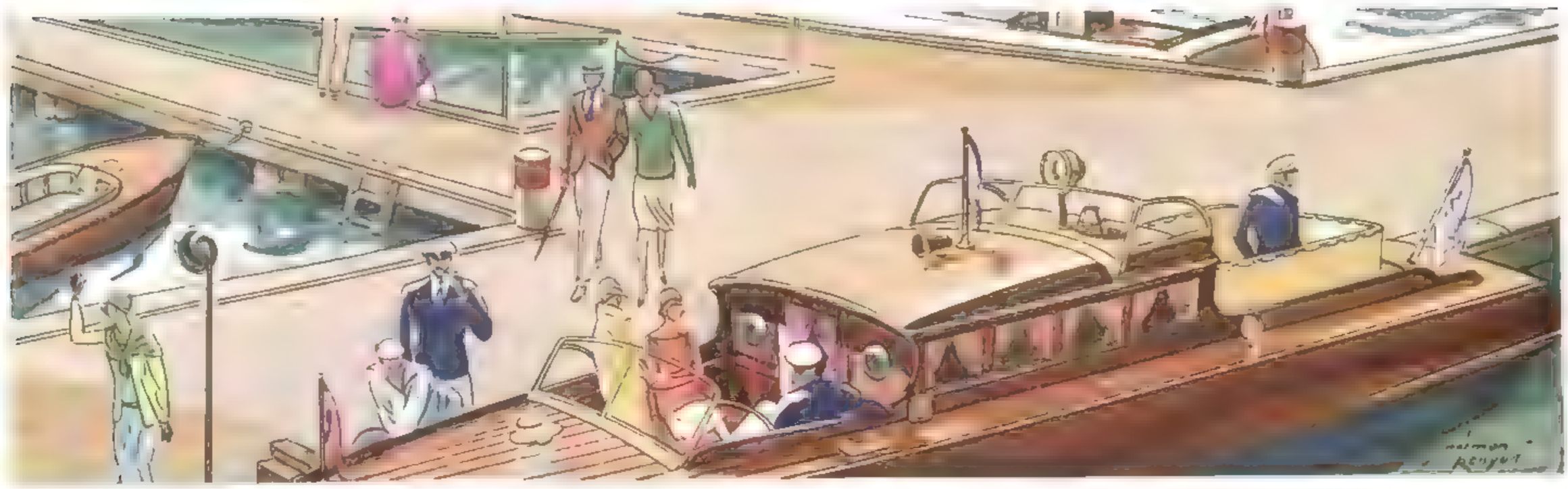
MORE VALUE THAN YOU EVER EXPECTED IN A MEDIUM PRICED CAR

The 90° V-Eight At Medium Price



VIKING

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



Paralleling the tremendous enthusiasm for the luxurious 90-degree, V-eight performance of the new Viking—and contributing equally to its quick success—are deep-seated respect for its splendid quality and warm-hearted admiration for its style.

It is no exaggeration to say that the new Viking gives more value than you ever expected in a medium priced car. For it is the result of the best efforts of the creative staffs of Oldsmobile, General Motors, and Fisher Body—all three acknowledged masters of motor car design. No expense was spared, no detail overlooked, in their insistence upon thoroughgoing goodness.

The secret of Viking style, for example, lies in its trim, tailored smartness. It is low, fleet, dashing—with sweeping full-crown fenders, graceful hood, and handsome body contours. At the same time it has an air of patrician quality—of distinction and dignity—because of its beautiful proportions and extreme simplicity. The new Viking is as well conceived and as smartly styled as any car at any price.

And the promise of its fine appearance is carried out to the fullest extent in its spacious interiors. Generous size permits ample head room and leg room. The wide, deep-cushioned seats are as comfortable as easy chairs. Upholstery materials are soft to the touch, neutral in color, and fine in quality. Every detail of interior decoration adds to the rich effect. Comfort is the predominating note the moment you step into a Viking. And this restfulness remains throughout the entire range of Viking performance. The 81-horsepower, 90-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder engine is smooth and silent at every speed. True, it is capable of thrilling speed, remarkable acceleration, and tremendous power. But these luxurious performance qualities—so characteristic of the most costly cars—are delivered without noticeable effort. The new Viking engine is a masterpiece of design, combining exceptional simplicity, rigidity, accessibility, and compactness. The Viking hugs the highway at all speeds, due to its balanced weight and low center of gravity. And there are four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, synchronized with the springs, to smooth out road irregularities.

Come and see the Viking. Learn the details of its many distinctive features—typified by the glare-proof, non shatterable, slanted windshield; new precipitating-trap system of oil cleaning; and thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters. Drive the Viking and experience the luxury of its 90-degree, V-eight performance. Then you will realize that nowhere else can you find such a combination of style, comfort, and performance at a medium price. Then you will say, "It's more car than I expected for the money."

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

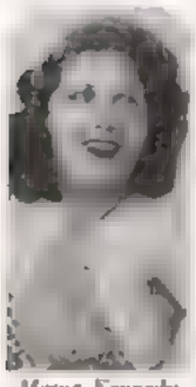
"Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free."

"BROADWAY," "Show Boat," and "College Love" run the whole gamut of human emotions. These fine productions furnish you that vast *variety* which is the basis of entertainment and, as a matter of fact, "the spice of life." I judge by the plaudits of those who have already seen these sound and talking pictures that we have done better than a good job, and that we have kept pace with the inventive genius which has brought sound and the human voice to the screen and revolutionized the moving-picture entertainment. —C. L.

In "***Broadway***"—the one and only Broadway—the bursts of melodious sound coming from the screen are thrilling. The rapidly changing scenes are bewilderingly beautiful and your wonder grows as you see and hear the tense dramatic scenes enacted by GLENN TRYON, EVELYN BRENT, MERNA KENNEDY, THOMAS E. JACKSON and many others.

Paul Whiteman "King of Jazz"

When you catch the first glimpse of the theatrical show boat in Edna Ferber's wonderful story of "***Show Boat***" and hear the deep-toned, musical whistle of the boat as it rounds the bend far away, you are intrigued at once, and there is interest of the keenest sort in every sound which accompanies the swift-moving scenes on the Mississippi.



Merna Kennedy in "Broadway"

"***College Love***" takes you to College and fills your ears with the sounds which you would naturally expect to hear—the students' songs, their wise cracks, the noise of the football crowds, the dialogue between the young folks.

It is the same thrilling thing in "***King of Jazz***" which brings Paul Whiteman before you in a jazz drama with all the beauty of music from his marvelous band. It is the same in the "***Cohens and Kellys in Scotland***" with GEORGE SIDNEY and CHARLES MURRAY; in "***Melody Lane***" with EDDIE LEONARD the minstrel man, in Langdon McCormick's "***The Storm***" that great drama of the Northwest

Charles Murray in "Cohens and Kellys in Scotland"

Write me today your opinion of Universal's sound and talking pictures. I know what I think but it is more important to learn what YOU think. What stories in your estimation are adaptable for good talking pictures?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 37)

personally represented in the ring it is a big thrill. Wait a minute—that's an error. The people that get the most kick out of a horse show are the Boy Scouts. It is their big day. They stand around looking extremely dignified and bored, and tell people where not to park their cars, which is anywhere that would be convenient. Please don't think that I'm trying to slam the Boy Scouts or anything. They do all sorts of good deeds, rushing forward expertly with first-aid kits when anyone takes a spill, and are very decent about painting up even the smallest cut so it looks like a real big injury.

Betty and I play the self-imposed rôle of excited onlookers—figuring that there are already enough punk riders showing horses without us swelling the list—and suffer horribly when things go wrong, and have been known to say to perfect strangers, "That's my sister!" when Dot is making out well. It is often very hard to be forced to sit by and watch proceedings. Such as the time that Dot was riding around the ring as solemn as a judge with her shirt tail out. We suffered tortures trying to catch her eye.

One thing Dot has over us—she gets her picture in the papers so often. Without meaning to be catty, I will say that the reason is she rides a white horse that photographs well. Betty and I had our pictures taken just once. We were sitting in an old touring car with the top down—even an old touring car looks rather doggy with the top down. Dad was sitting in the back seat and Betty and I were up front. Along came a photographer and asked us to pose, which we did very, very willingly. Naturally dad kind of leaned forward a little so as to be in the picture. Whereupon, the cameraman yelled, "Get back there, you!" Dad has never been the same since.

That was some picture. The title was Society Seen at the Horse Show. Well, you should have seen it. If that's what society looks like I'm all for the common people. Honestly, there was a shadow cast on my chin that made me look as though I had a full beard. Now, I am not beautiful, but, on the other hand, I do not have a beard. It was so bad that I couldn't bear to put it in my memory book. That photographer must have been kidding us.

Speaking of memory books, Dot used to keep a scrapbook of all her pictures in the papers, and last summer, down at the shore, it got thrown out with the trash. So she went to city hall to ask about it. They directed her to the city dump, and darned if she didn't go there too. But it was too late; they had burned up all the trash that morning. I personally think that it was thrown out by some visitor to our house who had been called upon to look at it once too often.

But to get back to horse shows. Three times out of five the judges' decisions don't suit you. If your horse gets the blue the judges know a good horse when they see one, but if he isn't in the ribbons—well, that judge with the walrus mustache never did like us anyway. However, you must keep all this to yourself and clap feebly as the rival parades insufferably around the ring. We have had quite a bit of trouble with the kid cousin who sometimes goes with us. He is young and will say what's on his mind, and say it loud, never failing to get off something uncomplimentary about the horses belonging to the people in the next car. Also, he thinks nothing of declaiming, "Those judges are crooked!" at the top of his voice, thereby drawing unfavorable attention our way. Then we have to sit on him. We ourselves generally manage to preserve a respectable exterior at the show, but blow up when we get home.

No doubt by now you have the idea that we aren't very sporting about this show business. Well, believe me, you have to stick up for yourself. Talk about chivalry! You find less of that in the show ring than anywhere else, except in the hunting field. Big strong men put up the most awful squawks when they are beaten by little girls.

Some of them are pretty near as bad as we were at our first show. It was one of these friendly affairs just for the children around this part of the country, with consolation prizes for everybody. There weren't enough silver cups to go round, and everybody got a cup but us. Whereupon we burst into such loud howls and yells that finally the people that gave the show had to go in and get their sugar bowl and give it to us. Well, we really have improved with age, but some other people I could mention haven't.

Dot Split Her Trousers Trying to Stay With Him

In spite of our best schooling and all the devoted care, our horses often humiliate us. Half the time they won't start and the other half they won't stop. We have one old boy who can jump like a breeze, but he was steeplechased in his youth and hasn't got over it. In the ring Dot can generally manage to get him stopped before he kills any of the judges or spectators, but last Fourth of July she took him to a fair and had a heck of a time. I'll admit that conditions were such that even the most placid horse would have got a case of nerves. The show ring was in the middle of a field. Around the outside of the field was a track where they were having trotting races. Over in front of the grand stand there was a fancy diving exhibition going on, with the band playing very loud at exciting moments. Overhead there were a couple of airplanes doing loop the loops and falling leaves, and back of the grand stand they were sending off firecrackers. What horse could have kept his mind on his business with competition like that? The result was that Blue Jay steeplechased around the ring and out of the ring and all over the fair grounds, and Dot split her trousers trying to stay with him.

Betty and I had quite a narrow escape at that fair too. During the intermission we went and sat in the shade of a brush jump to cool off, as the sun was very hot. We were sitting there comfortably when all of a sudden an ominous, thundering noise came at the rear. The next thing we knew we were looking up at a horse's stomach as he came sailing over our heads. It seems that some half-witted dodo had decided to do a little private schooling between classes. The horse luckily took a clean jump and we would have come off unscathed, but the man who was riding him got so excited when he looked down and saw us sitting there that he promptly fell off and lit right on our heads. He was quite a heavy man too.

Once we took seven horses to an all-day show, so our colored boy brought along a couple of his little brothers to help him. They made out very well until the intermission; then, like dumb-bells, we gave them each a dollar to buy something to eat. Well, when the intermission was over the boys came back looking a trifle bilious, and as the afternoon wore on they commenced looking more and more so. They got so languid about their work that it gave you the feeling that you were gazing at a slow-motion picture. Finally, about two o'clock, they passed out altogether, and we found them lying flat on their backs under a tree. It seems that there was one of these lunch wagons on the show grounds, and Bus, Ed and Boss had practically bought the thing out. They had consumed three dollars' worth of pop, ice-cream cones, penny candies, bananas—everything you can imagine. We had to take them to the doctor and do our own horse manicuring for the rest of the show.

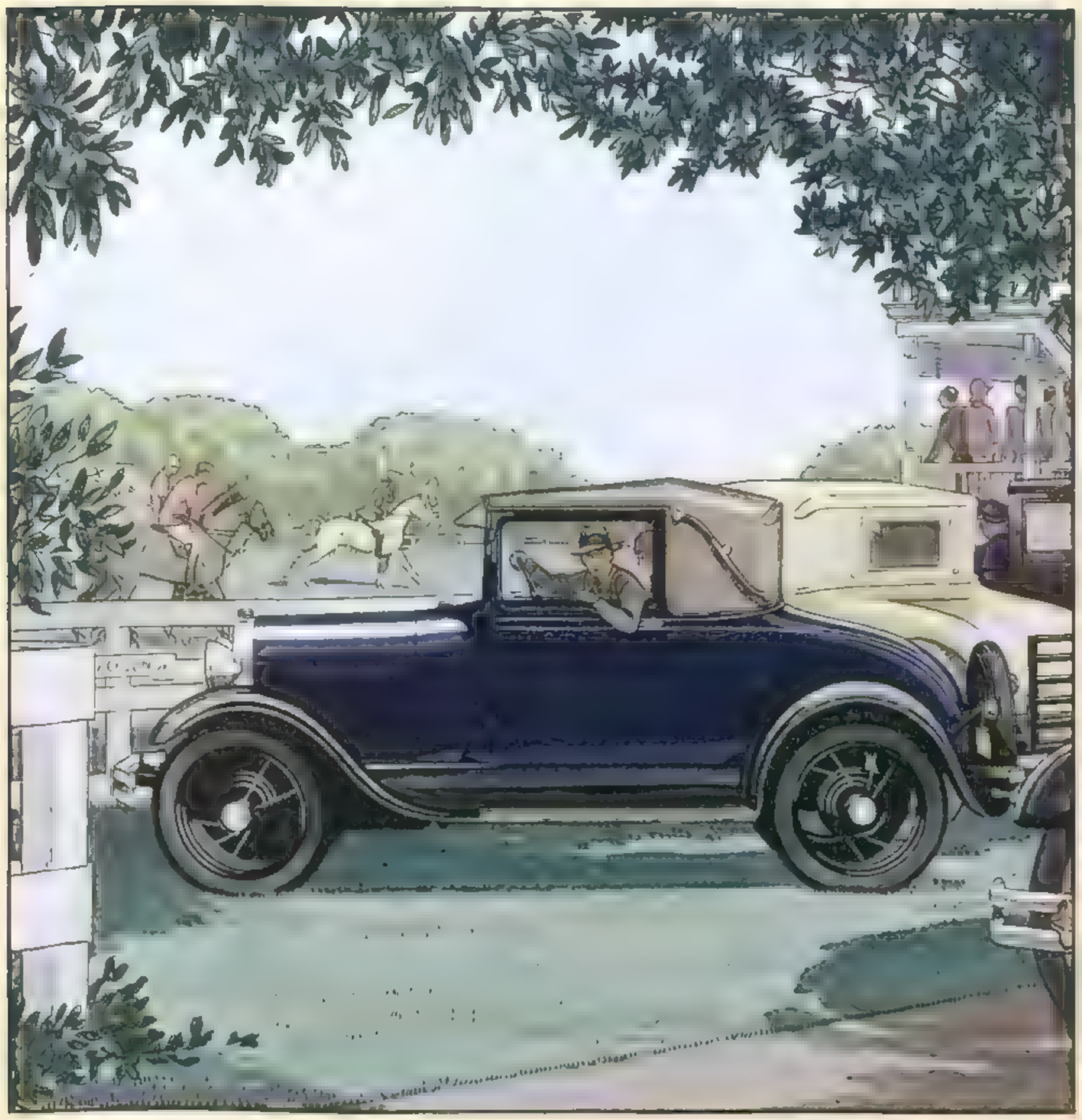
A boy friend of Dot's happened to be there, and he offered to help us. He was one of these real athletic boys with muscles, and Dot told him to tighten up Whip's girth. He asked how tight, and Dot foolishly replied, "As tight as you can make it." When Betty and I came around to see how he was making out, he had succeeded in giving Whip a perfect wasp waist, and still he wouldn't stop. He said between clenched teeth, "She told me to make it as tight as I could, and I'm going to do it!" We had to get Dot to come and make him lay off, but by that time he had practically ruined Whip's shape for life.

Well, it's a crazy business. When I think of the times that Betty and I have sat in the pouring rain with newspapers over our heads, praying fervently as Dot tries to get a stubborn horse over a hurdle which he has no intention of jumping; when I think of the wear and tear on our fond parents' nerves when they are served horse shows hashed and rehashed every night at the dinner table; when I think of the amount of time and real hard labor we expend, only to go into paroxysms of joy when we receive for all this effort a quarter of a yard of ribbon that you could buy at a store for ten cents—when I think of all these things—well, I could break down and cry bitterly; only it is so darn comical.

After the smoke has cleared away, and we've picked up what's left of Dot, and have rattled home bearing trophies—or not bearing trophies, as the case may be—we always swear solemnly never to go to another show. We've been saying, "Never again!" for a goodly number of years now. Last time we said it was just two weeks ago, and, as I remarked in the beginning, we are now getting ready for another horse show.

It will undoubtedly be the death of us yet. But we'll die happy if they'll only put a cup in our hands before we go.

VALUE *far above the* PRICE



THE FORD SPORT COUPE

In reviewing the many advantages of the new Ford, it is particularly interesting to note the relation between value and price.

The low first cost of the new Ford is a point to keep in mind at all times because it means a considerable saving to you in the purchase of the car.

Equally important, however, is the reason for this low price and the manner in which it has been achieved without sacrifice of quality or performance. On the basis of actual, comparative worth, the new Ford represents a value far above the price you pay.

That price is made possible only through manufacturing methods and production economies that are as unusual as the car itself.

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A REFORMED SPECULATOR

(Continued from Page 9)

was a corner in corn in November the same year; also one in oats and one in lard.

The state legislature took a hand, in a most grievous manner. The board was at odds with the warehousemen in whose houses the wheat, corn, lard, and so on, deliverable on board contracts were stored. With good reason they wanted the warehousemen regulated, but the warehousemen, as usual, didn't want to be regulated. The board got its regulating bill through the legislature, and then discovered, with indignation, that the warehousemen, unable to beat the measure as a whole, had slipped in a joker which, in fine, brought futures contracts within the scope of the laws against gambling. The board was then treated to a scene comparable to that memorable occasion when Charles I broke into the House of Commons with force and arms to arrest the speaker. A squad of deputy sheriffs, provided with gambling warrants, invaded the trading floor, pinching Mr. Hutchinson and eight others, who were dragged off to the magistrate, where they signed one another's bonds. A few years later the board was electrified to hear that Charley Wright, one of its transient celebrities, had sworn out a gambling warrant for P. D. Armour, who was engineering a corner in lard at the time. The deputy who went to serve the warrant was informed that Mr. Armour was out of town that day, and next morning, after maturer deliberation, Mr. Wright withdrew the charge.

Yet the legislature tried again. In 1874, when it was dominated by the Grange, a powerful organization of farmers, it passed an act declaring all futures speculation to be gambling punishable by a fine of $1000 and a year in jail. That probably represented rural sentiment. The act took effect July first and the record shows a corner in something or other every month during the remainder of the year. In fine, the legislature's gestures against futures came to just nothing.

To mention all the corners would take a volume, but their deleterious effect may be seen from a few examples. A pork corner 'way back in July, 1872, inspired the shorts to buy pork in Louisville, Cincinnati, and other points, have it repacked to meet Chicago requirements, and shipped to that city—where, commercially speaking, it had no business to be. In a later pork corner the manipulators bought a large part of the stock in Chicago and had it cut up so that, although just as good to eat, it was not deliverable on contracts. At various times wheat was shipped out of Chicago and dumped in other markets at less than the Chicago price just to keep it out of the hands of the shorts. These tricks, of course, were demoralizing to legitimate trade. In 1879 and 1880 Jim Keene owned nearly all the real wheat in Chicago. By the end of May, 1880, many hundred cars of wheat stood on railroad tracks in Chicago and could not be unloaded, as the warehouses were full of Keene's wheat which he refused to move. That, of course, put the shorts in the hollow of his hand, but it also played hob with the legitimate wheat trade. It is said that for two months during this Keene deal more than half the flour mills in the country were idle, due to the manipulated condition in Chicago.

When the Mystery Cleared

In 1887 a mysterious bull clique bought enormous quantities of futures and practically all the cash wheat, filling up Chicago storage. Duluth, Minneapolis and other lake points were crowded with actual wheat that had been sold for May delivery in Chicago, but there was no place in that city to receive it. A shipload from Milwaukee was obliged to turn back. Country holders of wheat could get no storage in Chicago. Newspapers of the day reported 3000 cars of wheat on railroad tracks in the city with no place to go. Unless this wheat could get into a designated warehouse, it was not deliverable on Board of Trade contracts. The manipulator, keeping the warehouses full of his own wheat, refused to let it in. By holding the neck of the bottle, he choked legitimate trade.

In June it was reported that directors of the board proposed to make wheat in cars deliverable on futures contracts, and on this report—the fourteenth of the month—wheat dropped nineteen cents a bushel in a few minutes. The earnest reporter assures us that pandemonium reigned in the pit. The old files show how familiar a figure in the pit pandemonium was. Nineteen Board of Trade firms failed, and when the smoke cleared up a bit, it transpired that the mysterious bull clique consisted of a distinguished banker who had gutted his bank in the operation and consigned himself to the penitentiary.

Teaching the Shorts Their Manners

But that discouraged nobody, for next year B. P. Hutchinson ran the most famous of his wheat deals, which still remains a classic. Early frosts damaged ripening wheat so that a considerable part of the crop fell below the grade required for delivery on futures contracts. Hutchinson began buying at about 87½ cents a bushel, and soon owned practically all the real wheat in store in Chicago, as well as a great quantity of futures. At one stroke—smiling, the reporter says—he bought a million bushels in the pit from Mr. Bloom. By September twenty-seventh wheat was up to $1.27 a bushel, and shorts had the poor judgment to annoy Mr. Hutchinson by rude remarks on the situation. So next morning he put the price to $1.50, blandly announcing that he had millions of bushels to sell at that figure, but not a kernel at any lower price.

Even that did not mend the shorts' bad manners, and next morning Old Hutch marked the price up to two dollars. He was surrounded by clamoring brokers, says the news story: "failing to move him by appeals and entreaties, some reviled and insulted him, but that only made him more obstinate." It usually does. The slaughter of shorts was frightful. Incidentally, the Traders' Bank failed.

But next day we find the following description of Mr. Hutchinson in the news columns of the Tribune: "He is the greatest speculator ever known. The load he has carried day and night would have crushed any other operator, but the old man is a giant intellectually and physically."

It is well to bear that in mind—and the date. When the Board of Trade was making its worst reputation for corners and other deleterious practices, Daniel Drew, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould and lesser lights in New York were cornering gold, overissuing Erie stock, and so forth. The record is well known. In fact, it was a time when smart roguery was frankly admired by a great many people. That was not confined to New York and Chicago by any means. Every country town had its shrewd, rascally horse trader whose tricks were chuckled over on the way to church. The country had heard Franklin's adage that honesty is the best policy, but didn't quite believe it. One can sympathize with the resentment of the Board of Trade when Chauncey Depew, his sense of humor failing him for once, eloquently denounced Chicago wheat gamblers at an important public dinner in New York.

All these corners on the Board of Trade were a noxious pest to the legitimate trade in grain and provisions. Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, first exposer of Standard Oil, from whom all subsequent exposers borrowed heavily, sometimes with credit and sometimes without, wrote in the North American Review in the 80's that whereas a corner used to be occasional on the board, it was now practically a chronic condition. To manipulate corners legitimate commerce in grain and provisions was demoralized, storage facilities were withheld, grain and provisions were shipped to places where they did not belong.

But corners were not all. There were scandals in connection with inspecting and warehousing. Away back in 1870 the Chicago Tribune felt constrained to say editorially that in the rural districts the name of Chicago warehouseman had become synonymous with pirate. An outraged committee waited on Editor Medill, but got little satisfaction. Sometimes, without doubt, inferior grades were mixed with the better ones; inferior grades were "influenced" past the inspectors; warehousemen issued certificates for more stuff than their houses held. A bankruptcy investigation disclosed shocking overissues of warehouse receipts. After a big elevator burned and the insurance was adjusted, it transpired that there were only 82,000 bushels of corn in the house, but warehouse receipts for 269,000 bushels were outstanding. There was real ground for scandal.

In 1883 a leading citizen of Milwaukee, named Peter McGeogh, known to newspaper readers by the flattering sobriquet of Lord of Lard, ran an imposing deal in that commodity. He presently complained that adulterated lard was being delivered to him. The board ordered an investigation which was supposed to be secret, but, like most such secrets, it leaked copiously into the newspapers, which made a great display of it. Undoubtedly there was adulterated lard, and that fact, being widely advertised in the press, put a crimp in the market for Chicago lard, both at home and abroad, just at the time when Mr. McGeogh, who had touched off the fireworks, held 600,000 tierces of it. Under this slackening of consumptive demand the price of real lard slipped and on June sixteenth, McGeogh, according to the contemporary report, was called for $2,100,000 margins. He spent the night in urgent consultation with friends in Milwaukee by wire and in Chicago orally. Anyhow, by morning the margins were not at hand and McGeogh suspended, reintroducing our old friend pandemonium. That was more than a mere figure of speech. On a crucial day I have heard the roar of the trading floor at a distance of half a block from the Board of Trade building. On such a day an uninstructed spectator in the visitors' gallery would suppose that several hundred gentlemen down below were bent solely on tearing one another to pieces with the accompaniment of yells that might have startled a Sioux.

Making the Front Page

Of course, the corners and manipulations and all the rascalities in inspecting and warehousing were reported at large in the press and duly noted in the rural sections, where the reputation of the Board of Trade suffered accordingly. If you look back over the record you must agree that the board's conduct left very much to be desired, but you may forget that, as always, it is only the sensational things that get on the front page. At all times, even when its reputation was lowest, the board was actually playing a most important and useful rôle in the marketing of farm products. At all times, undoubtedly, an important part of its membership was pursuing honest business methods, but nobody thought of mentioning them in print. It is only the bank cashier who embezzles that gets his name in headlines. Proof of the board's usefulness is found in the simple fact that for seventy years or so it has easily held first place among grain and provision markets not only of America but of the world. It surely couldn't have done that if it had been a mere crooked gambler.

(Continued on Page 44)

EVERY day adds to the public's sum total of automobile experience. More people are daily learning the difference in cars; the difference in ease of handling; difference in smooth, dependable performance; the difference in comfort and safety and the difference in the amount of personal effort, and fatigue required to drive. As the public's requirements rise and the demand for distinction grows, the sale of this large, powerful, Auburn Model 120 Straight Eight increases. This is natural and inevitable, because here is a car especially designed, engineered and constructed to enable discriminating people to enjoy motoring advantages never before obtainable. Tremendous reserve power that saves wear and tear on the engine, and that is priceless in emergencies! Strongest of frames insuring long life to car and a rigidity indispensable for riding comfort! Roominess and ease of control that frees driver and passengers from exertion and nervous strain! Only Auburn offers this extraordinary value in a Straight Eight at a price comparable with the larger Sixes.

Model 120 Sedan

130" wheelbase - 125 horsepower

$1895

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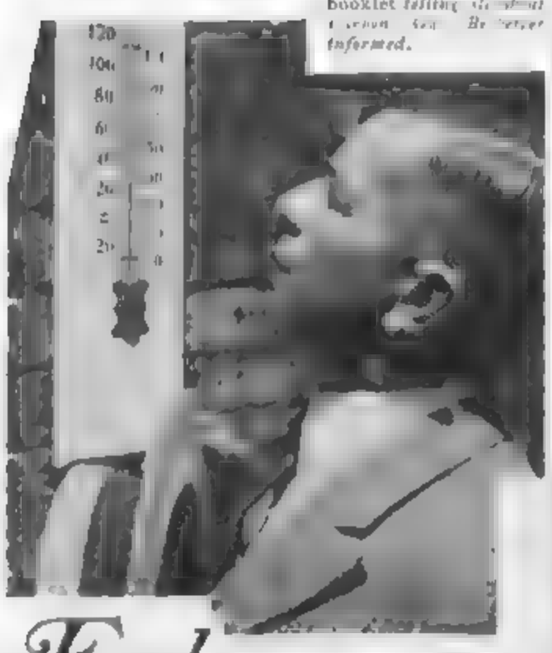
POWERED BY LYCOMING

6-80 Sedan $1095, 6-80 Sport Sedan $995, 6-80 Chrysler $1095, 6-80 Victoria $1095, 8-88 Sedan $1445, 8-88 Sport Sedan $1495, 8-88 Phaeton Sedan $1695, 8-88 Cabriolet $1445, 8-88 Victoria $1495, 120 Sedan $1895, 120 Sport Sedan $1795, 120 Phaeton Sedan $2095, 120 Cabriolet $1895, 120 Victoria $1895. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. Equipment other than standard extra.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10c for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of aviation is vital to American progress.



FREE

Mail coupon here for free booklet telling [illegible] Be better informed.

Feel Cooler!

...be cooler!

Quick, in this scientific way.

"Drink eight glasses of water daily," say physicians, "if you'd be healthier and cooler during summer." Yes, but plain water is monotonous. It's hard to drink eight glasses.

A remedy is this: Take several glasses in the form of

Carbonated Beverages

These healthful drinks have the appetizing tang of fruit juices and carbonic gas *plus* the water. It's a pleasure to drink them.

The extra liquid absorbs heat *internally*. It cools *externally also* by causing additional evaporation through the pores. Extra liquids therefore have a twofold effect.

Carbonic Gas likewise is extra-beneficial in summer. It stimulates digestion, kidneys, circulatory organs and the stomach. Babies get it in Mother's Milk—10% by volume. Thus Nature recommends it. Almost all high-priced "health waters" contain it.

These drinks also give you quick "pick-up" in energy, due to their sugar content—to ward off "3 o'clock fatigue."

Delicious, cooling, regulating, stimulating—take full advantage of carbonated drinks.

Look for This Sign

"Liquid" Red Diamond is a brand of the *highest grade Carbonic Gas*, made by the world's largest manufacturers of Bottlers' and Soda Fountain equipment. More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country use it. Most display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate the fact.

Look for this "Liquid" Emblem whenever you buy cold drinks or fountain sodas.

Mail coupon for booklet, now, to be better informed on Carbonated Drinks.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, CHICAGO
34 *Distributing Points*

RED DIAMOND GAS

Liquid

The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. S-10, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Continued from Page 42)

The Board of Trade has always had a large membership as compared with similar exchanges. Many members depended on commissions for a livelihood. The livelier the market and the bigger the speculative trade, the more commissions. For years big operators had a tremendous pull in the board's affairs because the commissions on their deals were an important item in the incomes of the brokers whom they favored with orders. Reform came slowly.

For the better part of a generation, beginning in the 80's, the board's reformatory energies went mostly into fighting bucket shops. A bucket shop was just an office in which you bet on the fluctuations in the market, the shop taking the other end of any wager you chose to lay. Around the turn of the century these establishments flourished all over the country, especially in country towns. One of them boasted a chain of offices from Spokane to Boston and printed a list of sixty very reputable banks to which it referred for its business standing. In practically all of them a ten-dollar bet was accepted. By handing over that sum you could "buy" 1000 bushels of grain or ten shares of stock at the latest quotation. A good many bucket shops were actually crooked, but the board's main objection was that they cut into its trade, particularly in country towns. Bucket-shop transactions were, of course, pure gambling, as there was no pretense that any real grain or stocks ever changed hands. As early as February, 1896, the board's sleuths had 281 persons indicted in Chicago alone for operating bucket shops. The board also exerted itself to the utmost to keep its quotations out of the hands of bucket shops. There was much litigation with the Western Union to that end; and sometimes the board suffered the humiliation of catching one of its own members signaling quotations out of the window to bucket-shop scouts. Bucket shops retorted that members of the board bucketed orders from their customers—that is, merely entered the orders on their books, without executing them in the market, and then pocketed whatever the customers lost, or, if the customer won, paying the amount out of their own tills. Without doubt there was some foundation for this charge. But while the board was vigilantly fighting bucket shops, it was not doing much to improve its own methods.

The Cornerers Cornered

Substantial improvement came slowly, along with a general civilizing of business in the United States. For instance, railroad rebates disappeared. Time came when it was no longer good form to catch a smaller competitor out after dark, knock him on the head and toss his body into a ditch, as used to be done so cheerfully in the frontier era of big business. The most serious charge against the board was that it made manipulation of the market too easy. Its rules played into the hands of raiders who, by seizing control of the relatively small amount of grain or provisions in store in Chicago, could force the price to an arbitrary figure for the purpose of trimming the shorts.

This was thoroughly bad and anti-commercial; and gradually corners went out of fashion. It is true that experience had shown them to be unprofitable to the cornerers in a majority of cases. Old Hutch lost all his money long before his death. Lyons, McGeogh, Harper, Fairbanks and a long line of other manipulators had gone through the little end of the horn. The greatest of all wheat deals, conducted by Joseph Leiter in 1897–98—which, however, was not intended to be a corner—ended in a loss of millions. But I don't think the general unprofitableness of corners had much to do with their final disappearance. Poker, roulette, betting on the ponies and all other forms of gambling are notoriously unprofitable to a majority of players, but that never discourages the others. It has been shown from the books many times that a large majority of speculators in stocks end with a loss, but by looking up the record of stock sales in New York from August, 1927, to March, 1929, you will see how much that discouraged speculation. No matter what has happened in the past to other people, or even to himself, the gambler is always going to win this time.

No Longer the Smart Thing

Corners did not disappear because they so often resulted in loss, but because, with a rise of civilization in business generally, they became disreputable in the trade. It was a real rise of civilization; a better regard for one's neighbor. Philosophers may debate whether the motive was moral or economic, but the fact is there, like the fact of higher wages, which are just as real whether the company pays them because it has a keener realization of the workman as a spiritual brother or only a keener realization of him as a prospective customer.

James A. Patten, who died not long ago—and who wrote some interesting memoirs of the pit for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—was the last, to date, of the great operators who have made drama in the grain trade. He found himself, in fact, in possession of a corner. But Mr. Patten and his friends, and board members who weren't so friendly, hastened to explain that it wasn't a real corner. That is, Mr. Patten's strategy was not directed to a mere squeezing of shorts; the market simply cornered itself. In Chicago the other day half a dozen men reminded me that I mustn't count the Patten deal as a corner, because it really wasn't. The denials are true enough, but the fact that so many and such emphatic denials were put into the record, and have been kept in it ever since, shows that corners have become disreputable in the trade. And such effectual measures have been taken to prevent them that a corner is now fairly out of the question.

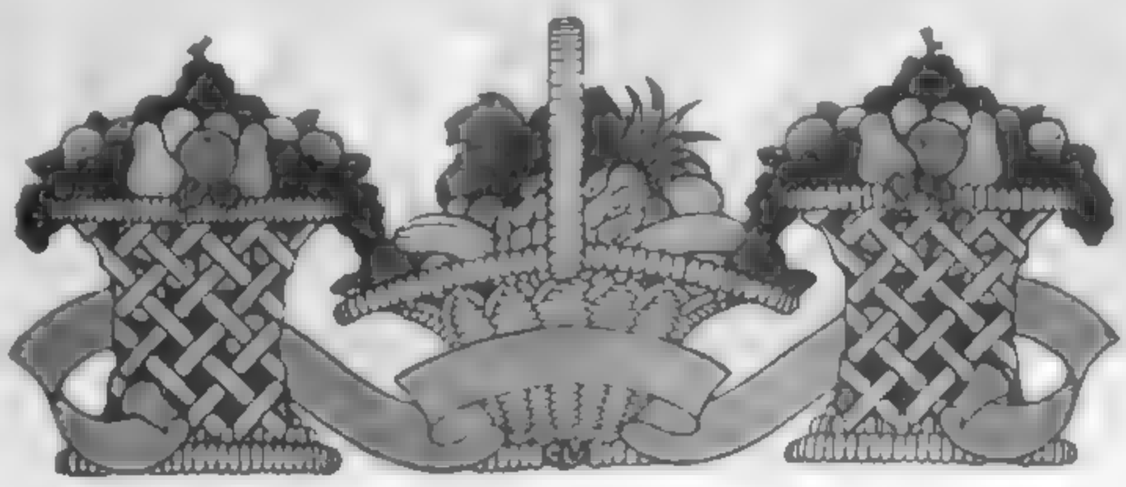
The cornerer wished to receive just as little real grain as possible. Formerly the rules favored him by narrowly limiting the sort of grain that could be delivered on futures contracts. Now, seventeen different grades of wheat, nine of corn and six of oats may be delivered on such contracts—those that are inferior to contract grade going at a fixed differential of so many cents a bushel. Formerly the grain had to be stored in one of several designated warehouses in order to be deliverable. Now, during the last three days of any month—when the pinch always happens—or at any other time on order of the directors, bills of lading for grain in cars in the Chicago district or in any railroad yard where samples are taken by the Illinois Grain Inspection Department are good delivery. On ten hours' notice the directors may declare that an emergency exists and fix a limit to price fluctuations by forbidding any trade at a price more than 5 per cent—or some other per cent—higher or lower than the price of the preceding day. The board may fix a settlement price based on actual commercial value in other markets.

In 1925 the board set up a Business Conduct Committee, composed of five members, L. L. Winters having been chairman from the beginning. One of the committee's chief concerns is to prevent a situation that threatens to run into a corner. Its members are all active and experienced grain men. They know when a big line is piling up as surely as a man in a boat knows when the sea is rising. They go to the brokers, and through them to the principals, and have a friendly talk. In effect they say, "You are accumulating a lot of wheat" or whatever it may be. "We want you, toward the end of the month, to put selling orders in the market in sufficient volume so that everybody who is short can cover. We don't want to fix the price at which you sell, but make it reasonable, with a fair relation to the price of actual grain in other markets. We don't want any mere squeezing of people who happen to be short in this market." Nothing more than that has ever been necessary. Probably nothing more will be, for cornering the market has become disreputable on the board itself.

The Grain Futures Act

The Federal Government has taken a hand, with a Grain Futures Act and a commission called the Grain Futures Administration, having an office near the board, to which all futures dealings must be reported. In the old days deep mystery surrounded the dealings in futures. Surmises might be published, but practically nobody really knew how much those dealings amounted to or who was conducting them. Throughout business, secrecy has always been first aid to skullduggery. Now the volume of futures trades is published day by day. The name of any operator and the amount of his line might be published if he should not prove amenable to persuasion. Doubtless this threat of publicity would not have been effectual in the old days, when cornering the market was considered very clever. If a man's neighbors admire smart trickery in horse trading, the tricky trader would as lief have his exploits published as not. But he doesn't want them published if his community will despise him for them. It is the board's more civilized attitude toward market manipulation that makes the threat of publicity a powerful deterrent to corners.

In fine, a corner nowadays is so far beyond probability that the grain trade no longer takes it into account. Theoretically it just possibly might happen, but whereas corners used to be a chronic menace to the trade, they are now so very improbable that nobody thinks of them. The board used to be like a bus that blew a tire and went into the ditch often enough to keep everybody on it in a highly nervous state. It now rolls along month after month with so few thrills that the newspapers have about forgotten it. But speculation continues there on a great scale. In fact, until the recent great bull markets swelled stock trading out of all proportion, speculative transactions on the Chicago Board of Trade, measured by the dollar value of the stuff traded in, were nearly as large as on the New York Stock Exchange. What part this plays in the merchandising of grain will be discussed in another article. Meanwhile, note this: Formerly, when the board was in bad repute and many members were apprehensive about reform, lest it prove unprofitable to them, a membership was worth at most $8000 to $10,000. Now, the same membership is worth $40,000. Honesty is the best policy.



THE INNER CIRCLE OF MOTORING ENJOYMENT. . .

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No car ever has created more favorable talk among people who really know motor cars than the new "400" by Nash.

"Four Hundred" ownership ushers you into the very inner circle of motoring satisfaction. It is the kind of car you've always wanted your car to be.

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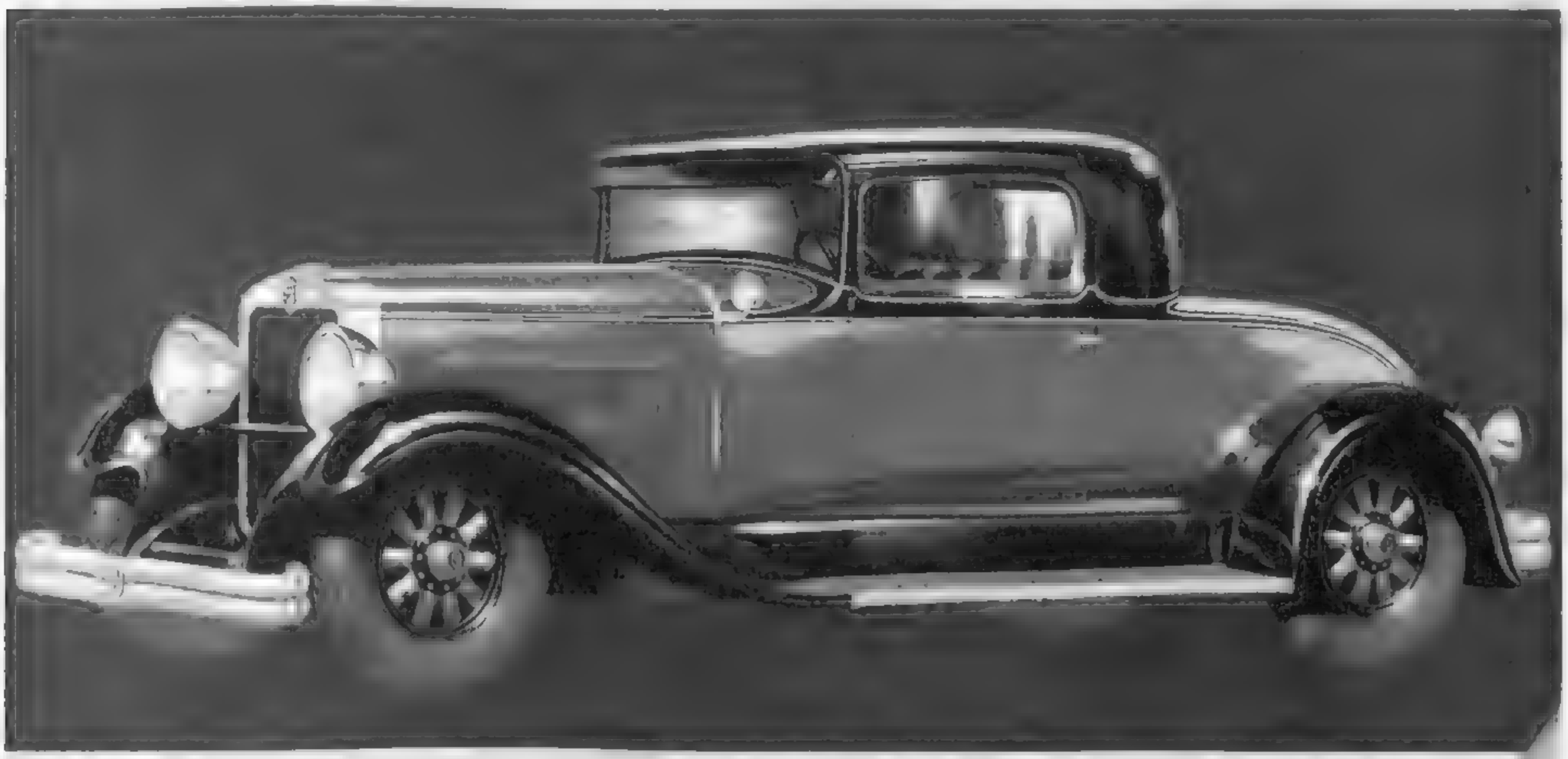
Every Nash "400" model has, also, as regular equipment at no extra cost—individually designed alloy steel springs and Lovejoy or Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers — Chromium nickeled front and rear bumpers of exclusive Nash design—World's easiest steering —and all Special and Advanced models have Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication which oils chassis bearing points at the simple pressure of a pedal.

These and many other features of "400" superiority add pleasure to the pleasure of motoring. Drive a "400" and see for yourself, before you buy your new car.



NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

TOMORROW—WHO KNOWS?

(Continued from Page 25)

with the signature across the bottom is one of the priceless things of the world. Mr. Edison gave that to me a number of years ago, and though I thanked him, he did not know how much it meant. He could not know; I was the only one who could.

I have told of my boyhood because I have wanted to tell of the inspiration I found in the life of Edison. The same inspiration, I doubt not, every other engineer and scientist has found. I have recalled my inability to understand that the stars, which seemed so near, were farther away than Muscatine was from Talladega to illustrate the thought that it is easy to appreciate the discoveries of science with which we are familiar, but not so easy for any of us to encompass them with our minds while they are in the formative stages in research. But before taking you into the laboratory and showing you some of the things you soon may expect to hear more about, I want to say that this job of digging out truths in science is not easy. True research is the ancient spirit of exploration in modern dress, with only this difference:

Instead of the clanging of arrows against heavy shields or the billowing of a sail on a wide uncharted sea, the soft rustle of a canoe through shallow waters or the tramp of men in the wilderness, we have scientists breaking the barriers of ignorance and superstition that the Unknown may be Known.

Recorded history is largely written about the struggles of warriors and statesmen, and yet, were not Kay and Morse, Soule and Ged also great?

Names that are practically unknown, yet their lives and their works have entered the lives and the work of millions of people. Kay, the poor artisan, who invented the flying shuttle which permitted weavers to produce twice the quantity of cloth previously produced and who scarcely escaped with his life when mobs broke into his home in Bury, England—and who died, in poverty, in an alien land after his invention had been stolen.

Laboratory Explorers

Or Morse, whose electric telegraph made him a target for the wit of legislators in Washington and who offered to sell his invention to the Government of the United States for $100,000, to be met with an adverse decision from the Postmaster General, who said:

> The operation of the telegraph between Washington and Baltimore has not satisfied me that under any rate of postage that could be adopted would its revenues be equal to expenditures.

Or William Ged, an Edinburgh goldsmith, who was the inventor of stereotyping and who died after penniless years of struggling. Or Samuel W. Soule, a Milwaukee printer, who was one of the inventors of the typewriter—and it was the typewriter which gave woman her first real chance to enter the business world, and quickened the day of equal suffrage.

Impulses which have controlled men have been pretty much the same throughout the centuries. The spirit which accompanies the scientist to the far frontiers of his laboratory that new and better ways for doing things may be found is the same as that which actuates Commander Byrd and his men in exploring the Antarctic regions. Each is romance. Only the setting is different.

As with all exploration, research has its tight places. There are hardships—fortitude is needed to overcome them. There are discouragements—optimism is essential that disappointment may be forgotten. The thick walls of precedent stand everywhere—they must be pulled down.

A force which is now receiving a great deal of attention in the laboratories is something scientists are just beginning to understand. It is called electricity.

Everyone has been hearing that word for a long time. It is a commonplace one in the language of the world, but a word which will never become commonplace in the vocabulary of the scientist. The scientist of today is more completely fascinated by its possibilities than was Benjamin Franklin when flying a kite for the first time in a storm. We understand it a little better than Franklin did, and that being true, we are justified in being still more captivated with its ways.

Electricity is the force men will use to propel ships, railroad trains, airplanes, automobiles. In the future, public conveyances which move over the sea or under it, over the land, through it or above it will be electrically propelled. Of course, it will not be the only force used, but it will be one of the important ones. The day will come when man will draw his health from it. Through electricity man will be able to control the weather; the farmer will be able to regulate his crops; newspapers printed in London will be on sale, if necessary, in the streets of New York within a half hour from the time they come roaring from the English presses.

Picking Over the Beans

You will sit in the comfort of your home and be able to talk with, and see, a friend or relative, although he may be on a steamship in the Indian Ocean or on a railroad train crossing the veldts of Africa. You will be able to have soft lights in your home without the use of chandeliers, table lamps, wall lamps or incandescent bulbs. This light will be diffused from a bowl which you will be able to place at will because there will be no wire attachments, and it will be a light of such pleasing radiance that you will be enchanted. Electricity will so shorten the working hours that everyone will have all the time he wishes to practice that short pitch to the green or to sit at the ball game and cheer, or jeer, when a Babe Ruth of the future drives the ball over a distant fence.

Manufacturing problems will be made much simpler. They are being made that way already by electricity. There are few industrial institutions in this country today but what use electricity for power. More and more is the force coming into acceptance in work which calls for strict accuracy. One interesting use of electricity is found in what is called "the bean grower's eye." It is used in the grading of beans, as indicated by its name. Formerly this work was done by hand, and it is obvious that the human hand and eye will become fatigued, and becoming that will be careless.

This bean grower's eye is fastened above the carrier along which the beans are transported, and it is an infallible detector of inferiority. No sooner does the inferior bean reach the radius of the eye than it is brushed aside. To the layman it may appear very mysterious. It isn't, only in so far as the workings of electricity are always mysterious. What happens is this:

The type of bean grower's eye most used is a photoelectric cell. It is a simple bulb affair having an inside coating of certain elements. The sensitized mirror surface causes it to give off electrons that are sensitive to long light waves or short light waves—whichever is desired—and the reflection, or non-reflection, of the inferior bean attracts the attention of the photoelectric cell. The cell, being very sensitive, immediately communicates with a battery attachment and the battery, in turn, throws out a current of electricity. This current, becoming greatly magnified, gives forth enough energy to control a mechanical device which removes the inferior grain.

The electric eye is coming into very general use where there is need for selective grading in manufacturing. It has been found to be extremely useful in the selection of leaf tobacco, in discriminating between colors in cloth; it can be put to a thousand and one uses and it will not fail. It knows no fatigue and it sees no time clock.

In my own work with electricity I keep returning to radio and the talking motion picture. Coupled with radio is the great study of television. Within a year you will be able to have television in your home. It will be limited and crude in its workings, but, for that matter, so was the home radio of less than a dozen years ago. You will be able within a year to sit in your home and witness a motion picture shown in a theater many miles away. Remember, I said the development would be crude in its workings, but if you want to pay for the needed apparatus you will be able to do as I say.

Eventually you will see in your home the reproduction of big outdoor spectacles, such as a World's Series baseball game, a Yale-Harvard football game, a champion prize fight—any great outdoors spectacle. I confess, at the present time, I haven't even a vague idea of how this is going to be brought about, but it will come. Probably it will come through some new discovery in the science of physics and that, again, means patient work on the part of the laboratorial explorers.

I spoke of what is going to happen in the home in the way of other improvements that will come through electricity. It is a pretty safe assumption that engineers will find a way for reducing the cost of current to one-half cent per kilowatt hour. Competition will force down the price from its present level of from eight to ten cents, and if competition fails then probably legislation will compel producers to bring about the decrease.

Electricity will be generally used to cook foods and to cool them. That is being done on quite a large scale now; it will be done universally when costs of power permit it. One step that is not too far away is the warming of homes by electricity. I imagine one form of heating will be to place pads under the rugs. There will be no danger of fire because all necessary equipment will be fused. In the summer, the same equipment will be used to draw off the heat and cool the rooms.

Home as a Health Resort

Health-giving ultra-violet rays will be used universally. At present scientists know but two sources for these rays—from a carbon arc in the open air or a mercury arc in a quartz tube. It will be necessary to operate these instruments under a doctor's direction because the rays may have very injurious results, especially to the eyes. Ultra-violet light penetrates where visible light does not, so it will be simple to install the equipment in hidden crevices in the walls in the home, the office or the factory—so the rays will be constantly permeating the atmosphere. There will be a marked decline in diseases such as tuberculosis, rheumatism, rickets, and so on. In those enlightened days it will be compulsory for employers of labor and for landlords to equip their factories and their offices, their homes and their apartment buildings with devices that will pour forth the health-giving rays.

The therapeutic uses of violet rays are just now being understood; and as we progress, living indoors will be more healthful than in the open because exact air conditions will be regulated by formula.

In that future day—nor is it so far distant—we shall be able to dispense with electric lights as we now know them. In the early nineties Nikola Tesla predicted the time would come when we should have wireless light. He had a belief that high-frequency wires, hidden in the walls of a building, could be used so their discharge would affect a bowl filled with certain gases—would cause the gases to glow and give off light.

Tesla, as said, made that prediction more than thirty years ago, and his idea has been in a laboratorial stage ever since. It will find realization. More than a hint in that direction is the present use of neon light. When that device is perfected for home use it will be a cold light—an accomplishment that has intrigued scientists through the ages. We are on the verge of seeing it in reality.

Thirty years ago considerable imagination would have been needed to lead you into thinking you would ever be able to sit at your desk and carry on a telephonic conversation with Europe. You now need no such imagination because such conversations are being carried on nearly every minute in the day.

Radio telephony, however, is not satisfactory under present conditions. I believe the ultimate in transoceanic telephone communication will be the use of the cable instead of the wireless. American Telegraph and Telephone engineers have now perfected a cable which, by all accounts, is very satisfactory. But there is no question that radio will be used for hundreds of other conveniences—conveniences such as sending a written message. By radio it will be possible to reproduce a facsimile of these messages many hundreds of times faster than by cable or wire.

Hitting the Earth's Ceiling

London newspaper publishers—although I know of no reason why they should desire so to do—will be able to produce a facsimile of their editions and sell them on the streets of New York within a half hour from the time they have come surging from the presses. The day will come when mail service between Europe and this country will take no longer than two days—airplanes, of course—and by the time that day arrives I want to predict that radio will have reduced the time for mail deliveries to two hours. In other words, it will be possible for anyone who writes a letter to put it into the air, and a facsimile of that letter—perfect in all its details—will be in the hands of the intended receiver within the specified time.

The time may come—although I believe it to be very far distant—when we shall be using the radio to communicate with other planets. That has been a favorite vision of imaginative writers for centuries, but up to recently scientists have believed this impossible. It was a conclusion of science that radio vibrations were prevented from reaching the outside worlds due to the presence of the Heaviside layer of ionized air that travels with this earth approximately seventy-five miles from its surface.

Not long ago, however, two European scientists claim to have disturbed that concept of physics. I will have to retrace my mental steps for a moment so you will understand the direction those steps are taking. Using the earth as a gigantic circle and outside of it approximately seventy-five miles out, as I have indicated is this Heaviside layer of ionized air. It is the fringe of our atmosphere that is held by gravity, and, as inferred, it was named after the man who advanced the theory of its presence.

In radio experiments we have become somewhat familiar with this invisible but effective barrier. We have been able to calculate its approximate position by dispatching radio waves from a set point and then catching them on their return trip from around the world. The waves, leaving the transmitting device, hit this ceiling and are bounced back to the earth's surface. As a matter of fact, they keep right on bouncing—taking hops at long angles and traveling at terrific speed. This is one reason for good reception at different points on the earth's surface, those points being the junctures at which the waves hit the earth and jump off again. However, these

(Continued on Page 51)

3 NEW CHRYSLERS

"FIVE years ago the first Chrysler car revolutionized automobile design, performance and style. Our corps of great engineers now present new cars even more sensational by today's standards than was the first Chrysler. I can sincerely say that in all my experience there has never before been accomplished such outstanding and revolutionary engineering improvement in any single era of motor car advancement."

W. P. Chrysler

"77"

"70"

"66"

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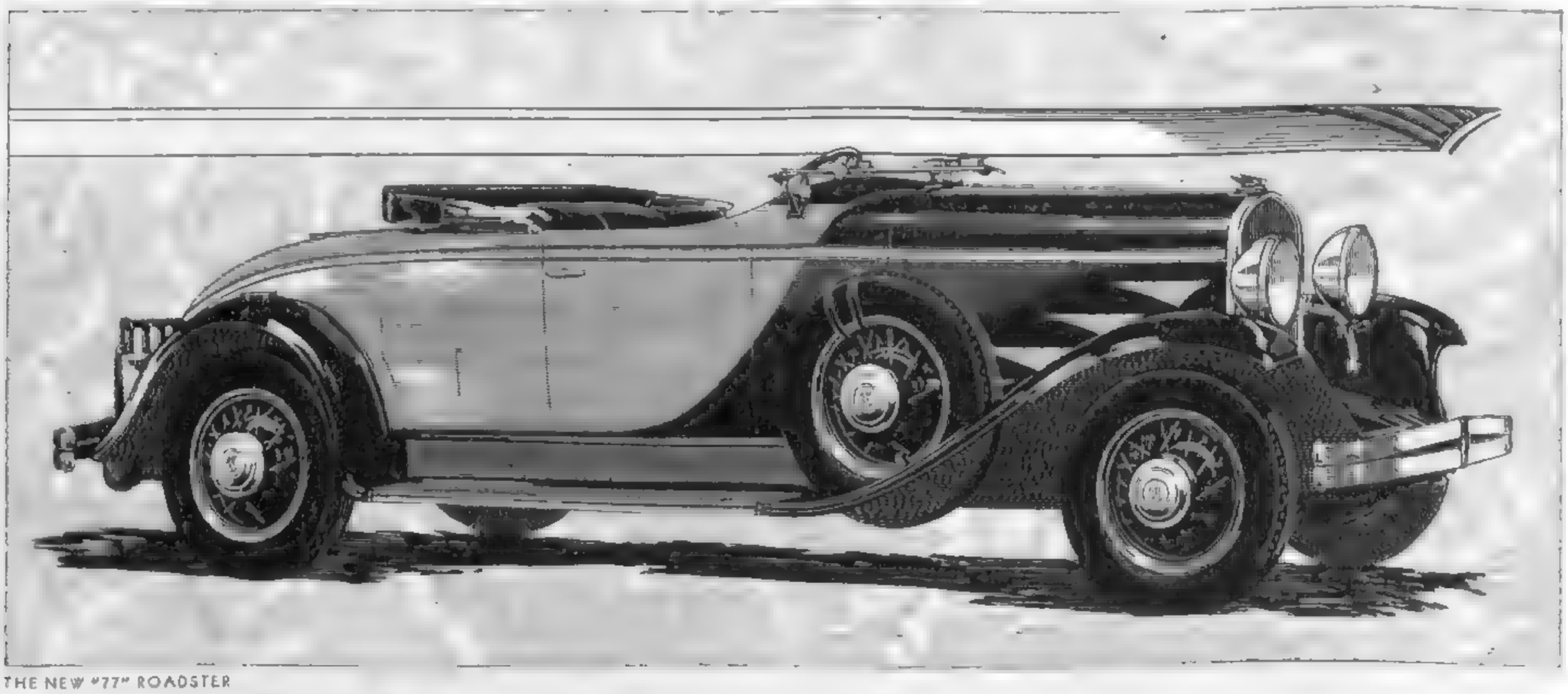
See next three pages

WITH THESE CARS CHRYSLER ENGINEERING ANTIQUATES ALL EARLIER MOTORING

TO SURPASS and thereby to render obsolete the transportation standards established by more than a quarter-century of motor car building—that is the revolutionary achievement of Chrysler engineers in these newest products of their science. ≈ ≈ There is no more basis of comparison between these latest Chryslers and cars of the past than between today's great tri-motored passenger planes and the first Wright Brothers gliders that took the air at Kittyhawk. ≈ ≈ These latest Chrysler creations are motor cars, just as the earliest and the latest air vehicles are both flying machines. ≈ ≈ There the comparison stops between Chrysler and earlier automobiles. For Chrysler again transcends all standards and ideals of power, of riding ease, of roomy luxury, of smooth operation, of quality and of value. As for beauty, Chrysler now brings to the automobile an entirely new art. Five years ago, Chrysler genius set the pace—equally revolutionary in 1924—which the whole industry has striven since to equal. ≈ ≈ Today, Chrysler antiquates even its own accomplishment—and sets a new standard which the future cannot fail to acclaim the most astounding revolution in all motordom's history. ≈ ≈ All Chrysler dealers are ready to show and to demonstrate to you Chrysler's most remarkable cars. We, as well as they, invite you to an early inspection.

THE NEW "77"

WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT



THE NEW "77" ROADSTER

CHRYSLER

See preceding page

CHRYSLER

ARCHITONIC BODIES—New in principle, non-squeaking, non-rumbling dreadnought construction; new strength and safety; new slanting non-glare windshield.
SYNCHRONIZED POWER SYSTEM—Engineered as a unit from radiator to rear axle; new flexibility, smoothness and economy; still longer life.
MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT—Gives new pleasure to driving; makes gear shifting a joy even to the inexperienced; widens the power range; shift gears as always, but with new ease, new quickness, new quiet
DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETOR—Not merely a gravity manifold but a new principle of fuelizing; complete carburetion; smoother power; higher mileage, quicker operation. Extra large mechanical fuel pump
LARGER ENGINES—Greater piston displacement, greater horsepower, torque and operating economy, seven-bearing counter-balanced crankshaft; Invar-Strut pistons; full pressure lubrication; oil filter
NEW SPACIOUSNESS—All bodies 3 inches wider; 3 to 5 inches larger according to type; greater headroom; front seat adjustable for leg length and pitch
NEW BEAUTY—Dynamic symmetry; chromium girdle moldings; arched windows with chromium architraves; Pennon louvers; sconce-type parking lights Wide color choice with upholstery to match.
NEW INTERIOR LUXURY—Newly engineered seat cushions; luxurious pillow-type upholstery; metal ware executed by Cartier, world famous jewelers.
NEW RIDING COMFORT—Paraflex no-sidesway springs; new chimney-type rubber shock insulators, extra depth girder-type double drop frame; hydraulic shock absorbers. Oversize 6-ply balloon tires
NEW DRIVING EASE—Chrysler light-pressure weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes; finger-thin sure-grip steel reinforced steering wheel; easy, non-clashing gear control; new cam and lever positive action steering gear; extra-short turning radius; centralized instrument panel.

NEW FROM THE GROUND UP — IN PERFORMANCE, CONTROL, LUXURY & BEAUTY

THE NEW "70" WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

THE NEW "70" ROYAL SEDAN

CHRYSLER

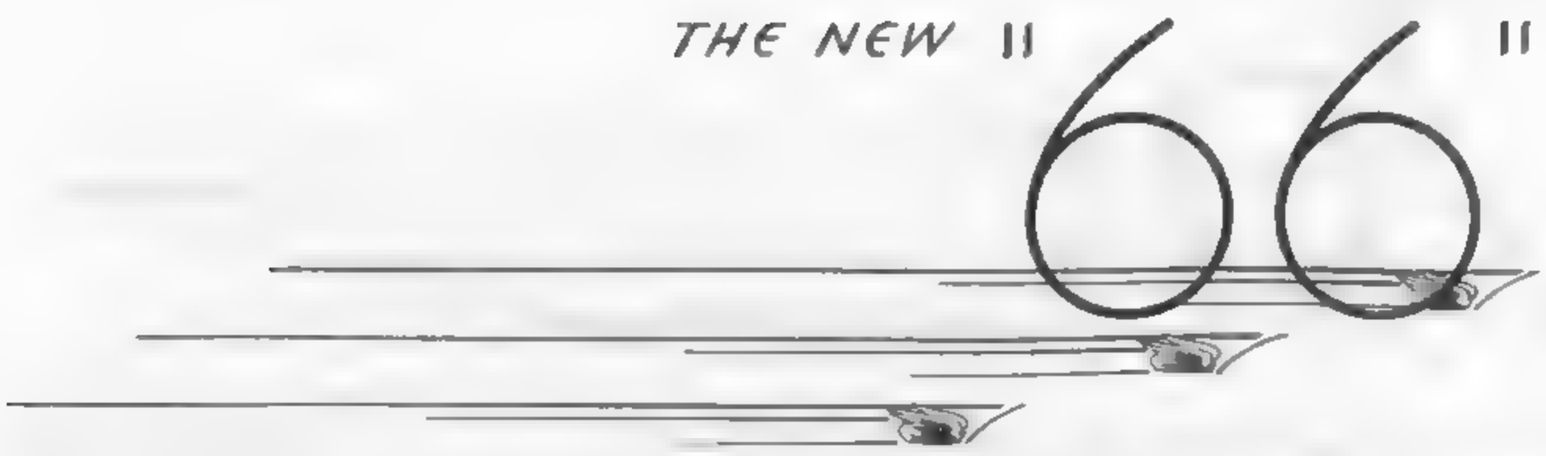
MOTORS PRODUCT

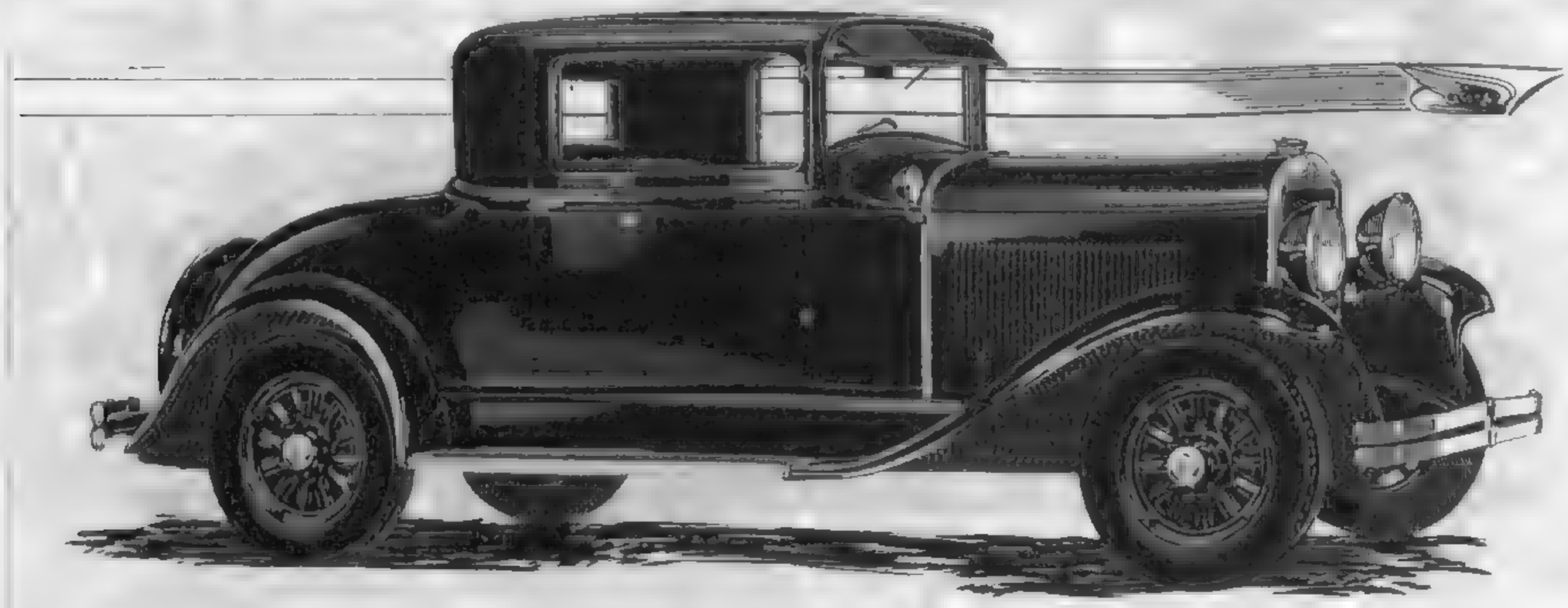
See following page

IN THE BEST CHRYSLER TRADITION..
THE NEW LOW-PRICED CHRYSLER "66"

THROUGH more than a quarter of a century of automobile building, no previous effort to produce extraordinary value, exceptional quality, pre-eminent style and unparalleled performance in a low-priced car has even approached Chrysler's accomplishment in the new six-cylinder Chrysler "66." ≈ ≈ This new 7-bearing crankshaft Chrysler Six in every way outmeasures current standards of comparison—and revises all estimates of how much quality in an automobile such a small investment can buy. What the genius, the skill and the resources of Chrysler have embodied in this new car can be fully appreciated only by personal experience. ≈ ≈ The new "66" is a Chrysler in every respect—alert, capable, smart, stylish and superbly executed. ≈ ≈ It is a Chrysler through and through—in engineering, in efficiency and in extraordinary performance ability. ≈ ≈ It is a Chrysler in dependable character—in long life. ≈ ≈ No single achievement in Chrysler's epoch-making career of big engineering accomplishments stands out more dramatically than the creation and production of so remarkable a motor car as the new Chrysler "66." ≈ ≈ Mere description cannot possibly give a true and complete impression of this unprecedented Chrysler Six. Yet, even the most cursory trial will convince you that here are quality, performance and value heretofore not even imagined at anywhere near so low a price.

THE NEW "66"





THE NEW "66" BUSINESS COUPE

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

See preceding pages

(Continued from Page 46)

locations are not always the same, because the Heaviside layer is flexible and keeps changing its position. That is to say, it is always bulging—a few miles farther away or a few miles closer, with passing intervals.

Hoping you understand that somewhat technical description, I will resume at the point where the two European scientists disturbed, or claim to have disturbed, the concept of physics.

These scientists, sending out radio waves, discovered occasions when the echo returned some seven seconds after transmission. To go around the earth requires but one-tenth of a second, so the difference in time in their experiments perhaps meant this:

The waves they sent out got through the Heaviside layer and, perhaps, were bounced against the moon before returning to this planet. But, whether reaching the moon or some other outside body, the experiences of the European scientists apparently indicate that the invisible barrier above the earth's surface can be pierced. If that is true, it is conceivably possible for us to send out radio waves to inhabited celestial bodies and, as we learn, to get back decipherable answers.

It is much less difficult for us now to believe the day will come when we shall be in communication with inhabitants of Mars, let us say, than it was prior to 1916 for some United States Army officers to realize that by radio an aviator could keep in touch with ground forces. In that year I went to Mineola Field—now Mitchel Field—on Long Island to demonstrate the feasibility of telephoning by radio from the air to the ground. I told Army officers of my own experiments and, frankly enough, they indicated that I was overly enthusiastic.

I recall this experience to illustrate how little time is needed for the public to familiarize itself with the findings in science. As a matter of record, within two years of my experience at Mineola the Government was utilizing radio for airplane signaling. The tests were made early in 1918 at Fortress Monroe. Since then radio has played an increasingly important part in the development of air travel. Today the aviator is kept on his course by means of radio signals, so that it is possible for him to travel through fog and rain without being in danger of losing his way. Electricity is also the force that permits him to use a device which keeps him informed as to his altitude, thereby permitting him to clear such dangerous obstacles as mountains though darkness may shut them from view.

Farm Relief by Wire

As you may know, radio's real usefulness in war is directly opposite to what it is in time of peace. In war it is highly important that aviators inform their commanding officers as to what they see behind the enemy lines. This, then, makes the aviator the sender of important information. In time of peace the situation is reversed. The ground forces are the focal point of the information, so that the aviator may know what atmospheric conditions are ahead and the exact location of landing fields as well as his direct course to them.

The importance of this development in its relationship to air travel cannot be overestimated. To grow into its greatest usefulness flying must be made safe, and one of the greatest factors leading to safety is ground control, which, in different words, means that the pilot of the plane must know at all times what sort of landing facilities lies ahead and where they are located, so in case of necessity he can sweep his ship into a safe port.

To recall radio developments almost in their beginnings it is but necessary to go back twenty-seven years to the time when two tugs, equipped with wireless apparatus, were lying in the Atlantic off Rhode Island. I can recall those tests with pardonable pride—one tug, equipped with Marconi sets, picked up signals from eight miles distant, while the American tug was successful in reporting signals sent from a distance of eighteen miles

One of the next big developments in electricity will be the electrifying of farms, so that two and three crops will be harvested each year. This will come when the cost of electricity is reduced in price to the point where it will eventually be. In that future time there will be no need for broad acres. A small holding in land, with two and three crops each year, will do more to improve the farmer's financial position than all the relief measures in legislation.

Chauncey Depew in a Talkie

Three ways for utilizing electricity in crop development are available even now. Their worth has been proved scientifically, and farmers could take advantage of them today were power costs at a lower level.

The three ways are:

1. By applying electricity through the soil, using underground noninsulated wires.
2. By stringing wires above the plant life so electrical discharges are given off into the air.
3. By using ultra-violet light.

To electrify the farm will be expensive, but its cost will quickly lose its importance in the increased crop returns. Research has proved the feasibility of the plans; their use will be imperative as future sources of soil enrichment, to say nothing of furnishing food for a rapidly growing nation.

Vegetables, fruits and grains grown with the help of electricity will be much richer in vitamin than they now are; they will be more attractive to the eye and will not be impaired, as so often happens under present methods of cultivation, by the presence of parasites. The flow of electricity will retard the growth of parasitical life, if not stop it altogether.

The uses of electricity are fairly inexhaustible. There is no task to be done, it seems, that electricity cannot simplify the doing. It is the necessary force in television, that fairly recent development of science; and linked to television is the talking motion picture—an evolution that has been holding my imagination for years.

I recall one of our early tests that later went before the public. It was made with the aid of Chauncey M. Depew on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. Mr. Depew was told of our plan and was asked to come to the studio that it might be carried out. He was amused at first—thought we were joking with him.

We convinced him to the contrary, and arriving at the studio he glanced curiously around and began asking questions. We answered him, explained the technic involved, and followed that by putting him through a rehearsal. Everything went off in glorious shape until the actual filming was under way. Then, as he stood in front of the cameras and the microphone, he fidgeted and inquired:

"Are you ready?"

We frantically signaled him, and like the good soldier he was he never batted an eye over his mistake but went right into his talk as though nothing untoward had occurred. It was such a delightful bit that we left in his quavering—for he was growing very feeble—"Are you ready?" although the millions who heard him after the release of the picture were probably mystified as to what his question had to do with what he said.

We also took the last—and, as far as I know, the only—talking picture of Dr. Charles Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University. Doctor Eliot's voice was so weak from age that we had to place the microphone within a few inches of his mouth. The result was that the audience saw, for the most part, only the movements of his sensitive lips. It was the last message of the great educator to the people of the United States, and in it he whispered a plea for America to join the League of Nations.

A little while before the 1924 presidential election we invited Calvin Coolidge to speak for the first time in motion pictures. Mr. Coolidge may have been inordinately interested in the workings of the invention, but, if so, he gave no indication. He accepted in a casual manner and inquired as to when we would be ready; added that he would be waiting.

The picture was made on the White House lawn; and, with no more visible concern than if he had done the same thing hundreds of times, Mr. Coolidge stood before the microphone, delivered a little talk in his nasal New England voice and, with a brief nod of thanks at the conclusion, turned on his heel and went back to the White House. I have often wondered if he ever evidenced surprise, for in those days the talking motion picture was very much of an oddity.

I can best illustrate how little it was known by recalling a happening of a short time before. There was to be a sales conference of the Famous Players organization in New York City. As is usual with sales conferences, there was a banquet and it was held in the Pennsylvania Hotel. As the time arrived for the speech making Sidney Kent got to his feet to introduce Adolph Zukor, president of the organization.

Himself in Person, Almost

As Mr. Kent talked the lights became dimmer, finally to go out entirely when he completed his introduction; and there, standing before the assemblage and speaking from the screen, was Mr. Zukor. It caused a sensation because, until that moment, there were few persons, even within the Famous Players organization, who knew, or who realized, the talking motion picture was a thing of reality.

Even Mr. Zukor, prior to the making of the tests, was very skeptical. When the proposition was put before him he said: "I know talking pictures are on the way, but their appearance is not so close as you are trying to get me to believe. What's the joke?"

He was assured that no joke was being planned; was told: "Try it out anyway. If you aren't satisfied—well, being satisfied will be up to you. But try it. We've got to have some sort of novelty for our guests and this is the best bet we have. We need your help to make it a success."

That test picture was made five years ago. Only five years. Today the talking motion picture has shunted aside the silent screen. Tomorrow—who knows to what uses it will be put for entertainment and for education? Its development and the development of so many other things that make for comfort and progress in living depend upon how well scientists become acquainted with that master force so commonly called electricity.

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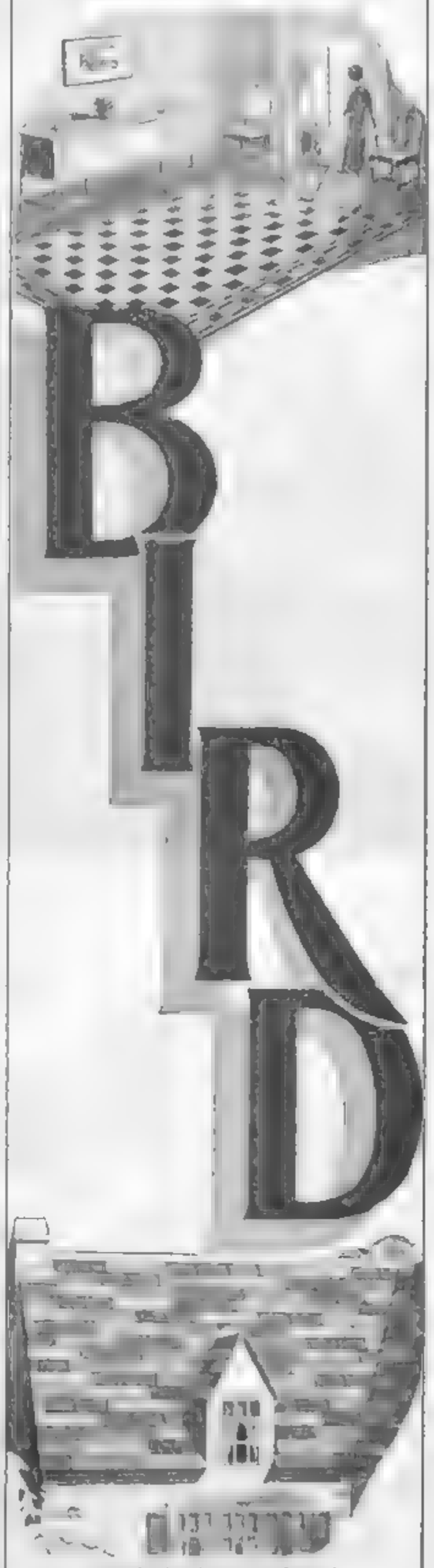

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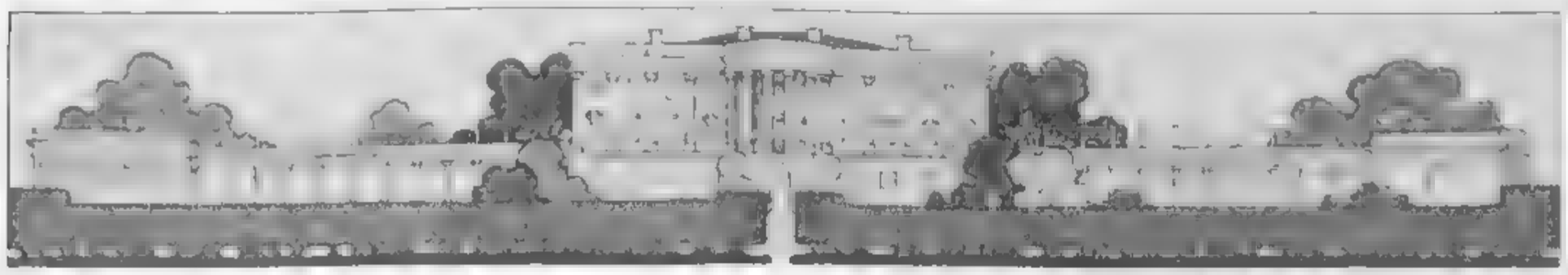

THE GREATER

Ranked with the costly cars in all except price

"THE GREATER HUDSON is the supreme buy of motordom," say thousands, fresh from examining the latest and costliest offerings of the day. You may be sure that all who are buying cars today have looked at the latest models and newest cars brought out in the industry. Yet thousands upon thousands bring back the same strong verdict: "There is nothing like Hudson in Performance—in Riding Comfort—in Smoothness—in Good Looks, Distinction and Value."

And now you may have the added distinction of a wide choice of colors at no extra cost. An exclusive manufacturing achievement makes this possible only to Hudson. Last month more than 225 color combinations on various Hudson and Essex models were shipped to individual order. You may have the same wide selection of colors and models.

It is a new distinction which tops the great array of values by which Hudson holds the most pre-eminent leadership of its history.

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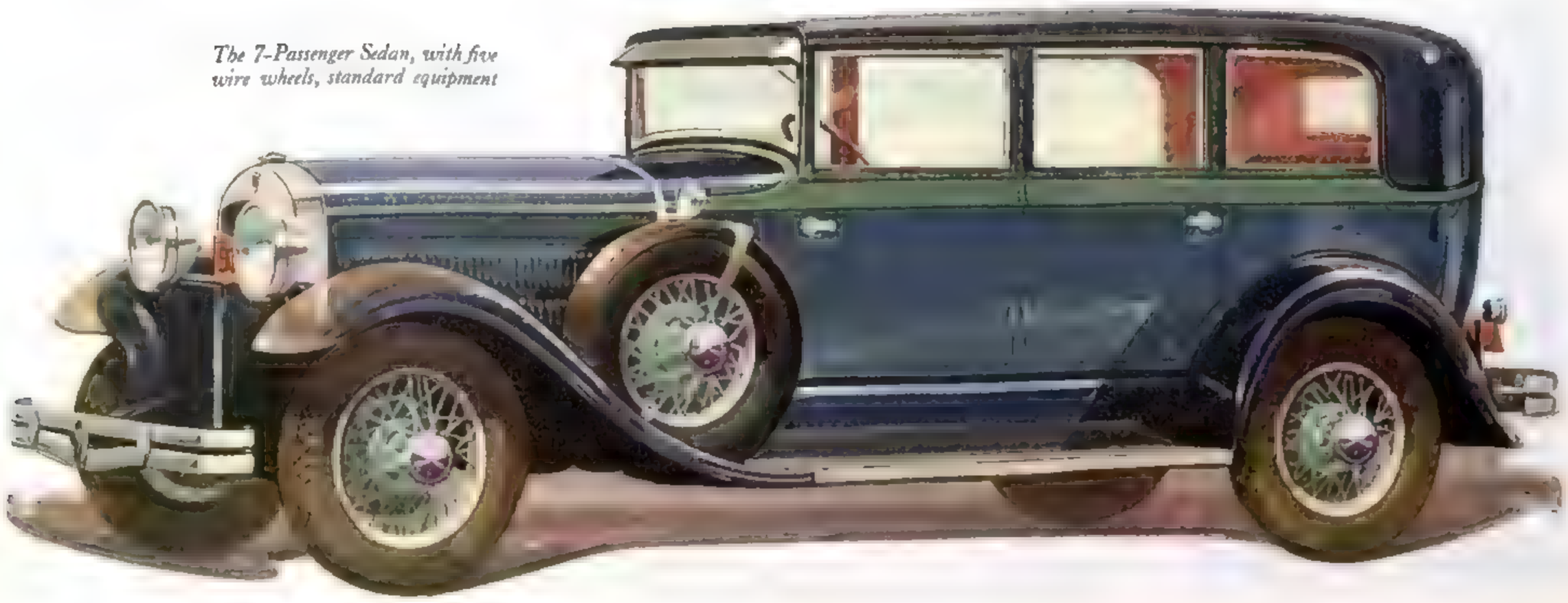
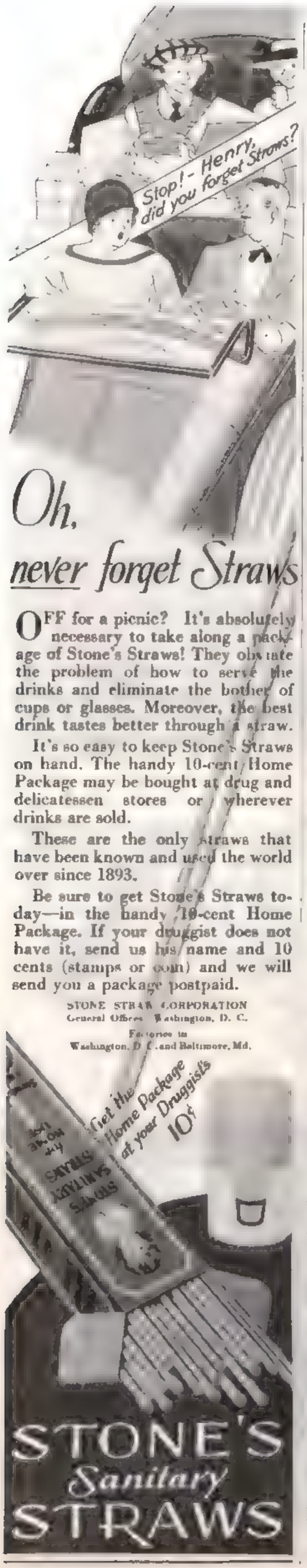
$1095 AND UP AT FACTORY

HUDSON

The 7-Passenger Sedan, with five wire wheels, standard equipment




Stop!- Henry, did you forget Straws?
Oh, never forget Straws
OFF for a picnic? It's absolutely necessary to take along a package of Stone's Straws! They obviate the problem of how to serve the drinks and eliminate the bother of cups or glasses. Moreover, the best drink tastes better through a straw.
It's so easy to keep Stone's Straws on hand. The handy 10-cent Home Package may be bought at drug and delicatessen stores or wherever drinks are sold.
These are the only straws that have been known and used the world over since 1893.
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Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢
STONE'S Sanitary STRAWS

THE COG THAT SLIPPED

(Continued from Page 17)

hours, none thereafter, and scarcely a dollar's worth of peanuts or candy sold up to four in the afternoon. Even the children, it seemed, had gone to Denboro.

By 4:30 Judah's dissatisfaction had grown to rebellion. He determined not to wait another hour. He would lock up at once and follow the great majority of his fellow townsfolk to the Mammoth Celebration. The luncheon provided by Mrs. Badger was a liberal one and enough of it remained untouched to serve as supper. Even that he would not eat in the shop; he would snatch a bite here and there on the road while driving his automobile.

He donned his coat and hat and was about to go out to the garage, when the boy from the drug store across the street hurried in. The drug store was, except the barber shop, the only mercantile establishment in East Harniss open for business as usual on that particular day.

"Oh, Mr. Weeks," panted the drug-store boy, "you're wanted on the telephone! Long-distance call, sounds like!"

Judah ran across the road and shut himself in the telephone booth. The only person he could imagine as phoning him from out of town was his sister-in-law.

"Hello! Hello, Susie!" he gasped breathlessly. "Yes, yes, here I be. What's the matter?"

The voice, faint but clear, which replied was not Mrs. Badger's.

"Hello, Jude!" it hailed. "This is Moe Criggett. I'm calling you from Boston. Say, boy, I'm mighty glad to get you too. I did a darned fool thing before I left my store yesterday and I want you to straighten it out for me, will you? 'Twon't take you long."

"Eh? Why, sure I will, Moe. Another minute, though, and I'd have shut up shop and been on my way to Denboro. You was just in time."

The voice at the other end of the wire sounded as if the speaker was surprised and agitated.

"What's that?" it demanded sharply. "I thought you told me you weren't going to shut up until half-past five. It's only about four now."

"I know it. I know 'tis; but to tell you the truth, trade was so rotten that I ——"

"Never mind, never mind. Say, listen, Jude, this is what I want you to do for me: I left my pocketbook, with some papers and things in it, laying right on the store counter by the front door. I never thought of it again until a few minutes ago. The key is on the nail under the front window sill; you know where I always put it. Nobody else knows, though, so don't you ever tell 'em. Well, you go in and get that pocketbook for me, that's a good fellow. Will you?"

"Why, course I will. Your pocketbook, eh? Sho! Don't wonder you telephoned all the way from Boston."

"Yes. . . . Oh, and one other thing. I usually leave a light burning in the store when I'm away overnight. There wasn't any last night, of course, for I forgot to turn it on, but there ought to be if I'm going to stay away until Monday noon. The switch is right over the counter where the pocketbook is. Just switch on that light, will you, Jude?"

"Eh? The light? Turn on the light. Yes, indeed, I'll do it."

"Much obliged. And take care of the pocketbook till I come for it. Don't forget the light, either. It don't amount to anything, but I'd feel safer if I knew it was on."

"All right—all right, Moe. Anything else?"

"No. And thanks. Do as much for you sometime, maybe. . . . Hold on! It just struck me that perhaps you ought to have my phone number up here in case anything—I mean, in case anybody should want to get hold of me on a business matter. Got a piece of paper handy, and a pencil? . . . Um-m. Well, take this number down. It's the Adams House. I've got a room here and I'll be here all day tomorrow."

Judah scribbled the number on a slip of paper. Just then, through the glass of the booth and the show window beyond, he saw someone go into his shop across the road. Scarcely waiting to say good-by, he dashed out of the drug store.

The person who had entered the barber shop was old Mr. Seth Drury, who desired a haircut. A haircut meant another thirty-five cents, and Judah could not afford to let it escape. Before the operation was finished, Caleb Snow dropped in for a shave. A sudden rush of belated custom developed. It was half-past six before Mr. Weeks did close his shop.

He rushed to the garage and flung open its doors. The garage was cold, therefore Judah was decidedly warm before the engine of the little car—it was a model too ancient to be equipped with a self-starter—responded to his strenuous whirling of the crank. When at last his exertions were rewarded by the hoped-for coughs, grunts and hammerings beneath the hood, he clambered to the seat, seized the steering wheel, pressed the accelerator and moved clamorously up the narrow alley from the yard to the street.

And then he remembered Mr. Criggett's phone call. Good land! He had been within an ace of not remembering it. Moe had asked him to do something before starting for Denboro. What? Why, he must be losing his memory altogether! Wait, now, let's see. He was—yes, of course! He was to go into The Metropolitan Store—the key was in the place known only to Moe and to him—he was to go into the store and do—and get ——

A pocketbook! Moe had left his pocketbook. Judah steered the car to the curb and, leaving the motor running, hastened to the Criggett platform. He found the key without difficulty. The interior of the store was very dark, but he lit a match and by its light saw the wallet lying upon the counter, just where Moe had said it would be. He thrust it into his pocket, darted out, locked the door and replaced the key beneath the window sill. A minute later and the runabout was roaring and rattling through East Harniss at its maximum speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Judah was late, but he meant to reach Denboro in time for the fireworks at least.

He turned into the wood road, which was the shortest way to his destination, and bumped and jingled over its uneven surface. Piloting the flivver occupied most of his attention, but in the back of his mind was that uneasy feeling which we all experience at times—the feeling that something, something elusive and unidentified—had been forgotten.

Judah had a wonderful time at the Mammoth Celebration. The fireworks—the night was cold, but clear—were literally a glittering success. The band, wearing heavy overcoats, looked blue nosed and shivery as it played on the town-hall steps early in the evening, but later, when it acted as orchestra for the Grand Ball within, its uniforms were alone worth the price of admission. Judah did not dance, of course, but he watched those who did and, afterward, when the affair was over, he yielded to the importunities of Simeon Bills, the Denboro barber, an old crony of his, and stayed overnight at the Bills' house. Mrs. Badger, his sister-in-law, was returning that same night with the friends who had brought her over, but she urged him to remain.

"Tomorrow's Sunday, Jude," she said. "You wouldn't open shop anyhow, so what difference does it make? Stay long as you want to and have a good time for once in your life."

Judah rubbed his chin. "I declare, I don't know but I will, Susie," he replied. "Sim tells me there's a fellow from the Boston State House—representative or judge or high sheriff or somethin', he is—goin' to make a speech about George Washin'ton in the Congregationalist church here and, accordin' to Sim, he's some slick talker. If I did stay I could go hear him, couldn't I? I—I'll do it, dummed if I don't!"

He did. The orator dwelt particularly upon the truthfulness of the father of his country, and the speech made a great impression upon the Billses and their guest. There was much discussion among them when it was over. Weeks stayed for supper and for some time thereafter. It was ten minutes to ten when he bade his hosts good-by.

The first mile of his return trip was along Denboro's principal street and past the Denboro railway station. As, seated at the wheel of the flivver, he came in sight of the station, he was surprised to find its windows still alight. The Sunday train was due in Denboro at 7:45 and should, therefore, have arrived by 8:30. Apparently, however, it had only that moment pulled in, for the locomotive was puffing beside the platform and upon that platform was a small group of people. Curiosity overpowering him, Judah steered the car to the curb and got out.

The first person he met answered his question. The engine had broken something—a crank shaft or a bolt or a boiler, or had had a hot box; his informant was not certain—and, after standing still for an hour at a lonely spot between towns, had managed to limp the rest of the way.

"There ain't many passengers," went on the obliging giver of information, "but them there is are sore enough. There's one fellow that's red-hot. Seems he was countin' on gettin' to East Harniss this evenin' sure. He was cal'latin' to hire somebody at one of the garages to drive him over in an auto, but now it's so late that the garages are all shut up. I never heard anybody do a better job of cussin' than he's done right on this platform. Just listen, will you!"

Judah might have listened, but the name of his native village had caught and held his attention.

"East Harniss?" he repeated. "Why, who is he? What's his name?"

"Name's Criggett. Keeps store over there. He ——"

Judah waited to hear no more. He pushed through the group surrounding the excited passenger.

"Why, hello, Moe!" he hailed boisterously. "Well, well! This is some surprise, ain't it? Thought you wasn't leavin' Boston till tomorrow mornin'."

If it was a surprise for Mr. Weeks, it was obviously a greater one for Moses Criggett. He ignored the outstretched hand of his fellow townsman and stared at the latter, open-mouthed and wide-eyed. His lips trembled. His flushed face paled slightly.

"Why—what ——" he gasped. He looked quickly about him at the faces of the little group and then back at Judah.

"What are you doing over here?" he asked sharply. "Has anything —— Say, did you come to meet me?"

Judah grinned. "To meet you!" he repeated. "Why would I come to meet you in Denboro when you told me not to expect you till tomorrow noon, and then in East Harniss? . . . Say, Moe, guess you've been havin' a pretty good time up to Boston, ain't you? Ho, ho!"

He laughed uproariously. Mr. Criggett did not laugh.

"What are you doing over here?" he demanded again. "Has—has anything happened?"

"Happened? Back home, you mean? What did you cal'late was liable to happen—in East Harniss, and of a Sunday? Think there'd been an earthquake? Ho, ho! That's a good one!"

(Continued on Page 56)

"Gentlemen, *make mine a* Horse"

says H. C. WITWER, *famous American Humorist*

THIS is the time of the year for the writer to launch his nation-wide "Own Your Own Horse" movement, my masters, because it's almost New Model Time when auto proprietors gets fit to be tied.

Gangs of skilled workmen is busy oiling up adjectives that will make a gooseneck tire-carrier sound more important than the burning of Rome.

Skilled engineers is hunting through dictionaries for bigger and better phrases. A huge force of polishers is dusting off that big word NEW and getting it ready for this year's campaign.

Then after teasing you to watch, look and listen, up goes the curtain on a new model which tells you the designers has had a few more thoughts and got out something which makes your one-year-old car look like the first auto ever concocted.

Next in importance after completely changing the body lines away from last year's, no matter what they was, comes a flock of dazzling improvements which they was able, by some strange magic, to jam onto a car which they had already spent days telling you was twice as perfect as perfect itself. But the mystery kind of fades when you find out that these revolutionary advantages is generally such hair-raisers as door-handles which turns left instead of right; famous Taj Mahal design tail-light; gilt four-leaf clover (and you'll need it) on the instrument-board; scientifically balanced rug-rail, etc., etc., and even etc.

By the time you get through reading about the new model you feel like going out to your car which seemed almost new yesterday and see can you find any arrow heads or other relics under the seat. If it'll run at all, which seems out of the question after seeing the list of all the improvements it hasn't got, you'd hardly dare roll around in it in the day times because people would always be asking you did you still wear peg-top pants.

Then the worst comes to the worst and you find the wife has been showed about the new model by that woman next door, which is also the one who's kid give Junior measles. So the next time you drive the car up to the door of your igloo she looks at it like it was something puss dragged in on a rainy night and makes some remark such as don't you think the new model has got this looking like something Washington might have slept in and hadn't you better turn it in for one of those new models, even if it does hit us some four or five hundred dollars depreciation.

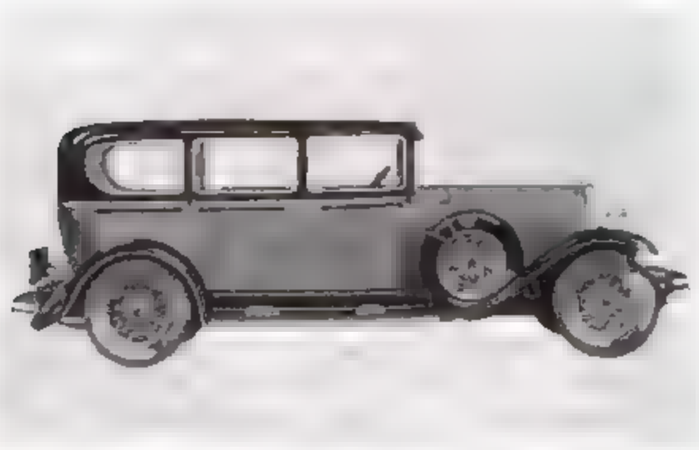
It's right then that the salesman of the Witwer "Own Your Own Horse" movement will get your name on what I'll call the dotted line, if I'm allowed to coin a expression. The advantages, unlike Paris, may be saw at a single glance. You see, patrons, when you own your own equine you don't have to toss about nights worrying that somebody will bring out a new model on you

It don't make no difference whether you get a tall horse or a short horse or even a Shetland pony, if the latter is your price class. Whichever make of steed you select, you can bet all the tea in China that no smart horse manufacturer's coming out with a new horse which has streamline legs and square ears and makes a bum out of your last year's horse.

You can stake yourself to a July 1929 horse without being afraid to read the papers for fear of seeing that the new and improved late 1929 palfreys will be displayed next week. For some reason, the horse makers don't go over their horses each year and suddenly find out they was a couple hundred things they forgot to put on 'em and if you had one, why, that's your hard luck

So my earnest plea to each and every inhabitant of the globe (and that means you too, you little Esquimauxs you) is to think these facts over and join the great Witwer movement in saying, "Gentlemen, make mine a horse!"

H. C. Witwer



Model illustrated above — Flying Cloud Sedan, The Master Sport Model. F.O.B., Lansing, Michigan—$1870

"Mr. Witwer," say we, "make yours a REO"

REO is not, and never has been a "yearly model" car.

This does not mean that Reo stands still. Reo has always marched at the head of the automotive parade. It pioneered left-hand drive, center control, balloon tires, the now world-famous internal-hydraulic brakes

But Reo has never "saved up" these revolutionary advances for "new models." They were embodied in Reo as soon as Reo's usual period of testing had proved them worthy. That's why the Reo of today represents, not just another "model"—but the proud result of a never-ending evolution in motor car manufacture.

That's why, when the "new model" ballyhoo starts in a few weeks, Reo will be conspicuously absent.

So, if you are looking for an automobile which, like the very highest priced cars, has that graceful simplicity of design that never goes out of style

If you are looking for an automobile whose advanced construction has won and held for it the title of the "Engineers' Ideal Car"—whose motor is the world's standard of comparison—whose brakes are known as the safest made . . . If this is the kind of a car you want—a car you can be proud of, not for one year, but for five or even ten . . . Then there is just one car for you to buy—the Reo Flying Cloud.

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The mark YALE is the name of the maker

The Yale and Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ontario

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

(Continued from Page 54)

The station agent put in a word.

"Well, now, Mr. Criggett," he said, "things are workin' out pretty good for you, after all. Weeks here is bound for East Harniss this very minute. You are, ain't you, Judah?"

"I sartin am. Right on the way."

"I thought so. He'll take you along with him, Mr. Criggett, I'll bet. . . . You'll ship a passenger, won't you, Judah?"

"Eh? Why, of course, and glad of the company Hop right aboard, Moe. The old gal"—indicating the flivver—"is hittin' on all fours and rarin' to go. Chuck your bag in and come right along."

Criggett's color was slowly returning. His expression, however, was still peculiar. He was glancing from one to the other of the grinning faces about him as if uncertain whether or not the grins were masking more serious emotions. He looked doubtful, puzzled. Weeks seized his arm.

"Heave ahead, Moe," he ordered. "It'll be Monday mornin' afore we make port if we don't get under way. Shake her up! Stir your stumps!"

Slowly, and still hesitatingly, Criggett suffered himself to be led to the curb and the waiting runabout. The station agent obligingly stowed the traveling bag in the rumble beside the spare gasoline can. Judah assisted his passenger to the seat, climbed in beside him and grasped the wheel. The motor had been left running. The little car moved off and along the road, gathering speed as it moved.

It had moved but a little way, however, when Criggett touched its pilot's elbow.

"Look here, Jude," he whispered nervously. "You ain't kidding me, are you? There hasn't anything happened over home, has there?"

Judah turned to look at him. "Now, what on earth, Moe!" he exclaimed. "A body'd think you was expectin' the town to burn up or somethin'."

This suggestion had been intended as a joke, but it was not so received. Moe Criggett started so violently that he almost slipped from the seat. He seized Weeks by the arm.

"Here!" he snarled. "What's that? Burned up! What's burned up? Say, what the devil have you got up your sleeve? Out with it! Come!"

Judah snatched his arm away.

"Ow!" he ejaculated. "Up my sleeve! I won't have no sleeve, nor arm neither, if you claw me that way. What ails you anyhow?"

"Never you mind. Tell me what you're holding back. What did you mean by the town's burning up? What has happened? Spit it out!"

"Nothin's happened, I tell you. What in time —— You ain't got no reason for expectin' anything to happen, have you?"

Criggett choked. He must be more careful.

"No," he muttered. "No"—loudly—"'course I haven't. Only—only you said—you're so darned mysterious."

"Mysterious your granny! Everything's serene in East Harniss, or was an hour or two ago. I know what your trouble is. You can't imagine what I'm doin' over here this hour of the night. I'll tell you about that."

He went on to explain. "So I was havin' such a good time," he said in conclusion, "that I stayed along and kept stayin'. A little spell ago—about quarter to ten 'twas—my conscience got to troublin' me and I phoned Susie to tell her I wasn't cal'latin' to spend the rest of my life in Denboro. She said for me not to hurry: everything over there was dead or asleep. But, Moe, what fetched you down ahead of time?"

"Oh, well, I got through my business in Boston and I thought I might as well start back. I didn't figure on the blasted train breaking down. I was pretty mad when they told me the garages were all shut up and I might have to stay in Denboro till morning."

"Sure! You sounded mad. Ho, ho!"

Criggett joined feebly in the laugh, and relapsed into meditation. All the previous night he had lain awake in his hotel room waiting for the telephone call notifying him that his great plan had worked through to its successful finish. When morning came and he had received no word from East Harniss he was wild with apprehension. Something must have gone wrong. He could not conceive what it might be, but surely there was something. By four o'clock in the afternoon his nerves were in a state where longer waiting was impossible. He rushed to the South Station and caught the train for Denboro.

He must get back to The Metropolitan Store—he must. He must get there at once, for at noon of this very day, Sunday, February twenty-third, the five-thousand-dollar fire-insurance policy had been automatically canceled. If what he had so confidently expected to happen on Saturday night should happen now —— He shuddered each time he considered such a possibility.

Every detail of his plan had been decided upon only after the most painstaking deliberation. His Boston trip furnished him with an alibi in case any embarrassing questions were asked. His telephoned request to Judah Weeks had been precisely timed to catch the latter just before he closed the barber shop. He meant that call to come not so late as to miss its recipient, nor so early as to afford the absent-minded Judah a sufficient interval in which to forget the errands he was asked to do.

Everything should have gone like clockwork. Obviously it had not, and Moses Criggett could conceive of only one reason: Weeks must have forgotten to turn on that light.

The car had veered from Denboro's paved highway into the narrow, rutted short cut through the woods to East Harniss when Moe summoned courage to ask the vital question he had been dying to ask since he met his companion on the Denboro platform.

"Oh, say, Jude," he observed with elaborate carelessness, "you nor I neither have said a word about that pocketbook of mine. Did you find it when you went into my store?"

Judah's answer was not so prompt as it might have been. He was bending over the wheel, peering at the road ahead, and when he did reply, it was without looking at his passenger.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "What's that? . . . Oh, yes, yes, your wallet. I got it, Moe. 'Twas right on the counter where you said. It's buttoned up tight in my inside vest pocket this minute. I'll give it to you soon's I get the chance."

Criggett's expressions of relief at the news of the recovery and safety of his property were enthusiastic.

"Fine! Good enough!" he exclaimed, over and over. "That takes a load off my mind, you bet. Much obliged to you, Jude. . . . Oh"—casually—"and I suppose you turned on the light in the store, didn't you? That didn't amount to much, but I always feel safer to have the place lit up."

Judah's answer this time was even less promptly given. He again bent forward to inspect the road. Criggett waited a moment and then repeated the question.

"Oh, the light?" said Judah. "Why——"

"What? Yes? What?"

"Nothin'. Can't hardly see where I'm goin', I can't. . . . Well, Moe, about that light, now ——"

"Yes? Yes? What about it? For heaven's sake, hurry up! What about that light?"

For some unexplained reason Mr. Weeks lost his temper.

"Seems to me you're makin' consider'ble fuss about somethin' you just said yourself didn't amount to nothin'," he snapped with sudden peevishness. "The light's turned on, anyway."

"What? It is? Why—why——"

(Continued on Page 59)

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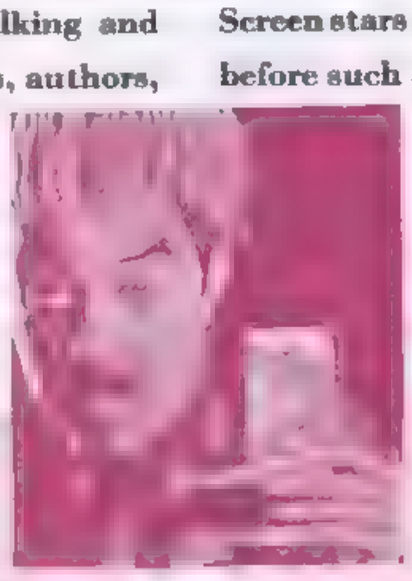

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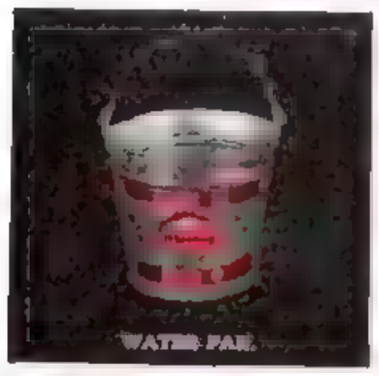

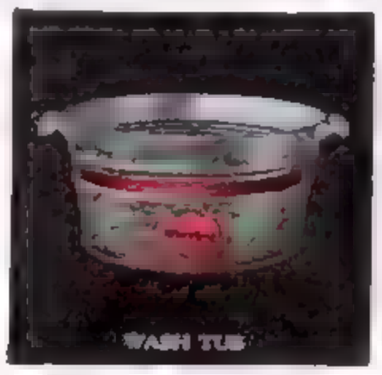

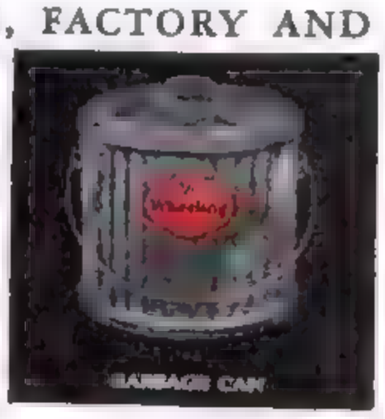

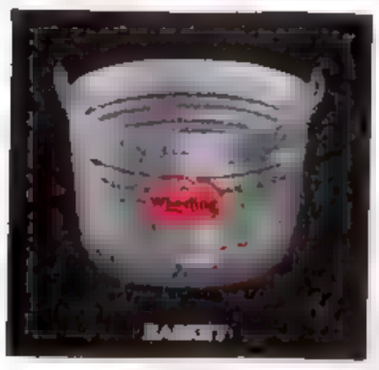

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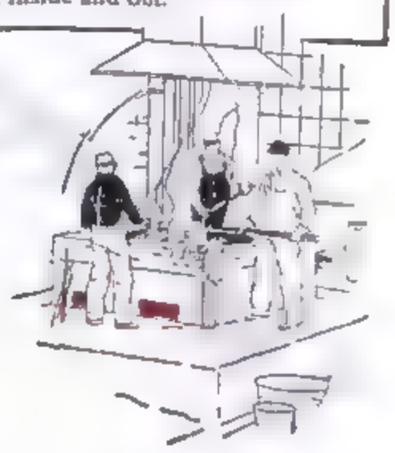

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(Continued from Page 56)

"Yes, 'tis; so don't keep pesterin' me no more. I've got all I can do to keep this car in the middle of the road—if you can call it a road. Fumin' and frettin' about that old light! I got your pocketbook for you, didn't I? Well, then. . . . Here, don't shove me off the seat. What are you lookin' at your watch for?"

Criggett was looking at his watch, lighting a match in order to see its dial. The hand holding the watch was shaking.

"It's way after ten now," he snarled furiously. "Is this as fast as this crab of yours can crawl?"

"Crab! . . . Look here, Moe Criggett; if you ain't satisfied with this automobile, maybe you'd rather get out and walk. Don't let me stop you if that's the way you feel. . . . Crab! Well, by the everlastin'!"

Moe muttered something under his breath. Judah was muttering likewise. To cast aspersion upon his beloved automobile was the surest way to lose his friendship.

They bumped and shook and jingled onward. The narrow road wound over bare hills or between tangled thickets of pitch pine and scrub oak. At frequent intervals Criggett lit matches and scrutinized his watch. After the third scrutiny he ventured to speak again.

"Jude," he begged, "when you turned on that light, did you ——"

"Now, look here! I don't want to hear another word. Do a man a favor—spend ten cents of your own money doin' it—and then have him call the automobile he's ridin' in free for nothin' —have him call it names! Bah!"

"But, Jude ——"

"Shut up and let me do my drivin', will you?"

There was another and longer interval of silence, so far as the car's passengers—not the flivver itself—were concerned. Criggett was recovering slightly from the fright and nerve shock consequent upon his driver's replies to his question about the light in The Metropolitan Store. Weeks had turned the switch—at least he said he had. Nothing unusual had happened in East Harniss since; the telephone conversation with Mrs. Badger proved that. Therefore, for some unexplained reason, the arrangement of wires and shavings in the cellar must have failed to function. If it had not functioned during a period of nearly thirty hours, it was safe to assume it never would. He could take out a new policy the next morning—paying the premium would be difficult, of course, but he might manage it somehow—and set a new and improved trap when it was safe to do so.

After all, the situation might not be so serious. He drew another long breath, a sigh of huge relief. Then he turned toward his seat mate. He must not quarrel with Judah Weeks; Judah might again be useful to him later on.

"Aw, come, Jude," he said placatingly.

"Don't bother me. . . . What do you want?"

"Don't be mad, old man. I'm nervous and cranky, I guess. For one thing, I ain't had a mouthful to eat since noon."

This was a plea which, to a person with the robust appetite of Judah Weeks, had a direct appeal. His resentment vanished.

"What?" he cried. "You ain't? Now, that's too bad. Sho! No wonder you're upset; I should think you might be. What time is it now by that watch of yours?"

"Twenty minutes to eleven, last time I looked."

"Um-m. Well, there's only three or four mile more to go. You come right along down to my house, Moe, and I'll guarantee Susie'll have somethin' for you in the pantry. . . . Say, Moe, you ain't really worried about that light in your store, are you?"

"No. And you turned it on, anyhow. You say you did."

Judah hesitated. Then he laughed uneasily.

"That wan't exactly what I said, Moe."

"Eh? See here! What ——"

"Let me tell you about it. I wasn't cal'latin' to tell, but I'm goin' to. I was figgerin' to lie to you. Yes, I was."

"Lie to me? Then you mean you didn't turn it on? You forgot it?"

"That's right. Forgot it was what I done."

Criggett could have shrieked for joy. His relief now was absolute, complete.

"That's all right, Jude," he vowed hilariously and with unction. "I don't care. Honest I don't, not a bit."

"Wait a minute. You see—well, hang it all, I heard a sermon about lyin' this afternoon. That State House fellow was talkin' about George Washin'ton and how he never told no lies his life long. He went on to say there was all kind of lies, regular lies and halfway ones that was just as bad It kind of got hold of me, that speech did. I made up my mind I'd swear off lyin', if such a thing was possible. And yet, right away when you asked me about that light, I up and halfway lied about it. Wouldn't believe anybody'd be so weak-minded in the knees, now would you, Moe?"

Criggett was paying little heed. If the switch had never been turned, all was explained and all cause for worriment dispelled.

"Pshaw! Don't let that worry you, Jude," he protested, slapping his companion on the back. "It's all right, boy. Forget it."

"It's real good of you to talk that way, Moe, but wait till I finish. . . . Hello! What's the matter now? Got the hiccups, has she?"

"She" was the flivver, which had ceased to rattle steadily onward but was progressing in a series of jerks—jerks which grew more feeble with each recurrence. They had emerged from the wooded stretch of road and were at the foot of the first of the three hills beyond which was the village of East Harniss

"What in time?" demanded Judah Weeks. The car hiccuped once more, rolled forward a few yards and then stopped. Judah leaped from his seat to the ground. He trotted to the front of the radiator, seized the crank and spun it, once, twice, three times.

"Sho!" he exclaimed, pausing to catch his breath. "That's funny, now ain't it? Don't seem to want to start up, does she? I wonder if it's that pesky carburetor gone sour again. I remember about a month ago, I —— Humph, so everlastin' dark I can't see nothin'. . . . Say, Moe, hop up and get me that lantern that's under the seat, that's a good fellow."

Criggett rose, lifted the seat, and from the huddle of odds and ends in the compartment beneath, resurrected a battered tin lantern. He lighted it and, jumping out, carried it to his companion. Judah meanwhile had been, as he would have expressed it, taking another trick at the crank. This trick was as unproductive of results as the first

He raised the hood and, holding the lantern aloft, peered into the automobile's vitals. He pawed uncertainly here and there The minutes passed Faint and clear in the darkness beyond the hills a bell chimed. They both heard it, but it was Moe Criggett who spoke

"What's that?" he asked quickly. "A bell, wasn't it?"

"Eh? . . . Um-m It's the East Harniss meetin' house clock strikin' eleven. Sho! Too bad to keep you hangin' around out here like this, Moe. I can't understand it. It can't be possible, can it, that Well, I'll look, but I'm sartin' sure ——"

Criggett interrupted. The sound of that clock affected his still shaky nerves. It reminded him once more that the stock in The Metropolitan Store had been for a dozen hours unprotected by insurance. And, he remembered suddenly, Judah had not finished his tale about the light when the car stopped. He had said there was more to tell. What might that mean?

Weeks had ceased to bend and mutter over the engine. He had straightened and gone around to the rear of the car. He was fumbling with something there when Moe caught him.

"Oh, say, Jude," he observed, "you hadn't finished your yarn. You said ——"

"Sh-h! For land sakes don't bother me! It don't seem as if it could be so, but I guess 'tis. I cal'lated there was more than enough in there to take me a lot further'n twelve mile. Why ——"

"Jude! What about the light? You forgot to turn it on, you know. Yes? And what else?"

The Criggett nerves were not the only shaky set in that vicinity at that moment. Judah Weeks had just made a discovery—a humiliating discovery—the cause of which, if it became known, would make him more than ever the butt of East Harniss humorists.

"For thunder sakes dry up!" he shrieked, waving the lantern. "If you say another word about that store light, I don't know's I won't haul off and hit you, Moe Criggett. Your darned light is on by now. I did forget it, same as I told you, but when I phoned Susie from Denboro I asked her if she'd go down and take the key and go in and turn that switch. She had company then, but she promised me that soon as they went she'd do it. She don't forget things, even if I do. There! That satisfies you, don't it? . . . Eh? Why, for thunder's mercy, what is it now? You're stark crazy, I do believe!"

The assumption was a fair one, Moe Criggett's behavior considered. He had staggered against the car, reeled away again, and was clutching at his shirt collar, apparently strangling, struggling for utterance.

"Why, Moe!" cried Judah. A frantic fist waved him to silence.

"Wait! Wait!" gasped Mr. Criggett. "I -you—when did you do it? When?"

"When? My soul, you scare me! When did I do what?"

"When did you telephone her—that Badger woman? What time was it?"

"Time? Why—why, 'twas about quarter to ten, seems so."

"Good God! And it's after eleven now! Was she—did she say ——"

"There, there! Take it easy. I told you what she said. She had company—her cousin from Orham and his wife was there to supper and they're always late stayers, but 'tain't likely they'll hang on till the middle of the night. Soon's they left she was goin' right down and turn on your light for you. I told her how ashamed I was of forgettin' it, you see, so she swore she'd do it to help me out. I never meant you to know I hadn't done it myself, but after that State House man's sermon ——"

"Aw, be still, will you? . . . She—you say she wasn't going right off? She was going to wait? Why, then, perhaps —— Oh!"—savagely—"if this darned tin cart of yours hadn't broken down ——"

Judah's lifted hand halted the sentence in the middle. "Sh-h!" he ordered soothingly. "It ain't broke down, Moe."

Criggett glared at him. "Ain't broke down? Why, you poor fool ——"

"Sh-h! Let me tell you. Look here, Moe; I don't know what ails you, but I judge it's somethin' serious. Is it real important about that light bein' on? 'Cause if it is, and you're afraid it ain't on, just hop aboard this automobile and she'll have you alongside your store platform in less'n ten minutes. Maybe you'll get there ahead of Susie and can turn your own switch. I know what's the matter with the car. Her gas tank's run dry, that's all 'tis."

Moe said nothing. His mouth opened, but no words came from it. Judah went on—falteringly, for confessing was hard—making a clean breast.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "it don't seem possible she's run dry again, but she has. However"—with a burst of triumph—"that don't make no difference to you and me, Moe. Don't you recollect why it don't? There's that good old five-gallon can chockfull of gasoline, settin' right there in the rumble ready and waitin'. All we've got to do is fill her up from that can. Eh? How's that for high? Trouble's all over, I'd say!"

He said it gleefully. Moses Criggett still said nothing. He looked at Mr. Weeks, he looked at the five-gallon can. Then he turned and ran—ran at full speed up the hill into the darkness. Judah yelled after him—yelled again and again—but no answer came.

Some fifteen minutes later, Judah, deserted and resentful, grinding with determination and profanity at the crank of his still balky flivver, heard again the sound of the church bell, this time ringing clamorously and continuously. Straightening his aching back, he turned and saw on the sky in the direction of East Harniss a crimson glow which brightened and rose and spread.

The next afternoon—the afternoon of Monday, February twenty-fourth—Judah Weeks sat in his barber shop in conversation with Jonathan Capet, one of East Harniss' leading citizens. Mr. Capet dealt in lumber, real estate, mortgages and insurance. Judah had been in conversation most of the day, and his voice was husky.

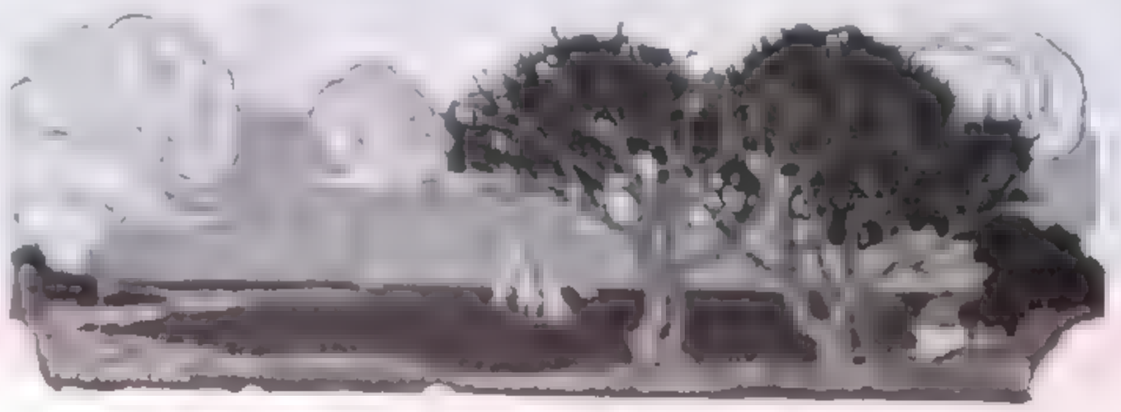
"Yes, sir-ree!" he exclaimed for the hundredth time since morning. "I realize how lucky I be. How a buildin' big as The Metropolitan Store could burn right flat to the ground and my place not be scarcely scorched is a miracle—that's what 'tis. And you tell me Moe's lost everything? No insurance at all?"

"Not a red. I was after him to renew his policy last week, but he put it off—and now look at him! He takes it hard, poor fellow. The blaze was just about under way when he showed up, and then he looked as if he'd run himself pretty nigh to death. Say, Jude"—with a broad grin—"that reminds me. I understand he might have got here lots sooner if that Rolls-Rough of yours hadn't run out of gas again. Is that so?"

Judah's red face flamed redder.

"It wan't my fault, by time!" he sputtered angrily. "My gas tank had sprung a leak, I grant you, but that wouldn't have made no difference if it hadn't been for them devilish boys in Denboro. Know what they done? They stole the gasoline out of my spare can and filled it with water. Yes, sir, water, by thunder! Kept me fiddlin' around over yonder back of Smalley's Hill till two o'clock, and then I had to walk home. Never got here till the fire was most out. Tricks like that you expect 'long Fourth-o'-July time, but not Washin'ton's Birthday. No, sir-ree!"

He paused a moment and then added, with a shake of the head: "No, sir, them kind of doin's you can't count on. I thought when I laid in that extry can of gas I'd provided for everything, but, I declare, seems as if us poor humans couldn't make up a plan that wasn't liable to slip a cog some time or 'nother. . . . Ain't that so, Jonathan?"



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PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

(Continued from Page 23)

It's always easy to make a crowd of passengers believe anybody is a card sharper, but with this note, and Rivers for a witness, Mr. Leffingwell is going to find out that that sort of luxury costs about as much in cash to run as a private yacht. Don't make any mistake. If you take sides with Leffingwell and this anonymous slander you'll regret it as long as you live."

Gordon's head was in a whirl. Although she was convinced that the note lacked address and signature simply because Boughton knew the danger of dragging in her name and his, she felt herself yielding against will, instinct and inclination to Meacham's astonishing reasonableness. What if the man were honest? He wasn't, of course. But what if he were?

She heard Mr. Roulin's voice tinkling in the back of her brain: "That's where they got your father, Gordon, and that's where they get us. Just as long as there are honest men who like to play for high stakes no sensible individual or company dares take direct action against a card sharper. Because, you see, you may suspect, but you can't ever know—not with the finished breed we have to deal with nowadays."

It was only when she was locked in her cabin that she could again think calmly. If Meacham's argument could affect her so profoundly, it required no stretch of imagination to understand what had happened to poor Mr. Leffingwell under a like bombardment. Furthermore, suppose Meacham was perfectly straight or entirely crooked; in either case it would pay her to stand by him. Especially if he was crooked did she have to stay with him or get out of the game.

Thus it came about that when Boughton rushed up to her the next morning as she was walking with Meacham at her side to the boat train, and asked her point-blank if she had got his message, she strove vainly to hold him up with her eyes while she cut his feet from under him with an icy statement to the effect that Meacham's estimate of Mr. Leffingwell was considerably lower than Mr. Boughton's opinion of Mr. Meacham.

She could see by the stricken look in Boughton's face that he believed her to subscribe unconditionally to the judgment against Leffingwell, which after all was exactly what she had intended him to believe. But then had come something far worse, far harder to bear without self-betrayal. She watched the birth of a doubt, of a suspicion that she and Meacham were accomplices, cut from the same strange bolt of human fabric and equally beyond the pale of common decency.

She would have passed miserable hours on the train, had it not been for an unexpected diversion. Senator Meacham and Colonel Rivers had been inseparable, but now the latter had inexplicably vanished from the scene.

Puzzled, she asked, "What has become of your boon companion?"

"Huh?"

"Colonel Rivers."

"Oh!" The senator drew his pale brows together and declared sententiously, "I'm through with the colonel. I consider that he could have avoided putting me in an embarrassing position. When he saw how things were going he should have——"

But the sentence was never finished, for at that moment Bertrand entered the compartment, followed by Colonel Rivers, who sat down and blandly engaged Mr. Meacham in unwinding conversation. Restraining a desire to laugh at the senator's abrupt subjection, Gordon studied the dark little colonel, soft-voiced, black-eyed and dark-haired—all but the pink tonsure of his bald spot—with a new interest. She was grateful to him for the chance to think her own thoughts while the others talked, and by the time the train reached the Gare St.-Lazare she had mapped out a tentative plan.

Before ten the next morning she had located Mrs. Leffingwell at a hotel and arranged over the telephone to come around for a chat. She found upon arrival that Leffingwell had already gone out on some troublesome bank business and Kit, ruminating over her husband's loss of a sum greater than the amount set aside for their entire holiday, was far from being her usual piquant self. The two women looked at each other measuringly for the fraction of a second and then smiled simultaneously.

"I suppose you know," said Mrs. Leffingwell, "that both Ellis Boughton and Mr. James Tupper Leffingwell, Jr., take you for a crook?"

"I suspected it," said Gordon noncommittally.

"They are men," continued Mrs. Leffingwell, "slaves to reason and unanswerable evidence. Personally I don't know what you're up to, Gordon, but how I would like to change my next six good times for one of yours! What do you want?"

"The loan of your pearl necklace."

"The real one?"

"Nothing less would do."

Mrs. Leffingwell's brows drew into a tight little frown. "I've said from the first you must be an excellent poker player, but I never dreamed anybody could call a hand as quickly as that. What's the use of hedging? I might as well tell you at once you've knocked the breath out of me."

"It's insured, isn't it?" pursued Gordon.

"Of course—for all it will carry."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

Again the two women studied each other, but this time for much longer than the fraction of a second.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Leffingwell at last.

"Exactly," said Gordon, and sank back in her chair.

It was as though they had conversed rapidly for half an hour and arrived simultaneously at an inevitable conclusion. Mrs. Leffingwell drew erect and frowned as if she were considering everything Miss Hammill had propounded, and Miss Hammill leaned back as if she were following point by point all the thoughts by which Mrs. Leffingwell was reading the thoughts thought by herself.

"But would it be honest?" asked Mrs. Leffingwell finally.

"More honest than you could possibly imagine," replied Gordon.

"Wasn't Jim an awful fool?"

"I can't understand it."

"Neither can I. The only one who seems to know exactly what happened, and why, and how, is Eli Boughton, and he wasn't even there!"

"He's traveled a lot more than Jim."

"I suppose that's it. Jim woke up this morning terribly suppressed. Even Eli can't persuade him that his check for three thousand won't somehow get cashed. Three thousand! He's as empty as if somebody had run off with me." Gordon laughed. "Same sort of thing, my dear. It isn't love that gets hurt by desertion half as much as pride, and likewise it isn't the money that's counting with Jim this minute half as much as being the king-pin in a dumb-bell set-up! I feel so sorry for him I think I'll let you take the necklace. But you must at least tell me where you're going to dine."

"Let me think," said Gordon, considering the matter carefully. "I guess it will be Armenonville. It's lovely, and if I tell the driver to take the Avenue de la Grande Armée, it's practically at the entrance to the Bois. No long drive through the woods, you see."

"My dear, I think it's marvelous to know Paris, and French, and things, the way you do."

"My father was a good teacher," said Gordon simply. "None better ever lived. But, Kit——"

"What?"

"I don't want to arouse any false hopes. I really believe your pearls will be perfectly safe with me."

"Oh!"

"Now don't weep. That's what I believe; but of course, there's always the chance ——."

"I see," said Kit, frowning. Then she asked hopefully: "At least you're sure they wouldn't be as safe as if I kept them myself, aren't you?"

"I can certainly promise you that!" said Gordon with a smile, but added soberly: "Only, don't bother to go to Armenonville tonight. This is Wednesday, isn't it? So I would suggest Friday evening unless I telephone you to the contrary."

"At Armenonville?"

"Yes."

"What time?"

"Everybody dines comfortably late over here. Say about nine."

Mrs. Leffingwell unlocked her bag, and then a jewel case, and took out a beautifully matched string of pearls. "All the really big ones are from old Saber-tooth," she volunteered in answer to the wonder and admiration in Gordon's eyes. "One for each wedding anniversary."

"I don't want to seem impertinent, Kit," said Gordon, "but who on earth is Saber-tooth? You did say Saber-tooth, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," replied Kit. "That's Leffie's father, and I'm amazed you've never heard of him. He's the well-known Tiger of the Railways, you see, and a perfect dear."

"Of course! James Tupper Leffingwell the Great. I've heard and read about him, but never as Saber-tooth."

"You wouldn't. I mean they don't dare print it or say it to his face." She held out the necklace. "Here you are, Gordon."

"Thank you for trusting me," said Miss Hammill as she let the pearls ripple slowly and heavily into her bag. "No matter how things turn out, I don't think you'll ever regret it." She glanced at her watch and started hurriedly toward the door.

"Gordon!"

"What?"

"Can't you tell me anything—not one little thing?"

"Not now, Kit," said Miss Hammill. "I haven't time."

Upon issuing from the hotel she refused the services of the doorman and went well around the corner before she summoned a taxi. She gave the driver an address which seemed to arouse his respect, and five minutes later arrived at one of the least conspicuous and yet most interesting of the portals in Paris. She climbed a stairway into an anteroom and after only half an hour's wait was ushered into the presence of Monsieur Boudin, subprefect of police.

Monsieur Boudin was a wiry little man with military shoulders, bristling gray hair, short cropped beard, and beady black eyes which reminded one of a pair of gimlets. His heavy brows were drawn into a frown as Gordon entered, but at the first sight of her his face cleared with an almost miraculous swiftness, and he sprang to his feet.

"Impossible," he murmured as he fumbled with nervous fingers among the papers on his desk for her card.

"What is impossible?" asked Gordon accentlessly, in the most idiomatic of all French phrases.

At the sound Monsieur Boudin glanced at the card, dropped it, and threw up both hands in a despairing gesture. "Mon Dieu! You, a so beauteful woman, fully grown, eh, yourself mooss. As if that were not enough, you emit my language as I am accustomed to hear it only from the lips of a cultured Frenchwoman. In addition, you come to me recommended for such an assignment as I would reserve for my shrewdest and most hardened operatives. I give it up. I surrender as an officer of the law, as a Frenchman and as a male. I am struck dumb, and being dumb, I am nothing."

"But, m'sieur," laughed Gordon, "please refrain from admiring until I have done something admirable. Up to the present I have accomplished nothing. I am a beginner, and will remain so unless you help me."

"Be seated, mademoiselle, and state your demands. But first will you do me a favor? I ask that you remove your hat."

Gordon glanced at him curiously, and then around the small high-ceilinged room, discovering a ponderously framed looking-glass between two massive doors.

"Since there is a mirror," she said coldly, and took off the closely fitting wisp of felt which passes nowadays for a hat.

"*Bien*, having seen fit to misunderstand my motive, you may put it on again."

"M'sieur!" she exclaimed, coloring as she hastily resumed her headgear and turned to face him. "How could I misunderstand so simple a request?"

"At least you lie badly," he stated with a sigh of relief. "You thought it was the man in me, showing cheek, that asked you to take off your hat; whereas it was merely the investigator. In reading people, mademoiselle, there is no more basic index than dyed hair."

"Oh," exclaimed Gordon, "was that all? Do you think dyed hair is a sign of weakness?"

"Weakness, weakness!" snorted the subprefect. "Silly word. Every individual presents a separate chemical combination which reacts differently to different situations. A gambler's mania isn't his weakness; it's his strength. In my profession—shall I say ours?—weakness has meaning only from a distorted viewpoint. People who dye their hair are fundamentally different from the people who don't, and dyed hair is the strength of the one class as undyed hair is the strength of the other. Don't look for weaknesses, mademoiselle; look for indices. There's a word for you—a great word."

"I see," said Gordon, seating herself on the edge of a chair, holding her hands between her knees and leaning forward. "What did you decide about my hair?"

"Amazingly undyed," said Monsieur Boudin, resuming his place behind his desk. "Such color! A tone of amber so unusual that you would have to change it to become a crook, or even to continue for any length of time in your present occupation. You are as marked as if you had a saber cut across your face or a finger missing from your right hand."

Gordon frowned thoughtfully. "You are right, of course. I can understand how it might create difficulties in the long run, but as far as the present case is concerned you could save me from the necessity of dying it or cutting it off."

"You could do neither and remain Meess Gordong Hammeell. The greatest allegory ever written concerned itself with Samson's hair. The betrayal of one's nature, mademoiselle, is a form of murder—a death from which a return to the previous incarnation becomes quite impossible. You and I might assume disguises, but we could never dye our hair. *Voilà.*"

"*Et voilà!*" cried Gordon, and laughed. "Doesn't that make us friends? Synthetically, at least?"

"But yes, and yes! I might as well throw myself on your mercy at once and tell you I bow to the superior genius of whoever picked you out to come to me. Speaking still more plainly, if you ask the impossible, my career is ruined."

Gordon laughed again. "I like you, Monsieur Boudin, and far from injuring you, I wouldn't think of asking anything of you that will not increase your prestige. I seek only intelligent coöperation, and I can't imagine your giving any other kind." She took Mrs. Leffingwell's pearls from her bag and handed them to him. "For identification," she explained.

(Continued on Page 66)

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An occasional floor board is removed to replace old pipes with Copper Water Tubing; measurements can be made easily; and Copper Water Tubing is so flexible that it always fits.

Chase Copper Water Tubing is installed with the same smooth ease as electric wiring. There is no useless cutting into walls and floors that are expensive to replaster, to retile and to repaint. The coil of tubing is simply unrolled and fed through a small opening.

FREEZE-PROOF, HEAT-PROOF · Will stand any heat up to 400° Fahrenheit. (Water boils at 212°). And it will expand, without cracking or splitting, if the water freezes. : : CAN'T RUST · Made from 99.9% pure Chase Copper, which positively cannot rust. : : FLEXIBLE · It runs between walls and around corners like electric wiring, and yet hard enough not to dent or flatten easily. : : STRONG · It will stand over 3000 lbs. water pressure. (Average city water pressure 30 to 120 lbs.) : : AND CHEAPEST! Because it is used in long lengths, it eliminates useless fittings, and saves useless cutting into walls and floors that are expensive to replaster, retile and repaint. The total replacement cost is cheaper than any other kind of water pipe!

CHASE

You can always be *sure* of a full, clear flow of water at every temperature, from every faucet in your home, when you replace old, rust-clogged water pipe with Chase Copper Water Tubing.

This home-owner asks his plumber many of the questions you will want to ask

about Chase Copper Water Tubing. And his plumber's answers will explain how this new Chase product can save you much money and a great deal of trouble.

CHASE

Question—What is this Chase Copper Water Tubing?

Plumber—It's a copper pipe made flexible enough to bend easily, and thick and strong enough to stand twenty-five times the heaviest city water pressure!

Question—Just how thin is it?

Plumber—It is no thinner than ordinary brass pipe is at the threads. But Chase Copper Water Tubing uses a special Chase fitting which doesn't require threads, so it doesn't need the extra thickness that threaded pipes must have.

Question—What kind of a fitting does it use?

Plumber—Chase has designed a special red-brass fitting of much the same type successfully used for years in automobile gas and oil lines. This fitting has stood up perfectly in all our tested house installations.

Question—Will it hold as tight as an ordinary threaded fitting?

Plumber—Yes. It would take a pull of nearly 3000 lbs. to break the tube and fitting apart.

Question—Any chance to loosen the fitting by vibration, or moving it any way?

Plumber—No. This has been fully tested; results show the joint to be a lot stronger than rigid pipe.

Question—How about the copper tubing? Will it sag or bend too much?

Plumber—No. I've seen a lot of it installed and there's never been a bit of trouble that way.

Chase Copper Water Tubing is Chase-marked every 12 inches. Each Chase Red-Brass fitting carries the Chase-mark. Both are fully guaranteed. Stocks are kept in thirteen Chase warehouses for our distributors' convenience.

CHASE

Question—Will it bulge or stretch from too hot water or air in the pipes?

Plumber—Not a chance! The only change possible is for it to expand slightly, if the water inside the pipe freezes.

Question—Why do you say it's specially good for replacement?

Plumber—Because you can run it down through the wall like an electric wire without having to cut into the plaster to make a lot of connections.

Question—This sounds pretty good. Why hasn't it been used before?

Plumber—I don't know. Perhaps because a manufacturer has never produced a complete line of guaranteed, trademarked fittings, and tubing, and started in to tell people about it as Chase has.

Question—Suppose a plumber never installed any before. Could he do it easily the first time?

Plumber—Yes, it's a cinch; a lot easier than making threaded connections.

Question—Is it better than brass pipe?

Plumber—No. But it is particularly adapted for replacements where it's hard to work inside walls and not much room to make joints.

Question—How does it compare in cost with other pipes?

Plumber—The copper tubing and red-brass fittings cost only a little more than the cheapest *rustable* pipe and fittings. But because replacements with long lengths of copper tubing and fewer fittings are easier, and there is very little cutting into walls and floors, copper tubing is actually cheaper in the end than any other water pipe! And copper water tubing will last and last and last, and always give you good clean water.

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(Continued from Page 62)

He appeared not to look at them, but presently an officer in uniform entered the room noiselessly and took up his stand beside the desk. Monsieur Boudin pushed the necklace toward him.

"Ever see it before?"

The man took up the string, examined it and declared almost immediately, "Never."

"Would you recognize it if you saw it again, say ten years from now?"

"One moment." He drew a socket magnifying glass from a waistcoat pocket, thrust it in one eye and subjected the pearls singly to a rapid examination; then he handed back the necklace.

"Anywhere and anytime, m'sieur, from now until the hour of my death."

"Good. You have permission to withdraw," said Monsieur Boudin, and turned to Gordon. "I can assure you, mademoiselle, the identification is complete and as permanent as Sergeant Gaspard's life." His eyes twinkled as he handed her back the pearls. "If that is all, I feel you've let me off very lightly."

"But it isn't all!" cried Gordon. "It's only the beginning." She leaned forward in her eagerness, and it was only at the end of an earnest quarter of an hour of rapid-fire conversation that she drew erect, arose and held out her hand. "We are agreed, m'sieur?"

"We are agreed," he answered gravely.

Once out on the street, she decided to walk, and loitered along as if she had nothing more serious than window shopping on her mind. She hated dallying in New York but loved it in Paris. New York was all rush and straight lines; if you took every second left-hand turn you were almost sure to arrive at the point of departure in exactly eight blocks. But if you tried it in Paris you were apt to find yourself following the interminable path of a ringworm, with every street a new sensation.

It was variety that did it, of course. New York is doomed forever to the tetrachord, while Paris, rising by half tones from the dead sea of the Pantin or Montrouge to the diapason of the Bois, sounds every note of the chromatic scale. Slums hobnob with the Faubourg St.-Germain, shops sandwich themselves between palaces without devouring them, while gardens, quays and the boulevards invite the idle of every category from the beatific to the Satanic. A plum pudding too rich for a steady diet, perhaps, but pleasant as an annual change.

Coming out on the Place de la Concorde, she was discouraged by its vast expanse. Rather than attempt to cross or border it, she took an open cab and told the driver to go up the Champs Élysées. At the crossing of the Avenue Marigny there had been a trifling accident which was causing a jam in every direction. Excited little policemen vociferated and waved their batons, passengers grumbled, drivers cursed, and now and then a cabby of the old school shouted out an obscene witticism which drew a roar of laughter from those near enough to hear.

In the crowd on the sidewalk a face slowly took form and then suddenly stood out alone. She became aware that she was staring at Ellis Boughton and that he had been watching her for some time. Remembering their last encounter, she might have been pardoned a certain hesitation in recognizing him, but quicker than thought came action. She bowed and looked away so instantly that had he seen fit to cut her she would never have known it.

As a matter of record, Boughton did bow and lift his hat rather ceremoniously, and then felt a little foolish at the realization that she had not waited to see him do it. Unless he went further, she would never know he had acknowledged her brief nod. After all, he was a man and could look after himself in any company, and whatever else the puzzling Miss Hammill might be, she was the loveliest flower glimpsed so far in the garden of the world's smartest women.

He advanced to the side of her cab and asked casually, "Why do you ride on a day like this?"

Here was her chance, and they both knew it. She could say because she felt like it, or because she wished to be alone, but scarcely because she was in a hurry. Or she might say nothing at all. The last was the course she chose. She leaned forward, handed the driver a generous fare and in a moment more found herself threading through the crowd at Boughton's side.

He was glad of the opportunity for thought. What had happened? Had he really asked this girl, whom he had every reason to distrust, to take a walk with him up the Champs Élysées? He had done nothing of the kind; he had merely taken steps to prevent her thinking he had been uncivil. But that was the worst of women, masters of the art of turning an observation into an invitation. If you murmured, "Wouldn't this be a nice place to give a party?" they'd hand you the list of guests for an answer.

Having escaped into the comparatively lonely shade of the Avenue Gabriel, he ventured to glance at her sideways. Though she was by no means apathetic, though her eyes shone and her cheeks were tinted with health and happiness, she could still manage to appear distant. He had a baffling sense of being where he was only on sufferance, as if he were permitted, without sharing, to be a spectator to a benign mood.

Her lips were faintly moist and half parted, as though they were about to speak; but they didn't. Well, two could play at that game; he could keep his mouth shut as long as she, and by heaven, he would! They wandered across the Avenue Matignon and straight through the Rue de Ponthieu, but when they came to the Victor Emmanuel they had perforce to turn, and he was reminded by the awning of the Cabaret that it was well past his usual lunch hour.

Barely touching her elbow, he guided her through the gap in the privet hedge, and presently they found themselves seated side by side at one of the end outside tables where, withdrawn and unwatched, they could observe the varied world. A waiter approached with the menu, which Boughton accepted only to hand on to Miss Hammill. Now she would have to speak. But she rejected the card with a rise and fall of her hand at the wrist that said more eloquently than words, "Anything at all for me."

So be it. He ordered a choice luncheon ending with wild strawberries, for himself, and *pour madame*, pickled pigs' feet. He expected her to cry out, but she appeared not to have heard, and when the dish was set before her, still greater was his wonder. While he devoured his crisped châteaubriand, nested in water cress and flanked by soufflé potatoes, she actually ate her pink trotters, though with the air of one in a trance. He gave it up, but without malice; for it was impossible to sulk while in the company of one who seemed, however inexplicably, to exhale an aura of content.

There are solutions which render a fish under a microscope as transparent as a pane of glass, and could Boughton have subjected Gordon's brain to some such process he would have been overjoyed to find that she emanated happiness for the simplest of all reasons—namely, because she was happy. He was so clean and vital, so punctilious in his courtesy to menials, that it required no stretch of probability to imagine herself the envy of every other woman in the place; but quite apart from any such outside influence, there are times when unaccustomed pigs' feet may become ambrosia.

The meal over, he found himself with her on the sidewalk, wondering what next? The starter summoned a taxi. She put her foot on the running board and turned to him with outstretched hand.

"I've had a lovely time. So comfy and peaceful I'll never forget it. Good-by."

She was gone, leaving him suddenly dumfounded. Not a glimmer to show that she had been sharing in a joke! Was it possible that the woman had planned that hour-long silence? Had she seen in it merely an escape from all the questions, the innuendoes, the inquisition by indirection, to which he might have subjected her in the course of flowing conversation? What a fool he had been! What an ass!

He started to walk rapidly, but stopped before a kiosk where a stout lady was imprisoned behind ramparts of reading matter.

"Madame," he said, raising his hat ceremoniously, "were you less encumbered I would ask you to come out and kick me."

"I regret, m'sieur," she replied feelingly, "that I am not vicious."

In the meantime Gordon had returned to her hotel to find a small mountain of messages from Mr. Meacham. He had come twice in person and telephoned many times. She did not call him up as requested, but waited until he should make another attempt to reach her. When it happened she was in her bath, and the maid in attendance was instructed to tell him so, and ask him to call again in half an hour. He did so.

"Say, is this you, Miss Hammill?"

"Yes. It's Senator Meacham, isn't it?"

"You know it is. What have I done to you?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"You told me to call you up in the morning, didn't you? You said you'd fix a date for tonight."

"I haven't forgotten. You can come for me at half-past eight and take me to Armenonville."

"Armenonville? That's in the Bois and it's classy. I'll have to dress, won't I?"

"You'll be more comfortable," said Gordon, and hung up.

She rather took his breath away when he came, but it was only after their arrival at the restaurant that his deflation became complete. He was accustomed to seeing passengers in every degree of evening dress, but never before had he been privileged to appear as the sole escort of a woman so beautiful and so faultlessly attired that she could move a supercilious head waiter to the point of thrusting his subordinates aside to get to her.

Mr. Meacham might be hazy in regard to ladies, but he knew all there was to know about head waiters. Their very tenure of office depended on their never making a mistake on exactly such occasions as this, and by bowing to Miss Hammill in the way he did, the major-domo immediately lifted her in Mr. Meacham's estimation out of the estate of generic woman into the high elevation of a potential prospect.

The sudden revelation took him all aback. A moment before he had been out for a good time, prepared to share the pleasure of rewarding himself for having pulled off a good job after arduous preparation, but now he was instantly on his guard. A bow like that? It not only sublimated Miss Hammill's person into the realm of the unattainable but stamped the hallmark of authority on her dress, her shoes, her rings and —— But no; that would be too much. Excellent imitations, perhaps, but never genuine pearls.

By the time they were seated he had recovered and become the suave senator of many dreary hours at the bridge table. He ordered only obvious dishes, but with a pompous air which nevertheless did not prevent the waiter from insisting that only the *sommelier* could understand what m'sieur meant by Martini cocktails and Mumm's Extra Dry. Not until the dinner was more than half over did Mr. Meacham permit himself to comment on the necklace, and even then he was careful to mention first his companion's personal charms.

"You are stunning tonight, Miss Hammill—'stunning' is the word. As I look at you it is hard to realize we were companions on a long ocean voyage."

"Do I seem so different?" asked Gordon.

"Quite. Not only yourself but your dress, everything you have on."

"It isn't a new dress exactly, but you've never seen it before."

"Nor the pearls either."

"One isn't apt to wear pearls on board."

"Would you mind very much if I touched them? Pearls have an extraordinary effect on me; it's only because I'm not a woman that I don't wear ropes of them."

"Really?" said Gordon, undoing the catch at the back of her neck.

She let half the weight of the string settle in his outstretched palm, but his face turned so white and his hand trembled so violently that she was genuinely startled and made an abrupt recovering movement.

"What's the matter?" he asked, his eyes narrowing momentarily to gleaming slits, and bright patches of color rushing to his high cheek bones. "Didn't I warn you they give me an extraordinary kick?"

"Yes, of course," she stammered, "but I didn't expect you'd turn as white as a sheet."

"Was it as bad as that?" he cried with a nervous laugh.

"What's become of Colonel Rivers?" she asked, raising both hands to refasten the clasp.

The question was so unexpected he answered it before he thought. "Gone to Cannes. That's my guess," he corrected himself quickly, "but I don't really know or care. Say, Miss Hammill, this has been a fine dinner and a great little party. What about repeating it—everything just like tonight?"

"When? Tomorrow?"

"Well, not tomorrow maybe, because I've got a business date. Let me see, this is Wednesday. What do you say to Saturday?"

She arose to go. "I'm sorry, but I can't on Saturday. I expect to be away for the week-end."

"Aw, that's too bad. Could you make it on Friday, then?"

"This Friday? Perhaps. Call me up tomorrow and I'll let you know."

"Anyway, I'm not taking any chances. I'm going to tell the head waiter to keep us the same little table."

When Gordon entered the luminous foyer of Armenonville two nights later she was the same to all outward appearance, but inwardly she was on edge and as tremulous as an aspen leaf. It was one thing to plan the details of a master stroke in the privacy of one's bedroom; it was quite another to officiate in person at the springing of the trap. Nor did it help matters to have Boughton start toward her, his face and eyes alight; then stop and turn on his heel as he caught sight of her escort, hurrying in from paying off the cab.

The first dinner with Meacham had been amusing in its way. She had enjoyed the effrontery with which he attempted to superimpose the lofty senator over his lapse into frank brutality only four nights before; she had been entertained by his struggles to appear at ease, and interested in observing that he had reacted to the feel of the pearls exactly as he had behaved at the first bridge game, when for a fleeting moment he had believed the stakes were to be a quarter a point instead of a quarter a hundred. But this dinner was going to be different—very different.

She felt a loathing for herself. Why was she sitting here with this unspeakable man when she might have been at table with the Leffingwells and Boughton? Kit and she had avoided seeing each other as if by mutual consent, but Jim Leffingwell's eyes had blundered into hers like a pair of runaway horses. He would have given anything to have held them off, but he simply didn't know how. Coloring to the roots of his hair, he had jerked them free with a nod which at a less tragic time would have been funny.

She glanced up at her table companion resentfully. Perhaps not he individually, but certainly his breed, which is so limited as to form scarcely more than a coterie, was at the root of all her troubles. If it had not been for Meacham or men cut from the same shoddy, she would not be masquerading under two-thirds of her rightful name on one-twentieth of what should have been her income.

The thought gave her courage, and she needed it, for Meacham was in a particularly

(Continued on Page 71)

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Each incoming mailbag dismays me"

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Filing space, he explained, had encroached on working space. Desks were jammed together. The girls were "in each other's laps". . . and on each other's nerves. Yet not one single square inch of additional space was to be had anywhere in the store.

"See what you can do," he begged in desperation. "I'm licked.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

Each new mailbag dismays me. Honestly, I groan at the sight of more orders." So the Remington Rand man called in a specialist on systems, put in several days studying the department's operations. And . . . without the magic of Aladdin's lamp, he found the new space the department needed . . . *right on its own premises!*

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If the trouble happens to fall within the province of his specialized knowledge, he solves the execution difficulty himself . . . then and there. If not, he calls in other men who are specialists on the particular problems.

But solve it he *does*. For the consolidation of the leading office appliance makers into this one organization has brought to the business men of America not merely a new and more complete line of office appliances, systems and controls, but the first complete and highly organized fund of accurate, *practical* and up to date information on better business methods, operating "short cuts," control of details and economy and profit producing ideas ever available to business men.

Any Remington Rand man who comes to your office has back of him, and can bring to your assistance, 4,000 of the most experienced business analysts in America. Never has there been such a pooling of specialized knowledge.

Without cost or obligation to you a telephone call will turn the brains of 4,000 analysts upon your business problems.

And because he has a line that completely covers all your office needs, the Remington Rand man can be utterly *unbiased* and impartial. He doesn't need to force the sale of a particular brand.

He can look for the trouble instead of a chance to sell. And that is something new in American business. *And something profitable for you!*

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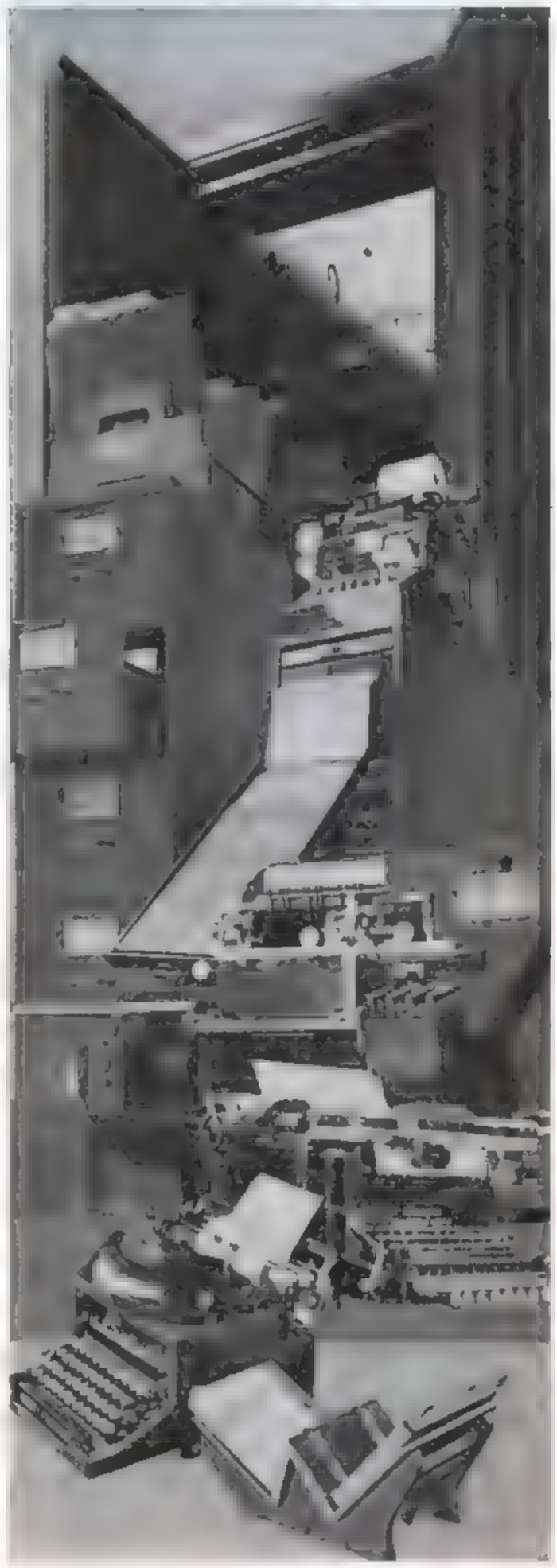

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(Continued from Page 66)

nasty mood. The glimpse he had caught of Boughton turning on his heel and the presence of the Leffingwells had at first annoyed the senator to a point which threatened destruction to Gordon's plans. He had suggested leaving the restaurant and she had been obliged to risk all by declaring curtly that if he went he went alone.

He had sat down in a fury, but gradually the situation gathered a new savor. Who had the best of it, he or Boughton? Who but he, Senator Meacham, was sitting with the most stunning skirt in the room? He was glad the Leffingwells had been placed at a table in full sight, and he began to show off by complaining about the food, browbeating the waiter and finally sending for the maitre d'hôtel.

Gordon's agony was both sharp and prolonged, yet, if ever she needed all her wits, it was now. She could easily have put the ill-mannered Meacham in his place, but only at the risk of having him break away in a tantrum. She could not afford to have the dinner stop short of its full course, and it took all her ingenuity to control her own temper, soothe the domestics with whispered French, and flatter Meacham into listening subjection.

Only one thing encouraged her. The way his eyes caught, in passing, on the pearls she wore, the steady heightening of the red spots on his cheek bones and his increasing nervous irritability, persuaded her that he was surely working himself up to the point of attempting a coup of some kind.

She glanced at her watch surreptitiously more than once, and at last the ordeal was over. They might go now, but was she sure she could move? The blood in her veins had been simmering for so long she felt as if her limbs must be too numb for action, and yet they were trembling with an alarming inner vibration. She laid both hands on the edge of the table for support.

"Are you ready?"

"Ready!" exclaimed Meacham nastily. "I should say yes! I've a good mind to hold out this bonehead's tip."

"I wouldn't do that," murmured Gordon, leaning so far forward that the pearls tinkled against the edge of her finger bowl. "Remember you're a gentleman, whatever he is."

"That's so," agreed Meacham absently, and too intent on the necklace which had been brought to his attention to notice the slow curling of her lip. "What's a couple of hundred francs? Let him keep it all."

The waiter, suddenly obsequious, hurried to draw Gordon's chair and raise her evening coat from its back; but Meacham, springing to his feet, rushed to forestall him. He thrust the waiter aside, snatched the wrap and lifted it to Gordon's shoulders so roughly that his finger caught under the necklace with sufficient violence to break the thread. The string of pearls shot into the air, fell on the empty chair, and slithered under the table.

"Oh!" cried Kit Leffingwell quite audibly across a curious silence.

Again Meacham forestalled the waiter. He fell on his knees, recovered the pearls, and arose. Red in the face, he began to stammer his apologies:

"I'm so sorry, Miss Hammill. Somehow I couldn't bear seeing that guy touch you. Lucky they were double-knotted. Only one came off, and here it is."

He handed her the string with the single pearl, and even in the tenseness of the moment, or perhaps because of it, she seemed to feel the difference. She dropped it into the evening bag she had been holding open, and snapped the catch.

"Let's get out of here," she whispered rapidly. "Your clumsiness has made me ridiculous."

"Oh, come, now," drawled Meacham, in a voice that sounded strangely affable.

But by the time they reached the outside steps he had grown so truculent that he reminded her forcibly of the unveiled Meacham of the companionway whose blurred words had had the thrum of machine-gun fire in a fog. Her hands, lips and heart turned icy cold. What if somebody had blundered? What if something should go wrong now? The starter ordered up the next car on the line, a deep limousine with half drawn curtains.

"To hell with that!" snarled Meacham. "You pulled one of those street pirates on me the other night. Get me a taxi, do you hear? A real taxi with a clock I can watch by the minute."

"*Pas de taxi au Bois,*" muttered the starter disdainfully. "*Vous pouvez marcher, ou attendre qu'on telephone.*"

"Telephone? Telephone what?" demanded Meacham irascibly, and turned to Gordon. "What did he say?"

"He said since we're out of the city limits you would have to telephone for a taxi," answered Gordon, her voice startlingly tremulous. Through the crystal-clear glass housing of the brilliantly lighted restaurant she could see Kit coming toward the foyer, almost running, and followed protestingly by Leffingwell and Boughton. There was no time to lose. "Haven't you made scenes enough?" she asked angrily, placing her foot on the running board of the big car. "Don't worry about the fare. I'll drop you on the way and pay it myself."

As she stepped into the cavern of darkness she heard Kit Leffingwell calling, "Gordon! Gordon!" and the cry seemed to turn the balance for Meacham. He sprang into the car, slamming the door behind him, and it started so suddenly that he was thrown bodily into the deep back seat, and apparently into Gordon's lap.

Simultaneously a heavy sack descended over his head and two wiry arms locked his elbows to his sides. His eyes smarting with dust, his mouth bruised by the rough texture jammed against his lips, he still put up such a silent struggle as made Gordon cower into the farthest corner of the tonneau and press her face hard against the back cushion. Abruptly all the tenseness went out of her body; she relaxed and began to sob.

"*Tchut, tchut! madame,*" comforted Sergeant Gaspard. "*C'est fini, n'est-ce pas? C'est fini maintenant.*"

But it was not finished—not yet. In the night court of the *arrondissement* she had to face a Meacham she had never before seen, and please heaven would never see again. Equally gone were the suave senator and the truculent crook; there remained only two bloodshot malignant eyeballs staring out of an expressionless mass of discolored flesh.

"He has had no chance to empty his pockets?" asked the subprefect of Sergeant Gaspard and the plain-clothes man who had accompanied him.

"None whatever, m'sieur," they answered in chorus.

"Then hold his arms up while I search him myself. Ah, what a peculiar place to carry a weapon! Under the left armpit, you observe, messieurs, and the cigarette case in the left waistcoat pocket. Very clever. Let us plunge into the deep right breast pocket. What—nothing?" He glanced toward Gordon. "You are sure, mademoiselle?"

"No, how can I be?" she murmured with difficulty.

Monsieur Boudin then noticed for the second time that one of Mr. Meacham's shirt studs was undone. Such an accident might naturally have occurred during the violent struggle, but again it might have happened earlier in the evening. He felt rapidly around the senator's waist.

"A belt! Imagine, a gentleman and he wears a belt with his dress clothes! Ah!" He dragged open the shirt, thrust his hand far down, drew out Kit's broken string of pearls and held it up before Sergeant Gaspard's eyes. "Do you recognize it?"

"Inevitably, m'sieur."

"Count them."

"I have. There is one missing."

"It's here," said Gordon, letting go a long-held breath. "I have it in my bag with the imitation string."

A tedious half hour was yet to pass before Monsieur Boudin assisted her out to the waiting car and ordered Gaspard to accompany her.

"Mademoiselle," said the subprefect, thrusting his bristling head through the open window, "please note I am so much of a gentleman that I send Sergeant Gaspard to take you home rather than trust myself!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr Chamberlain. The third will appear next week

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Bend your left knee a trifle and don't be so tense. Bring it up slow. Keep your eye on the ball. Now! *(The club buries its head in the turf.)*

SHE: There! You did it again!

HE: What?

SHE: You said "Now!" How can you expect me to hit anything if you keep shouting "Now! Now! Now!" like a—I don't know what all?

HE: I'm sorry, dear. I just couldn't help it. But let me give you one bit of advice. If you want to play golf you must learn not to get mad. You must take things easily and smile and keep cool.

SHE: I am keeping cool! It's you who're losing your head, with your "Now! Now! Now!" all the time, as if you were the only person that ever knew when anybody else ought to hit the ball! Now don't you say a word and I'll show you how I can drive it when you don't interfere with me! *(She slashes blindly at the ball and cuts a divot a foot away.)* There! You see? I was so rattled listening for your "Now!" that I couldn't think of anything else. Now I hope you're satisfied, you ——

HE: You must keep cool, darling. You let your hands get ahead of the club. And you didn't keep your eye on the ball. You had better let me drive and watch me closely and notice my form. Observe how carefully I address the ball. See how slowly I bring the club back ——

SHE: Now! *(He misses the ball.)*

HE: Say, what's the idea?

SHE: I was just helping you the way you helped me.

HE: Well, I don't need any help like that.

SHE: I suppose your old Mr. Fowler you love so much never interferes with you.

HE: No, he don't, if you want to know. He has golfing sense. He may be coarse, but he has golfing sense. And let me tell you that if you ever expect to learn to play golf ——

SHE: Keep cool! Keep cool! Keep cool, dear!

HE: I am keeping cool. It's you who ——

SHE: Aren't you going to drive? Be careful to keep your hands ahead of the club. Keep your eye on the ball, darling. Stop! Stop!

HE: What's the matter now, for heaven's sake?

SHE: You brought it up too fast. You must always remember to bring the club up slow. *(He swings savagely. The ball goes four feet sideways.)*

HE: Hell! Damnation!

SHE: Mr. Fowler! Mr. Fowler!

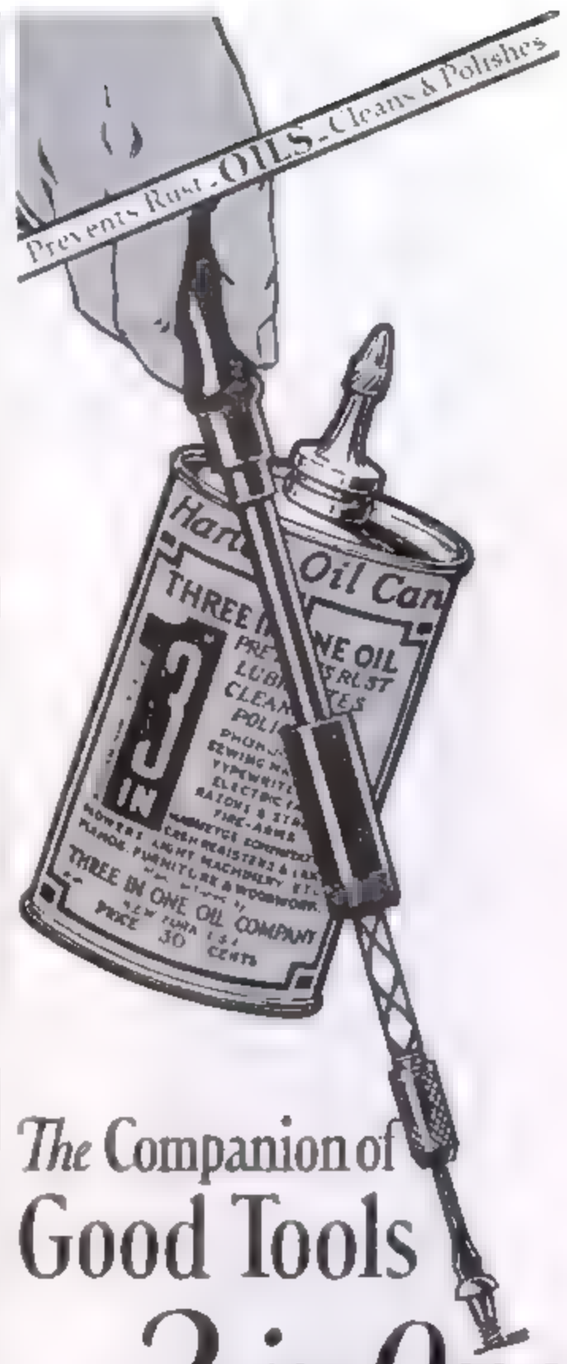
MR. FOWLER: How do you do?

SHE: Would you mind playing around with my husband?

MR. FOWLER: Why, what's the matter?

SHE: I've given up playing with my husband. It makes him so coarse.

MORRIS BISHOP



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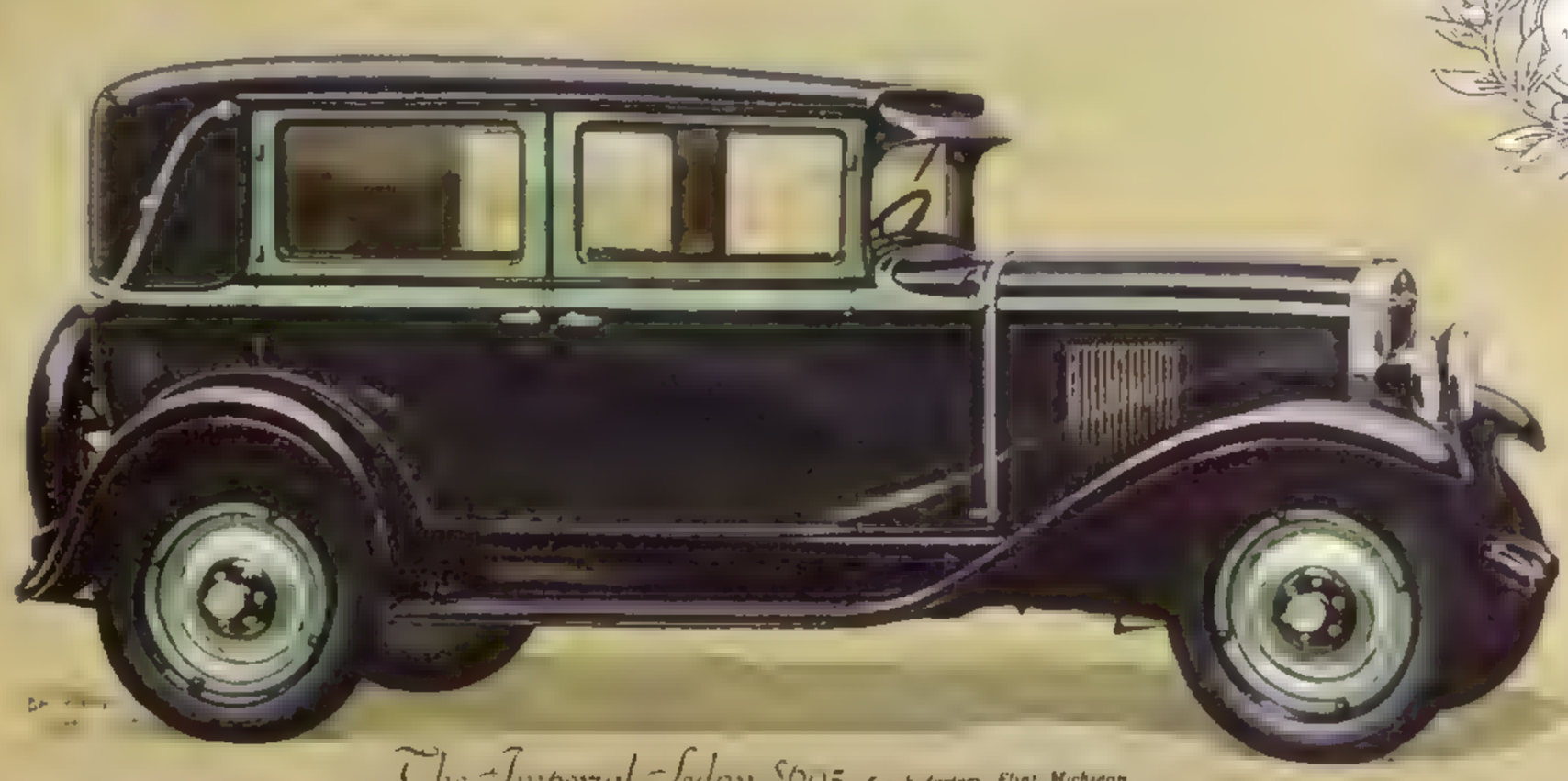

The Imperial Sedan $695 f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

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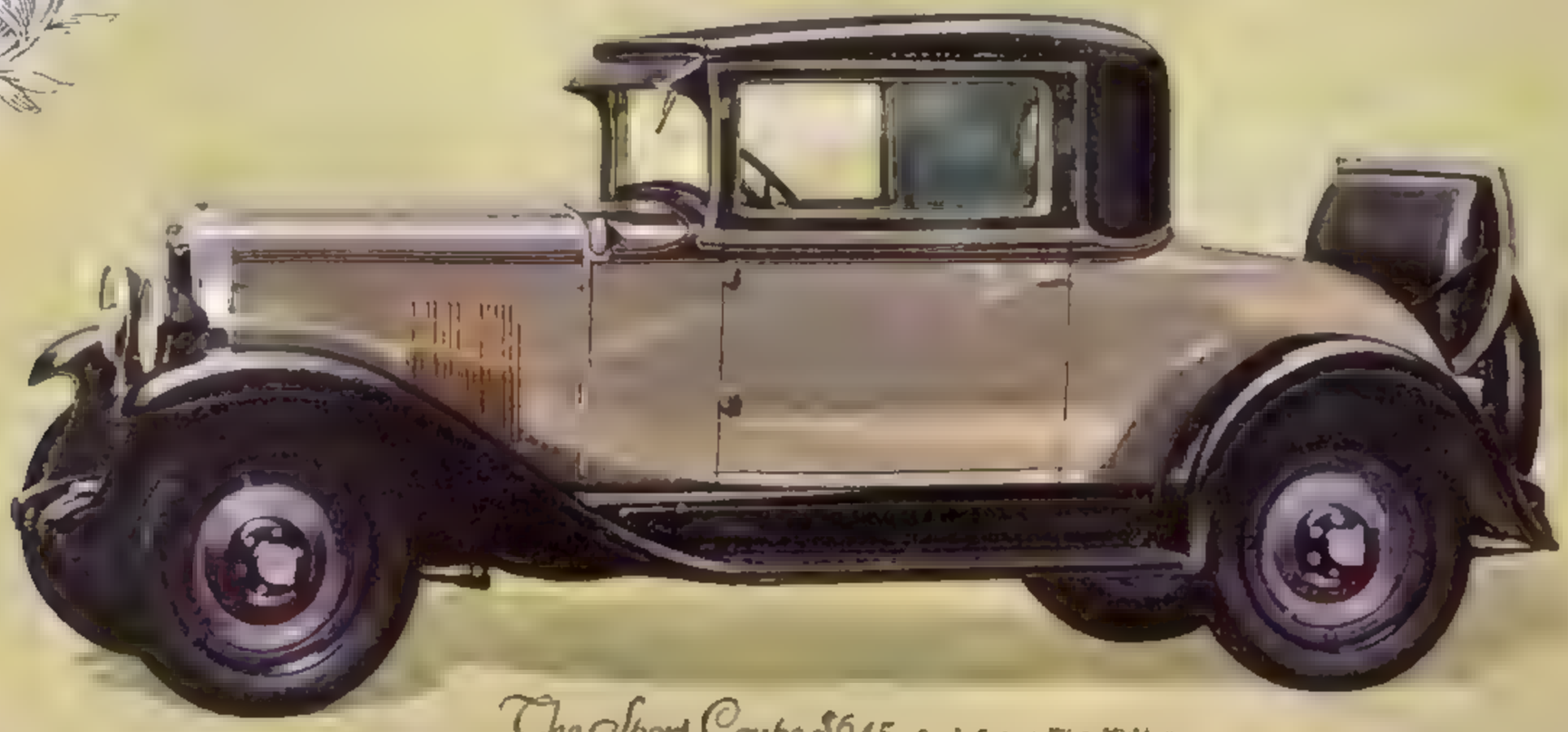

The Sport Coupe $645 f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

RANGE OF THE FOUR

"Yes, it's wide enough for a car to get through, but I don't believe any tires can stand the rocks."

"Brother, these new Kelly Registered Balloons can stand ANY kind of road conditions."

THE BEST MUST ALWAYS GO

(Continued from Page 11)

Richard Swale had bowed his head and let his reins go loose; his horse was plodding slowly down the lane. Upon his right hand was a field of Indian corn, upon his left were grazing grounds for cattle. It was good to see that field of corn and to hear the swordlike leaves rattling in the breeze. The pumpkins by the hills were already growing golden on the rocky soil and the time for harvest was drawing near.

"It's too late for sailing to the northward," murmured Richard Swale. And then it came to him that soon he would be sailing on a longer voyage and that he would never see his town again. It seemed strange that he could recall when there had never been a house by the great river, nothing but marsh and rocky, rising ground. He had seen it grow from nothing; he had been a part of all its growing. Within the limits of the township now were close to twelve hundred souls, and three houses of worship to lead them in the ways of truth. And a fine, broad street, named King Street, sloped down to the river, where there once had been an Indian track. And now fair, solid houses of wood and brick stood on either side, most of them still harsh and new, uncolored by the weather. Out of nothing he had seen them rise and he had striven to make them grow from nothing. At the head of that street was a rope-walk and by the river was a long wharf of oak and chestnut piles with new puncheon planking, fresh and shining from the broadax. Upon the wharf were stacks of good oak lumber, barrels of dried cod and pickled sturgeon, stout casks of rum and hogsheads of molasses. He knew, even to the last keg, what lay within the warehouses and what was destined for the sea, for the wharf and warehouses were his.

Farther down the river, beside a well-worn lane, was a drying place for cod and herring. There was a distillery already in the town, where black molasses of the Indies was turned to rum. Already there was a shipyard, run by one of Scarlet's sons who knew the shipwright's trade. There were two good mills and a tannery already in the town; workers in iron and wood had come across the sea.

Yet he could remember when it all was nothing, when the river was broad and bare, save for the flash and smack of sturgeon and the splashing of wild fowl rising in new flight.

A high-sterned, clumsy vessel was weaving in the tide. Colonel Swale glanced at her sharply; it was his ship, the Prudence, which was sailing that same evening to join the expedition for Quebec.

It always gave him a strange feeling when he rode down that broad street, for its very newness made him seem like a ghost, and, though he was one of those who ordered the street built, he seemed to have no part in it. New faces came before his sight; new voices echoed dimly in his ears.

As he rode down the street the goodwives curtsied and the men pulled off their hats, for they all knew him, the last, or almost the last, of the men of the old plantation.

"Good day, your honor," he heard them say, as though he were a figure and not a man. And he heard someone whisper above the hoofbeats of his horse, "'Tis Colonel Swale. He was with the regiments when they took King Philip's head. He was our town's first magistrate and twenty years upon the Council of the Bay. It's the colonel's ship that's sailing for Quebec."

Yet he heard them only dimly, for his thoughts were wandering far afield. "Micah Swale," he was saying to himself. "Please heaven, they will doff their hats to him."

It did not seem so long ago that Micah Swale was a thin, dark-haired boy, and now he was riding down the street to pull him from the corn husks and the swine. It scarcely seemed yesterday, though he knew it was five years past, when he had asked his own son, Thomas Swale, to stay his hand on Micah's body, because of a whim of his own conscience and a dark and solemn thought. It was in the orchard of the Swale house, he could remember; he could even remember how deep and soft the grass had been beneath his tread and the warmth of the sun and the smell of fresh wood everywhere, for the Swale house was new.

There was Thomas Swale, an ungainly, loutish man, even though he was his son, bringing down a switch on Micah's back. Richard Swale never knew at first what impulse made him speak, for he had never spared the rod.

It must have been some look on Micah's face which stirred his memory, for Micah's face was as his own was once—lean, hard and defiant.

"Thomas," said Richard Swale, "why do you beat the child?"

"Father," said Thomas, "I am curing him of folly. He left his task to switch at the apple trees. He made believe that they were Frenchmen from the Canadas."

As Richard Swale listened he was grave and calm, as though he were once more upon the judges' bench.

"Thomas," he said, "put down the rod and leave him here to me."

Thomas Swale set down the rod, for the old man ruled him still. No one in the Swale house would have thought to cross his will, but Richard Swale must have known what Thomas Swale was thinking, for the old man's next words were like an answer to a thought.

"You'd have loved me better, sir," Richard Swale said, "if one had stayed my hand when you were young."

Was there any wonder that Thomas said that night that the old man's mind was failing? Standing in the orchard, ankle-deep in the soft, rich grass, Richard Swale stared down upon the boy.

"Boy," he said, "put on thy shirt. I ran away from tasks when I was once a boy and sported with the grooms at home." He paused and cleared his throat. "There were fine stables and deer within the park."

"Sir," said Micah Swale, "did you once fight the French?"

"Ay," said Richard Swale. "There were Frenchmen in the Low Countries, but that was vanity—all vanity."

"And the Indians?" asked Micah.

"Ay, the Indians," said Richard Swale. "I've hunted King Philip over the swamps, but that was long ago." Why it was he found joy in speaking, he could never guess. It must have been some wish within him which he had repressed for long, for all at once he felt a strange desire to tell all that he had seen. "Ay, and I can remember when the Indians came down the river here in their great canoes of bark. And I led the men to smite them from the houses on the green."

"And did you fight, sir?" Micah asked.

"No," said Richard Swale. "We did not fight. And that day I did a grievous wrong. I had a freeman whipped—one Scarlet. I can mind it well. I had him whipped without fair trial."

"Please, sir," said Micah Swale, "is it the Scarlet who keeps the inn?"

Richard Swale sighed and leaned upon his cane.

"No," he said, "his father, boy. Goodman Scarlet never struck me back, but some day the blow will fall, for, mark you, all blows unjustly given fall back upon the giver. Though it happened fifty years ago. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'" Then Richard Swale stood silent for a while, very tall in his great black cloak, thinking of the changes he had witnessed in the land.

The goodwives bowed and curtsied when he walked down the street, but he could tell that they were giving salutation to a symbol a symbol which was dying from the land. There were too many common men who had ceased to care for symbols and were rising like a tide. There would be

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no hands to help him if he whipped a Scarlet now.

Richard Swale gazed toward the river and the marshes and the sea.

"Then I looked at all the works that my hands had wrought," he said, "and on the labor that I had labored to do, and behold, all was vanity and vexation of the spirit and there was no profit under the sun." Yet, when he looked back at Micah Swale, his glance was kindly. There was something in the face of Micah Swale which had once been his, a restlessness and gayety, a something which was folly and was vanity, and yet was fine.

"Grandson," said Richard Swale, "I saved thee a beating because I had a freed man whipped. So yonder tree was a Frenchman! There'll be fighting with the Frenchmen yet, before your time is done."

Sure enough, there was fighting with the Frenchmen now. His own ship was pulling at her mooring, ready to fight the French. And sure enough, Micah Swale had grown up to a man, though he was drinking in the pothouse down the street. Richard Swale's lips curled upward slightly. Already he could hear the shouting from Scarlet's ordinary. Men with startled faces were gathering about the door.

"He can use a sword," said Richard Swale. "He was made to be a gentleman."

Down toward the end of the street, close where the stores stand thick today, Scarlet's ordinary stood. Its roof was low and sloping. Its gaping door stood open from dawn to dark. The sounds coming out that door were startling enough, for all merriment was startling then, when our town was not yet used to the noise of men from ships. But the sound brought the blood to the face of Colonel Swale. Though he was ashamed to admit it to himself, it stirred him like strange music; it brought back the days of his own youth, before the world was hard.

As he reined up his horse in front of Scarlet's ordinary he was amused by the faces in the street—the faces of dull clods, cast to an ascetic, narrow mold.

"Hold the bridle," said Colonel Swale, and dismounted from his horse. The men made way quickly as he walked by, and once again he heard low voices.

"Look you! It's Col. Richard Swale."

"Go fetch the constable!" said Richard Swale. "And call the tithing men to bring their pikes."

Within the ordinary, someone was singing. It came over Richard Swale with something of a shock that it was his grandson's voice and the song he sang rang upon the street in a peculiar way, for the song was a desecration, flaunting decency and modesty. He heard only the last catch of it:

"When she danced upon the green,
She wore the sweetest garters
That ever I have seen."

And after the catch came a chorus:

"Ay, ay, the sweetest garters that ever I have seen."

Colonel Swale walked into Scarlet's ordinary, his riding whip dangling in his hand. It was a great low-studded room in rough pine, with heavy rafters, thick with tobacco smoke and reeking with that new beverage called "kill devil," or rum.

About a long trestle table in the center of that room twenty or thirty men were seated on pine benches, banging on the board with pewter tankards strange, wild men in ragged clothes like Joseph's coat of many colors with hard, tanned faces and hair done up in pigtails. Their breeches were cut short off at their bare knees; the feet of most of them were bare and knives were thrust in sashes bound tight about their waists. They were sailors, picked up from a dozen ports. Richard Swale had seen their like before, he knew how to handle men.

He walked straight into that misty, odorous room. In two strides he was at the table.

"Silence," he roared, "you drunken scourings of Gomorrah! Silence! Cease that song!"

There was a shuffling of feet and a rumbling of voices, and then he heard a voice above the rest:

"Damn my eyes, it's grandsire! Fill him up a bowl!"

Colonel Swale blinked and glanced toward the head of the table. His grandson was standing with a flagon in his hand, slender, hardly more than a boy, with the long, thin face of all the Swales. He made a strange picture in that rough, dark room. His coat was of deep purple silk and there were lace ruffles at his neck and wrist. He wore a rich brown periwig that fell in curls about his shoulders. Even at that moment Richard Swale felt a glow of admiration, for Micah Swale was very fine. Everything which the land most lacked seemed to shine upon him.

"Thou filthy little stripling!" shouted Richard Swale.

"Ho!" said Micah. "Don't mind him! It's only grandsire's way!"

Then Richard Swale felt a hand upon his arm. It was Captain Haight, the master of his vessel, a short, squat man in a greasy red coat.

"Out to the street, sir," said Captain Haight. "Scour me on the bright work, this ain't no place for you! The men must have their liquor before they go to sea."

A hand fell on his other arm; it was Goodman Scarlet in his dirty apron.

"Best get gone," said Goodman Scarlet. "There'll be trouble in the house. They don't care naught for persons, these men don't."

At the touch of Goodman Scarlet, anger stirred in Richard Swale. His old hatred of common men rose in him, intolerant and pulsing hate. The filthy place, the dirty, sandy floor, the greasy, spattered table seemed to rise and smite him like a blow upon the face. With a wrench of his arm, he sent Scarlet reeling a step backward.

"Ay," he shouted, "that's like you! You temporizing whelp!"

"And that's like you," said Goodman Scarlet. "Mind you how you hand me, sir, for I'm as good as you."

"Are you so?" roared Richard Swale.

"Ay, I am," said Goodman Scarlet. "Your sons do business with me and there are those of your tribe who frequent my house."

Richard Swale stepped backward and thrust Captain Haight away. It seemed to him for a moment that all things were surging on him, like a wave—all that he most dreaded and most hated. Yes, all the world was changing. A common man was speaking insolence to his face. The men were laughing at the table; they were getting to their feet.

"Throw him out!" someone shouted. "Heave out the bag of bones!"

"Laugh, will ye, swine?" roared Richard Swale. "Take this, then, in your teeth."

In an instant a man was stumbling backward. Richard Swale had struck him clear across the face with his long, thonged whip.

"Draw back!" called Captain Haight. "Lord's death, sir! Here they come!"

And even above the shouting Richard Swale heard Micah's voice.

"Huzzah for grandsire!" he was shouting.

Even then he felt a faint distaste, in spite of all his anger, at being caught up in a tavern brawl. There were faces everywhere like faces in a fever. A man was coming at him with a knife. He knew him; it was the Spanish man. He struck out with his whip. The man drew back, half blinded, and raised his knife to throw. Richard Swale threw up his arm, for he felt that all was over, and he even tried to say a prayer to set his soul at peace, but instead of that prayer, a catch of song rang through his mind, blasphemous and startling:

"When she danced upon the green,
She had the sweetest garters
That ever I have seen."

Captain Haight snatched out his cutlass, but he was not in time. Micah was the one who struck the Spanish man, clean on the head, with a three-legged stool.

"Ay," roared Micah, "that for you!"

"Out with ye!" roared Colonel Swale, and laid on with his whip. The constable and the tithing men had come and were pushing the sailors out the door, leaving Colonel Swale standing straight and dark, swaying slightly upon the sandy floor. His eyes were on Micah, and Micah, too, was reeling. As he looked a door opened. A girl with yellow hair that struggled beneath her cap ran toward Micah Swale and threw an arm about his shoulders.

"Micah!" she cried. "Did they hurt thee, Micah?"

"No," said Micah, "no, my love."

"Throw cold water on that boy's head," said Colonel Swale, "and send him home."

Then the girl's eyes were on him -large dark eyes. He saw her bosom rise and fall beneath her gray homespun dress.

"Sure," she said, "I'll send him, sir. . . . There, Micah, cease thy noise. . . . He'll be right as rain, sir, when he's had a dash of water."

"And who are you?" said Richard Swale.

"Please, sir," she said, "I'm Submit Scarlet, if it please you, sir."

As she looked at him, he saw that she was afraid, but that did not surprise him, for he had seen fear on too many faces to give fear notice. Then Goodman Scarlet spoke, staring straight at Richard Swale.

"Look at her, if you like," he said. "Ah, you're a proud man, colonel—a proud, hard man. I mind you had my father triced up once and whipped, like a servant in the fields. But mind me, you'll see a Swale and Scarlet walking to the church."

"Keep your tongue to jest with drunken sailors," answered Richard Swale. Yet, even as he spoke, his eyes grew wide; he was staring at the girl who stood with her arm on Micah's shoulders. Goodman Scarlet was grinning at him and rubbing his hands upon his apron.

"Ay," he said, "ask Micah if you don't believe it. Ask him when he's sober. Micah tells no lie."

With an effort the colonel moved his lips into a smile.

"Man," he said, "put your own head in water. . . . Captain Haight, see your fellows are put aboard and follow me to my house."

Then he was on the street again; the hot August sun smote him and his knees were weak. There was a crowd of laborers and mechanics upon the street.

"Huzzah!" they shouted. "Huzzah for Colonel Swale!" But the shouting to his ears sounded like dull mockery. His fingers trembled as he seized his bridle rein.

"Mind me," he still heard the goodman's voice, "you'll see a Swale and Scarlet walking to the church."

He raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, and though he knew it could not be, he prayed in silence, for it seemed the end of all things—that a Swale might wed a common wench whose father kept an inn. All that he had built seemed falling into nothing, and all was vanity and there was no profit beneath the sun.

"He lies," said Richard Swale beneath his breath. "Micah is a gentleman; he will tell me that he lies." And yet his heart was cold within him. He could hear the lashes falling, and his own words echoed back in the creakings of the saddle.

"All blows unjustly given fall back upon the giver."

He dismounted at his door without a word. His black slave took his horse's head. His shadow fell before him, for the sun was growing low, monstrous and grotesque.

"Is all well with your honor?" Peter asked.

"All is well," said Richard Swale. "Leave me in my room. Send me Captain Haight when he arrives. Tell me when Master Micah comes."

Then he was standing in his own room, staring at its fine-hewn paneling. His Bible lay upon the table as he had left it, his inkhorn and his papers. His breast and back piece and his iron cap hung upon the wall. A ray from the setting sun was reflected in them dimly, for they were covered with fine dust.

Above the chimney piece, his sword was resting on two stout pegs; it was a long thrusting weapon, with an elegantly wrought hilt. He walked toward it and drew it from its sheath. The blade was of Spanish steel, whetted and sharp, with his coat of arms cut on it—a lion's head above water. He was still holding the sword, balancing it between his fingers, when Captain Haight arrived.

Captain Haight was out of breath; his face was wet from his exertions. In those days the sea left its stamp on men so that anyone could read their calling. The captain's shore clothes chafed him and made him look like a parody of a man. A great red handkerchief was tied about his throat; his boots were covered with dust and, as he walked, two small braids of black hair danced upon his cheeks. Yet he was not a man to laugh at. His eyes were a light, misty blue and his mouth a thin, straight line.

"Damme, sir," said Captain Haight, "if you ain't looking white!"

"Look to yourself," said Richard Swale. "Have you got the men aboard?"

"Ay, my master," said the captain hastily, "and I'll be blithe to go. We'll be weighing at the turn of tide. We'll be out inside two hours."

Colonel Swale looked down at him; he was a head taller than Captain Haight.

"You'll be blithe to go," he said, "but I doubt if you'll come back alive. It's no time for fighting in the north, when the weather's getting late."

"Damme!" said Captain Haight. "'Tis better clawing off the rocks in a gale than rotting on this shore. Now, I know you and you know me. Don't you come at me with any talk about that tavern fight. The men has got to drink."

"Mind your manners," said Richard Swale.

"Manners," said the captain. "I know you and you know me. You haven't hired me for manners. You've hired me because I lay my courses. You had your luck not to have a knife inside you, beating men from drink."

"Save your voice to say your prayers," said Richard Swale. "Pray that you'll come home alive. Believe me, you'll need prayer."

"Is it so?" said Captain Haight. "I'll take my chance on that, my master. Only don't go giving me your voice because the men were drinking. I'm here for your last orders before we pull the hook out of the river mud. That's what I'm here for, frank and hearty."

Richard Swale looked down at Captain Haight and held out his hand.

"Take that purse off the table and put it in your pocket. I've always liked thee, Captain Haight."

"Ay," said Captain Haight, "and I've liked you better than others in these psalm-singing roads. I've tossed an anchor in all the colonies. There's jolly boys in Virginny and smiling maidens in New York, and as for all the Indies, I swear you'd dance to see 'em, but by the Spoon there's a pox on all the Bay colonies. They're all long-faced and sour. Use me on the bright work, but here's the first land where a man can't rinse his gullet when he comes off the water."

"Yes," said Richard Swale, "the land is hard."

And then there was a knocking at the door.

"Your honor," said Peter, "Master Micah's come."

"Tell him to come in," said Richard Swale. "And look you, are you the man to take my orders and no questions asked?"

"Ay," said the captain, "I'm your man."

"Go to the kitchen," said Richard Swale. "Drink a stoop of rum, and wait till I call again."

A change came over Captain Haight. He took a quick glance at the half-open door.

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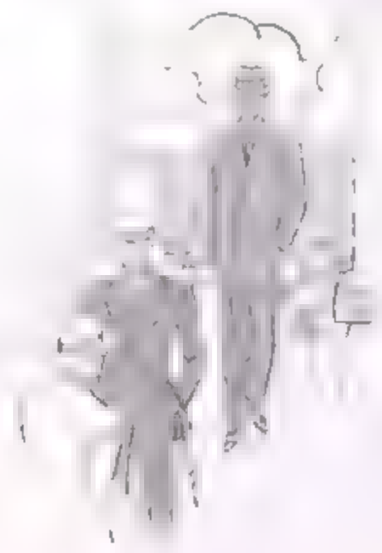

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"You ain't aiming to push him off, be you, master?" he inquired.

"How? Push him off?" said Richard Swale.

"Spike him with that dirk of yours." Captain Haight jerked his thumb toward the sword of Richard Swale. "You've been fingering and looking at it like it was your lady love."

Richard Swale threw back his head; his face was deathly pale.

"No," he said. "Now get you gone."

"No offense," said Captain Haight. "No offense, my master. Save it's not my custom to push 'em off unless they give a push at me."

Richard Swale seemed taller; the stoop had left his shoulders and the blood was back in his cheeks.

"Get thee to the kitchen," he said, "and send in Micah Swale."

Half a minute later Micah entered.

"Close the door and draw the bolt," said Richard Swale. And he and his grandson were standing face to face.

They made a strange contrast standing there. The contrast of the old that was leaving and the new which had come to seize upon all that the old had gathered; Richard Swale in his dark coat, with its silver frogs and buttons, and his long white hair; Micah Swale in velvet, with slightly bedraggled lace and ribbons at his knees. Yet, somehow, even with the years between them, they looked alike. They had the same long faces, the same hard mouths and the same glitter in their eyes. Even as Richard Swale looked, he knew that Micah was what he had been once—stubborn and strong and proud. Even as he looked, he felt his heart beat faster, he felt a glow of kindliness which was close to love. Shamed though he was to admit it, he loved to see the fine clothes on Micah Swale. Though he knew it was a silly fashion, it pleased him to see the periwig falling to Micah's shoulders. It made his face stand out as a frame sets forth a picture. But the kindliness that was in him did not sound in his voice. It was never Richard's way.

"So here you are, thou drunkard!" said Colonel Swale.

Sure enough, Micah was still unsteady on his feet and all about him was the aura of strong liquor.

"Ah, grandsire, grandsire," said Micah, and he laughed. "But you're still a hard, old case. Even as Samson smote the Philistines! Ah, grandsire, I love thee."

"It's the liquor speaks within you," said Richard Swale, "you drunken lout. If you loved me you'd bespeak me with respect."

Micah Swale laughed again softly, and his laughter made a pleasant sound. "No, sir," he said. "You like it better when I beapeak you like a man. Own it up. You like it better."

All at once Richard Swale smiled. "Micah," he said—"Micah, do you care for nothing? Are you not afraid?"

"Of you?" said Micah. "No, sir. I'm not afraid of you."

"Micah," said Richard Swale, and he had stopped his smiling, "answer me this, then: You heard what Scarlet said. Tell me it's a lie. And then go to your bed until your head is clear."

"What did he say?" asked Micah Swale.

Richard Swale strode toward him and lowered his voice: "He spoke a libel which is worse to me than death. He said that you would marry that wench of his. I'm an old man, Micah, but I love thee, though my ways are hard. Tell me that's not true."

There was a pause and Micah answered in a clear, low voice, "It's as true as the eye is in your face."

Richard Swale drew in his breath; it made a choking, rattling sound that echoed in the stillness of the room.

"Ah, Micah!" he said. "Fie on you, Micah! Will you always have your little joke? I can blink at gallantry. There's no cause to lead her to the church."

All the while that Richard Swale was speaking he seemed to be struggling with something stronger than himself, a force which bore him down and bent him to his knees. He could see his grandson's face dimly, and its frame of close-laid curls.

"Yes," said Micah, "I felt you'd take it so. Now save your anger. There are worse people than the Scarlets. Wait till you see her again, sir. Wait till you hear her speak."

Suddenly Richard Swale felt dizzy. He gripped at the table to keep himself from falling.

"Are you mad?" he shouted. "Has your last wit left you? Think who you are, fool! You came of gentle blood, sir; you came of the Swales of Norwich!"

Even as he spoke, his own voice sounded hollow, and Micah Swale was smiling.

"Yes," he said, "and what are the Swales of Norwich here? Every freeman here has rights as good as yours."

"And do you think," said Richard Swale—again he drew in his breath harshly—"that I'll stand by and see you wed a tavern wench?"

It was Richard Swale's own anger that flamed in Micah's voice; it seemed to Richard Swale that he himself was speaking.

"Yes," said Micah. "That you will. Call her what you please and I'll say you lie to your face."

"Be silent!" shouted Richard Swale.

"No," said Micah, "I'll not be silent and I'll tell you this. You've ridden your whole family until they're foundered nags; you've stamped the spirit from my father, you've cowed my uncle, but I'm the one to face you. Disown me if you like, and call it war. The Scarlets have their money."

The face of Richard Swale had cast itself in a mold of spurious calm; it betrayed none of the emotion which surged within him; even his voice was level and quiet like a preacher's voice.

"So," he said, "that's over. Go out and go thy way."

And then the thing that pained him worst was the knowledge that Micah loved him in spite of his rude speech. All at once there were tears in Micah's eyes and his voice was choked with tears.

"Ah, sir," he said, "you're a hard old man and you've forgotten what it is to love"

"Go back to thy tavern," said Richard Swale.

Micah did not answer, but bowed and shot the bolt back on the door.

Now who can tell what it was that Richard Swale thought? Or of what bitterness or of what pain? The last that he had hoped for was leaving him, and he stood alone in silence. Yet, when he raised his voice, it was as firm as ever.

"Peter," he said, "send in Captain Haight."

As Captain Haight returned he heard the old man mutter beneath his breath: "But they're not done with me yet."

A New Hampshire Road

"Haight," said Richard Swale, "have two men seize my grandson and hit him on the head."

"Right and hearty!" said Captain Haight.

"Keep him bound in the cabin," said Richard Swale, "until you get to sea. And when you join the fleet of Sir William Phips, give him this." He took his sword down from its peg above the fireplace. "Give it with my love."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Captain Haight. "And happy days to you, master. And let us have our liquor when we get back home."

"No," said Richard Swale, "you'll not be back. The season is too late and you're going to your death. Give my compliments to Sir William Phips. Say I repeat what I told him in the Council—that he'll never take Quebec."

It was November when the news came south, and there is still a record of it on yellow papers gathered in the shop of Harry Dow.

Half an hour after the messenger rode in, the church bells began to toll for a day of fast and prayer. Men left their work to stand silent in the street or mutter in low voices of the vengeance of the Lord, or to tell of strange rumors that Indians and priests were gathering on the frontiers.

Richard Swale was standing on his wharf in his black cloak, to guard him from the biting wind, and the messenger himself rode down to tell him, dismounting and walking toward him and pulling off his hat.

"There's ill news, sir!" the man cried out. And, when he told of it afterward, he said that the old man's face went as gray and leaden as the water in the river. "The fleet is in. Your ship is lost, your honor." And then, he said, it was very strange; it was almost as if the old man did not understand.

"Yes," said Richard Swale. "I thought it. The best must always go."

And then Richard Swale stood alone staring at the river. Though he stood motionless and though his eyes were dry, he must have known that all he cared for was drifting into nothing, like a mass of sticks upon the tide.

"Your honor," came a voice beside him. "Please, your honor."

He was not surprised when he looked up; it was the girl beside him, her face swollen with weeping, her hair blowing wild across her face. Yet, even then, he bore it like a man. "So here you are, my pretty wench!" he said. "It's meet to have you here. A blow unjustly given falls back upon the giver. Revile me, if you like it. It is not thy fault, girl."

He seemed to be only a shadow speaking.

"No," she said, "I did not come for that, your honor. I came to be near someone who loved him, and I know you loved him, sir."

And, as Richard Swale looked blankly on her, her voice broke in a piteous sob:

"Oh, why did you not tell me before you sent him off! I never would have him marry me! Ah, sir, you could have trusted me for that! No, never, never!"

"How?" said Richard Swale. "You never would have married him?"

For a moment the sight of the weeping girl moved him strangely, when he thought he had lost capacity for all emotion.

"No," she said. "No, never, for, please you, sir, I loved him too, far too much to hurt him."

"It needed only that," said Richard Swale. He did not bid her go away.

"And yet," he said, "I could have done no different."

And surely he knew he could not, for at last he knew that he was only vanity. And that he was already gone. He heard the tolling of the bells from the meetinghouses, calling the town to prayer, and all at once he knew what others were to know—that his hopes were nothing and that only his town was left, harsh and solid in the rising breeze. Only his town was left, and the noise of the bells, clear and mocking.

"Give me thy arm," he said, "for I am growing very old."

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CADILLAC
LA SALLE
FLEETWOOD

From an original painting by Joseph Urban

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The contrary may have happened in some instances, but we have never heard of a case in which a Cadillac owner was induced to change in which disappointment did not ensue. The really significant thing however—in view of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon them—is the amazingly small percentage of those who *do* change even in a five or ten year period. Cadillac owners are, of course, as they have always been, the focal-point of continuous competitive attack from a dozen aspiring and ambitious sources. But the solid phalanx of deep, abiding and immovable satisfaction remains substantially unbroken. The downright greater goodness of Cadillac in everything that makes a motor car a thing of beauty and a joy forever is too pronounced to be lightly forfeited.

CADILLAC
LA SALLE
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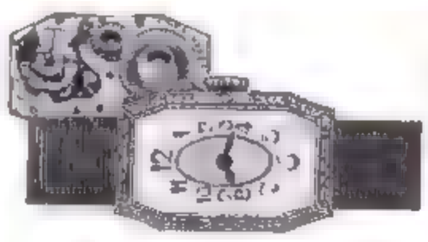

Consider the movement in the watch you buy!

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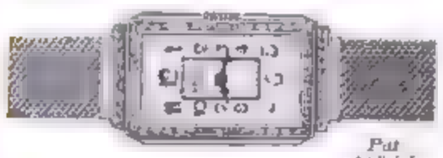
Every Gruen movement contains fifteen jewels or more. And you may select a Gruen Watch of any type—pocket, man's strap or woman's wristlet—fitted with a 15-jewel fully adjusted movement, cased in solid gold, at a price comparable to those frequently asked for low-grade 6 or 7-jewel movements in cheap gold-filled cases. An example is the dainty Gruen Wristlet above, in solid gold case, priced at $40.*



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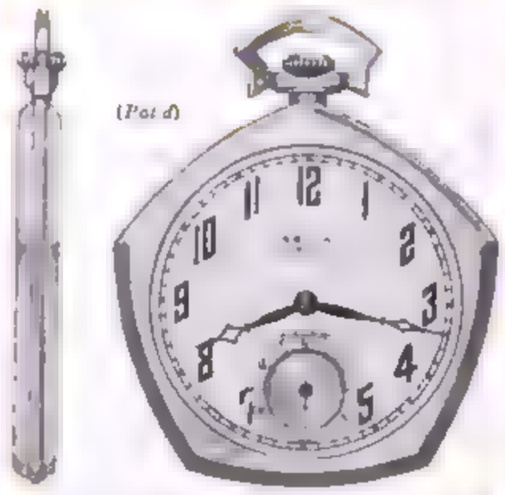
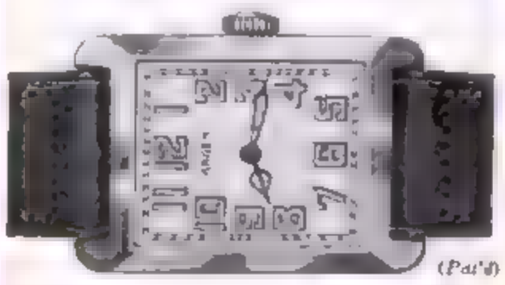
Gruen Cartouche, 14 kt. solid gold Crown-Guard case, PRECISION movement, $65. With gold filled mesh bracelet, $70 Other solid gold wristlets, $250 to $40. Diamond set designs to $2500*



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, 17-jewel PRECISION movement, 14-kt. solid gold case, $100 Other pocket watches, $500 to $27 50*



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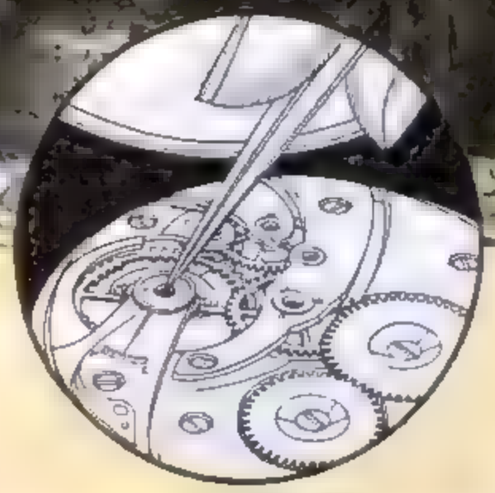

In jewels a guild watchmaker found the secret of higher *accuracy*

Nicholas Facio, famous guild watchmaker of seventeenth century Switzerland, set himself a difficult problem.

In the watches of his day, all bearings consisted merely of holes cut into the watch plate. Tiny revolving parts created friction. Friction caused timekeeping irregularity.

Facio thought long and hard. Finally, he secured a number of small jewels, bored holes in their centers, and inserted them into the plates as bearings.

With the pivots working against the hard, polished surfaces of the jewels, friction was greatly reduced.

Timekeeping accuracy took another long step forward!

Today, jewels are essential to a fine watch movement. But the *quality* of the jewels and how they are set are as important as the number used. Modern standards require fifteen jewels, of high quality, as the *minimum* for constant accuracy.

But as Facio recognized, proper jeweling alone will not make a fine watch. His ideal of guild craftsmanship was a striving for perfection in *every* detail. This is the tradition restored in modern form today by the Gruen Watch Makers Guild!

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Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

GRUEN

Gruen Guild Watches

THE PERMANENT WAIVE

(Continued from Page 35)

Mr. Mashby's only answer was a sepulchral moan. He lurched townward, his battered body protesting every step. And being disinclined to conversation, his brain started functioning.

Even Semore's bitterest enemy could not rightly accuse him of being dumb. In his bullet head there flourished thoughts—some clever and all intricate. Those thoughts were now turning in an amazing direction. Half a mile before they reached the acclivity which marked the beginning of Red Mountain, Mr. Mashby commenced talking.

"Joe," he said earnestly, "I has been contemplatin' things."

"Yassuh, Semore."

"You know who caused this heah pusonal an' private ruination tonight? Do you, Joe?"

"I don't know his name, but it was the driver of that car."

"No," retorted Mr. Mashby, "it wasn't he."

Mr. Juniper blinked. "Was—was you hit on the haid ve'y hard, Semore?"

"There ain't nothin' the matter with my brains, Joe. What I mean is that the pusson who caused me all this misery tonight was Jasper De Void."

"Oh, ahuh! I don't see ——"

"Tha's 'cause you don't use yo' head fo' nothin' 'cept to keep yo' hat off yo' shoulders. Now I ask you: If it hadn't been fo' Jasper De Void would you have lost yo' business?"

"No," answered Joe, "I wouldn't."

"An' if you hadn't lost yo' business, would you of been sad tonight?"

"No."

"An' if you hadn't been sad against Jasper, would you an' I have got friendly?"

"Maybe not."

"An' if we hadn't got friendly, would we of gone ridin' in my car?"

"I guess we wouldn't, Semore."

"An' if we hadn't gone ridin', would we have been hit by that other automobile?"

"No!"

"Well, then, ain't I right in claimin' that it's all Jasper De Void's fault that me an' my car is wrecked?"

Joe Juniper's eyes opened admiringly. "Semore Mashby! You sho is the logicalest man!" Then he shook his head. "But even if it was Jasper's fault, what is you gwine do about it?"

Mr. Mashby's voice spurted viciously into the night air: "Ise gwine make him pay for it! Ev'y cent, an' also a profit."

"No!" incredulously.

"Yeh!"

"Has you got a scheme?"

"Uh-huh. I just schum one."

"A swell one?"

"One that's so good that Mistuh De Void will be givin' us all two bofe plenty money."

His positive statement elicited applause from Joe Juniper. Said that gentleman:

"Hot ziggity dam!"

"You want to hear it, Joe?"

"Tha's the most thing I crave to do."

"Listen, then." Semore lowered his voice confidentially. "The store what used to be yourn is now Jasper's, ain't it?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' you ain't nothin' but the manager?"

"Correck."

"Ve'y well, then. Anything what happens in that store, the business is responsible fo'—an' the business now ain't nobody but the uppity Mistuh De Void. You foller me?"

"Semore, I does."

"Good! Now, you was just tellin' me that I looked as though I had been in a terrible fight an' got all beat up. Tha's what started me thinkin'—an', boy, when this brain of mine goes into action it sutinly promulgates ideas."

Mr. Mashby was waxing enthusiastic. For the moment he even forgot his physical torture.

"Tonight, Joe," he said earnestly, "I is gwine lay very low. Ain't gwine permit nobody to see me. Nor neither tomorrow mawnin'. But at about nine o'clock I is gwine sneak into yo' store th'oo the back alley, fixin' it so that nobody ain't gwine observe me come into it, an' in case you has any customers I'll stay in the back until after they has gone. Then, when there ain't nobody there but just I an' you, we start our fight!"

Mr. Juniper was dazed. "Wh-who starts which fight?"

"You an' me."

"I ain't gwine fight with you, Semore. You is my friend."

"Of course I is. An' of course we ain't gwine fight."

"But you said ——"

"I said we starts fightin', an' we does. Only we don't hit each other. We preten's."

Joe shook his head. "Sounds like a lot of foolishment to me."

"But it ain't. Because why? Because right away I is gwine start yellin', an' then folks come runnin' into the store an' I say that I come in peaceable like to buy a collar an' you beat me up. What you think about that?"

"I think it's awful," declared Mr. Juniper positively, "an' fo' two reasons."

"What are them reasons?"

"First: If you say I beat you up—with you lookin' like you do—then I gits arrested."

"No, you won't. 'Cause I won't charge you with nothin'. Now, what's the other reason?"

"It's this," explained Joe candidly. "There ain't one cullud person in Burminham is gwine believe you was buyin' a new collar."

"Tha's silly talk."

"It ain't as silly as what you preposes. What sense does it make that ev'ybody thinks I beat you up?"

"Just this: They drag me out of that store, an' right away I go to my lawyer ——"

"Evans Chew?"

"No, he's Jasper's lawyer. I go to another lawyer an' tell him to enter suit against Jasper De Void fo' ten thousan' dollars because he owns the Joe Juniper Jents' Furnishing Store, an' the manager of same has committed 'salts upon me. Now, Mistah Juniper, I ask, does you understand?"

Silence settled between them. And finally a smile split the face of Mr. Juniper—a smile which was followed by a loud guffaw.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he roared. "An' then us two split the profits? Is that what you mean?"

"Tha's it. Is it a go?"

"Thin man, it's done gone!"

It was very, very late when the bedraggled pedestrians reached Birmingham. They walked down the mountain and together made their way to the center of the city, selecting a route where they were not likely to be observed. Joe Juniper escorted Semore to the musty flight of steps leading from Eighteenth Street to Mr. Mashby's office. In the room behind his office Semore had an iron cot and a washstand, and it was in that monastic cubicle that he lived, breathed and had his being. He said a fond good night to his fellow conspirator and dragged his aching way into his quarters. Eventually sleep came to him—sleep which was dreamful with nightmares of automobile accidents and successful damage suits.

When Semore waked the sun was shining. The little man dragged himself from the bed and took one look in the mirror. The apparition which greeted his gaze caused Mr. Mashby to shudder. It seemed as though the millennium had backed up against him and pushed. The money lender grinned in anticipation of his triumph. It was all so very simple. Jasper's business was about to become intensely liable and for once Mr. De Void would be forced to pay through the nose.

A few minutes before nine o'clock Mr. Mashby sneaked along the alley through which one could reach the back entrance of the Joe Juniper's Jents' Furnishing Store, Jasper De Void, Prop. He waited patiently until the store was free of patrons, and then entered.

Mr. Juniper grinned a cheerful greeting. Semore cast a quick glance outside. Half a dozen persons were at the curb; the time was ripe.

"All right, Joe," ordered Mr. Mashby. "Go ahead an' 'salt me."

Mr. Juniper was full of zeal. He doubled one hamlike fist and turned it loose. It smacked against the face of Mr. Mashby and that astonished gentleman went down with devastating abruptness. The yell which escaped the lips of Mr. Mashby was wholly genuine.

Joe, acting his part well, stood over Mr. Mashby's very prostrate figure and commenced expelling swear words. Mr. Mashby, somewhat appalled by the enthusiasm of Joe's attack, and fearing that it might be renewed, howled earnestly for help.

A crowd, headed by the highly reputable and esteemed Dr. Vivian Simons, burst into the store. They leaped upon Joe Juniper and held him, despite Herculean struggles. Semore Mashby struggled to his feet and glared at Joe with a fury not entirely simulated. Then, into the ears of the assembled multitude, he told his story of unprovoked attack. Mr. Juniper admitted every bit of it and threatened to annihilate Semore entirely if only Doctor Simons would turn him loose for one li'l' teeny tiny minute.

Thirty minutes later Semore Mashby emerged from the office of Dr. Lijah Atcherson, at which place his wounds had been dressed. Doctor Atcherson was quite willing to testify that the assault upon Mr. Mashby's person had been most terribly effective. Five hours after that a long, lean, worried person walked into the private office of Lawyer Evans Chew and laid upon the mahogany desk a summons and complaint which announced that Semore Mashby had entered suit versus the Joe Juniper's Jents' Furnishing Store, Joe Juniper, Jasper De Void, et als, for the sum of ten thousand dollars. Lawyer Chew adjusted his horn-rimmed goggles, perused the document with impressive care, and then asked a question:

"Is this allegation true, Jasper?"

Mr. De Void groaned. "Lawyer Chew, nothin' could be mo' true. Joe Juniper admits ev'y single thing what Semore 'cuses him of."

"What defense does he make?"

"He don't make none whichsoever. He just says he never did like Semore Mashby, an' that when Semore got him good an' mad, he up an' busted him on the nose." Mr. De Void was colossally unhappy. "Wh-what is us gwine do, Lawyer Chew?"

"H'm!" Lawyer Chew spoke portentously. "Under the statutes an' laws of this noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama, as made an' provided by the legislators thereof, an' interpreted with great frequency an' erudition by the judiciary of same, it appears to me, Brother De Void, that you is in a mess, an' I suggest that us invite a confe'ence with plaintiff hereof an' offer to settle with him for how least much he will assept."

"Please do," begged Jasper. "An' git me out of this mess cheap."

At ten o'clock the following morning Semore Mashby appeared with his attorney in Lawyer Chew's office. He greeted the melancholy Mr. De Void with frigid aloofness and turned a deaf ear to the apology which Jasper tendered in behalf of his pugilistic employe. Lawyer Chew came right down to brass tacks.

"What us preposes to do," he announced, "is to find out ain't there some way us can keep this misfortunate affair out of the courts of the land, an' we thereupon ask you, Mistuh Mashby, what is yo' basis of settlement, per se and *in toto?*"

Mr. Mashby motioned his attorney to remain silent while he himself conducted the negotiations. He talked shrewdly and in large figures, and finally Jasper De Void threw up his hands.

"Looks like to me, Semore," he declared, "that you is puttin' an awful high valuation on yo' face. I reckon you argufies that yo' injuries is wuth mo' than the whole Joe Juniper business, don't you?"

"No," snapped Semore, "I don't."

"But you was mentionin' so much money ——"

"Ise willin' to be reasonble."

"So is I, Brother Mashby. An' I depreciates all the misery you has underwent. I is sick of the whole thing an' I crave to be fair. So I ask you: Is you willin' to assept in settlement hereof the business itself?"

Semore was profoundly stirred. "Says which?"

"I ask is you willin' to call this case off if I give you the entire Joe Juniper business?"

"You—you mean so it's mine an' I own it?"

"Uh-huh."

Mr. Mashby did not hesitate. "I assept!" said he.

Lawyer Chew and Semore's attorney went into conference. Within half an hour they produced a contract of sale. "This heah," proclaimed Lawyer Chew, "sells, bequeaths and conveys unto you, Semore Mashby, the entire business, lease, goodwill, credits, obligations, stock, bills receivable and bills payable an' all other et ceteras, of Joe Juniper's Jents' Furnishing Store, for due an' vallible consideration by you in hand paid to said Jasper De Void, receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged. This deed is also a contract, which bofe of you-all two has got to sign, an' so I ask you: Is you willin'?"

"I is," announced Jasper, reaching for the pen; but Semore beat him to it.

The little financier was quivering with excitement. He fairly tore his name into the document, then sat back with enormous satisfaction as Jasper De Void wrote the signature which conveyed the entire Juniper business into his hands.

"An' just fo' the present," begged Semore, "I begs that none of you gemmun don't say nothin' to nobody about me bein' the proprietor of said store. Is that agreeable?"

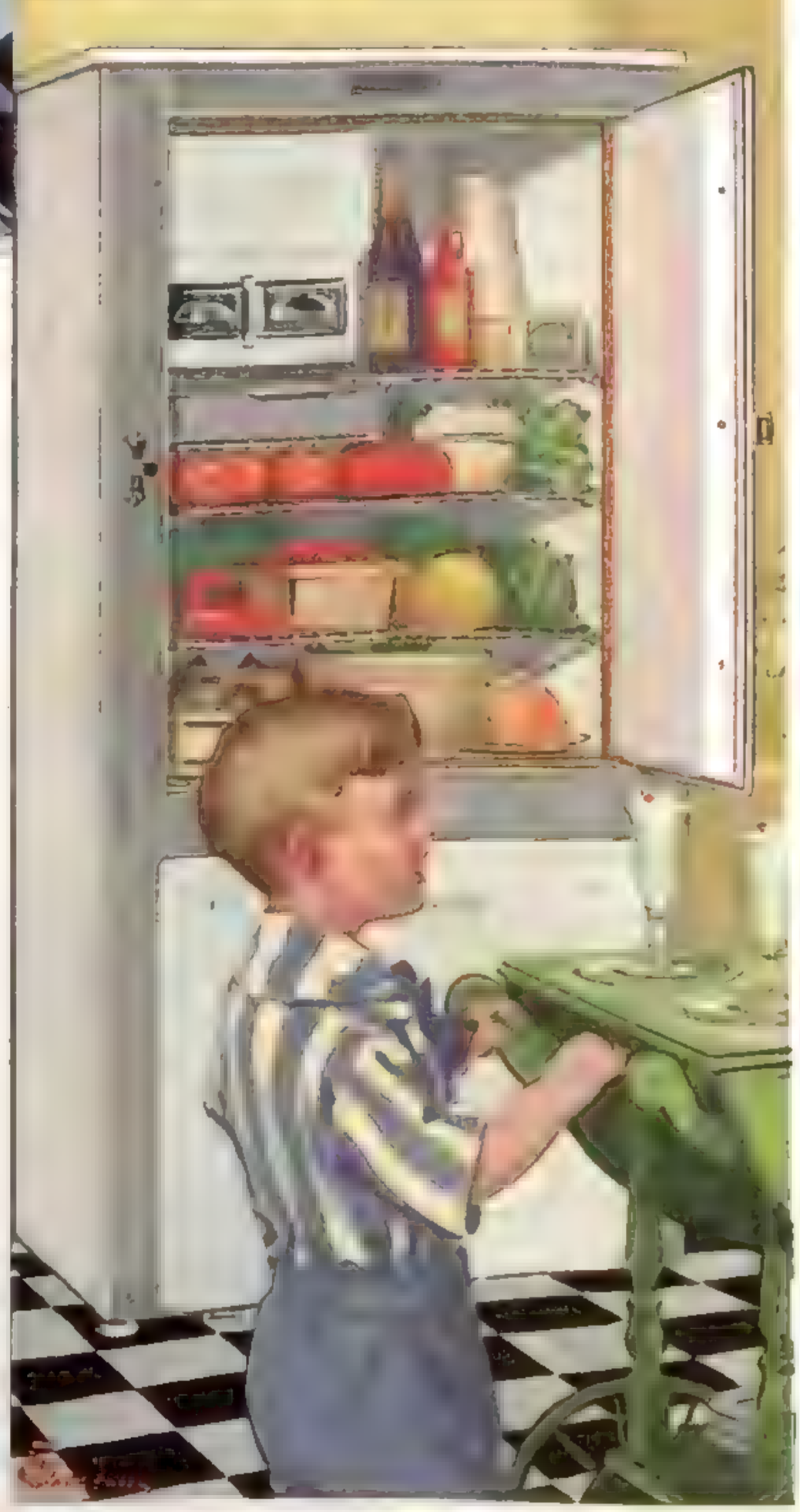
They assured him that it was, and he departed from the conference filled with elation and ideas. He reached his dusty office, locked the door and surrounded himself with lots of solitude. He desired to do some heavy thinking.

Mr. Mashby was nothing if not ambitious, and his ambitions inevitably had to do with money. Just at the moment he was turning over in his mind a scheme to make a perfect thing more perfect, and the more he thought, the more certain he became that it would be sheer ingratitude to ignore the gifts which the gods had placed in his hands.

In brief, Mr. Mashby could not understand why he should be so absurdly altruistic as to turn over to Joe Juniper that gentleman's half of the conspiracy fruits. Hadn't it been Semore's car which was wrecked, hadn't Semore been the chief physical victim, hadn't Joe walloped him awful hard when he was only supposed to fake a combat, and, most important of all, wasn't it entirely too late for Mr. Juniper to deny the story of assault which he had told to a dozen witnesses in the store the previous morning?

The longer Semore thought, the slimmer became the chance of Mr. Juniper to acquire one-half of the business which originally had been his. Of course, Semore realized that Joe would be excessively

(Continued on Page 86)



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Iron Clad

(Continued from Page 83

annoyed by the double-cross, and that there would be a degree of physical danger in the course he was electing to pursue, but Mr. Mashby knew by bitter experience that one cannot achieve a large fortune without constantly incurring the wrath of those from whom money is plucked. Therefore, considering the gain worth the risk, he calmly decided that he would keep the entire business. He allowed himself one more night to consider the proposition and set the morrow as the proper time to notify Joe Juniper that he was officially out.

But fifteen minutes before Mr. Mashby was to have called upon Mr. Juniper the next day, he received a visitor. Mr. Mashby grinned an insulting welcome as the portly, pompous figure of Lawyer Evans Chew insinuated itself into his presence.

"Ain't no use of you tryin' to outtalk me, Evans Chew," he snapped. "I got that business away fum Jasper De Void an' Ise gwine retain it."

"Hmph!" retorted the attorney. "Tha's prezackly what I has come to see you concernin'. I calls upon you, Mistuh Mashby, as sole proprietor of said business."

"Well, what about it?"

"I crave to inquire, Semore, what action you preposes to take in connection with this damage suit?"

Semore blinked. "What damage suit?"

"The one which has been duly constituted against yo' business. I ask whether you crave to settle out of court?"

Semore became conscious of the fact that something was in the process of happening to him.

"Lawyer Chew," he said earnestly, "you is talkin' lots of words, but they don't make no sense to me. I desire that you should tell me what kind of fumadiddles you discusses."

"'Tain't no fumadiddles," returned the lawyer. "Some time ago yo' automobile delivery truck, which is the property of said Joe Juniper's Jents' Furnishing Store, run into some other folks, an' they are now about to sue said business fo' the sum of twenty thousand dollars cash money. An' they is gwine win on account the driver of yo' truck has disappeared away fum this fair city of Bumminham, an' befo' departing he made affidavits confessin' that it was all his fault."

Semore was in a pitiful condition.

"Did—did Jasper De Void know 'bout this?" he inquired.

Lawyer Chew shook his head.

"I don't discuss one client's business with nobody else, Mistuh Mashby. This heah is the fust demand I has made on the owners of the business on behalf of my injured clients."

"An' you never served no papers on Jasper De Void?"

"Nossuh. I never did."

Semore sighed. At least it was a pleasant thought that Jasper had not openly tricked him.

"Is—is I responsible, Lawyer Chew?"

"The business is, Brother Mashby, an' accordin' to the terms of that contrack drawed up in my office yestiddy, you is sole owner of said business. I is now goin' fum heah. You can excommunicate with me in my office any time in the next two days. I bid you good mawnin'."

The ponderous attorney withdrew, leaving Mr. Mashby surrounded by a haze of his own blasphemy.

Forgotten now was Semore's plan to declare Joe Juniper out of the business. Forgotten was everything except the ghastly knowledge that he had been tricked into a terrific liability. There was just one possible method of escape, and so Mr. Mashby repaired immediately to the Juniper shop, where he greeted the squat manager with feigned geniality.

In smooth and unctuous words, Semore explained to Joe that he had received the entire business in settlement of his claims. Mr. Juniper was delighted, and thanked Semore profusely. But Mr. Mashby was not yet finished.

"An' since then, Joe, I has been thinkin' things over, an' it strikes me that I ain't never been mixed up in no retail business, an' don't aim to be. Also, Joe, I never in all my life had no friend which was better than you, an' so I is gwine give you the entire business fo' yo'se'f alone."

"Me? The whole thing?"

"Uh-huh. Ev'y bit."

"Without payin' you nothin'?"

"Without payin' me ary cent."

Semore's generosity dazzled Joe. But it also brought to the surface all his own better nature. He shook his head.

"I cain't do it, Semore. When a feller is as ginrous as you, it just woul'n't be honest to take no adwantage of same. Nossuh, Brother Mashby, I assepts one-half of the business like we agreed, but not a piece mo' than that."

Semore argued. He even pleaded. But Joe Juniper insisted on matching Semore's generosity. And in the end Mr. Mashby was forced to content himself with shifting half the burden to the shoulders of his partner in iniquity.

Scrupulously he copied the document under the terms of which Jasper De Void had conveyed the business to him. And when both men had signed this new agreement they faced the world as equal owners of Joe Juniper's Jents' Furnishing Store. Then, somewhat bitterly, Mr. Mashby exploded his bombshell.

"An' now," he said, "we has got to consider what we is gwine do about this suit."

"Which suit?" inquired Joe.

Semore explained. And when he finished, Mr. Juniper's eyes were popping.

He spoke very loudly, "So that's why you wanted to give me the whole business, is it?" he howled. "Why, you no-'count, ornery, slab-sided, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, wuthless hunk of tripe! Fo' th'ee cents I'd commit a 'salt on you that would make day befo' yestiddy look like a piller fight"

Semore raised a restraining hand. "Cease!" he commanded. "Cease fum talkin' so homicidy."

"Boy, I ain't started. I got a good mind ——"

"You ain't got a good mind. You ain't got even one brain. You ain't got nothin' 'cept ungratitude fo' all the friendliness I has t'ords you."

"Was it friendly that you tried to gimme a twenty-thousan'-dollar damage suit?"

"I ain't sayin' it was, an' also I ain't sayin' it wasn't. It was just business. An' besides" Mr. Mashby's eyes contracted to pin points—"I has got a good scheme."

"Oh-h!" wailed Joe. "You an' yo' schemes! Look where I is now fum yo' schemin'. Befo' you started I didn't have nothin'. Now I has got half of twenty thousan' dollars less than that."

Mr. Mashby became irritable. "An' ain't I got the other half?"

"Praise Gawd, yes."

"Do you reckon Ise happy about same?"

"No," admitted Mr. Juniper, "I reckon you is mo' mis'able than what I is. 'Cause I ain't got no money to pay damages with, an' you has."

"Exackly. An' tha's the only reason I wanted to give you the whole business." Mr. Mashby chewed on an unlighted cheroot. "Joe," he announced, "we has got to do somethin'."

"Sholy we has. But what?"

"Ev'ything has happened so fast that nobody ain't hahdly had time to think. But I has got a hunch."

"What is it?"

"Ise willin' to bet that Jasper De Void don't know nothin' 'bout this damage suit."

"Huh?"

"I don't b'lieve Jasper knows nothin' 'bout this damage suit fo' twenty thousan' dollars"

"Foolishment you utters!"

"Maybe so, but there's a chance Ise right."

"An' s'posin' you is? What benefits does us deprive from that?"

"Just this," explained Mr. Mashby tensely. "If it's so that Jasper don't know about this suit, wouldn't it be swell if we went to him an' said that we didn't want his business an' gotten him to buy it back fum us?"

"Fo' cash money?"

"Uh-huh."

"He woul'n't pay us no money fo' such."

"He would if he didn't know 'bout the suit. An' even if he woul'n't pay no money, then if we just give it to him free, it would be gettin' rid of what us has got—which is twenty thousan' dollars less than nothin' at all."

Joe Juniper considered, pondered and agreed. An hour later they were in conference with Jasper De Void.

Semore Mashby did the speaking. He explained that he and Joe Juniper had settled their quarrel and were now partners, but that their consciences were hurting. They had no desire, he said, to injure any man or unjustly deprive him of valuable property.

"An' so, Jasper," he finished hopefully, "us has come to offer you back the Joe Juniper Jents' Furnishing Store."

Mr. De Void appeared to be impressed. Certainly he was keenly interested, which informed the delighted Mr. Mashby that the tall, dark man knew nothing of the impending suit.

"You want to give it back?" questioned Jasper.

"Well, no, not exackly. But we is willin' to sell you that whole business fo' five hund'ed dollars cash money."

Mr. De Void shook his head.

"Nothin' stirrin'," said he.

"Why not?"

"The business ain't wuth that. It ain't wuth nothin'."

"How come you to say such?"

"I guess I know. Didn't I used to own it, an' don't I reckernize that it don't pay so good?"

"An' you woul'n't pay us five hund'ed dollars fo' it?"

"I woul'n't pay you a dime."

Semore was desperate. "Would you take it as a gift?"

Jasper hesitated, but only for a moment. "Nope. Ise better off without it."

Mr. Mashby rose and beckoned Joe Juniper into a corner.

"We got to do somethin' right now," he announced bitterly. "Jasper don't know nothin' yet 'bout that damage suit. But if we don't close this deal with him quick, he's gwine find out, an' then we never could git it offen our hands. Ain't that the truth?"

"It ain't nothin' else, Semore."

"S'pose we offer him five hund'ed dollars cash to take it?"

"I ain't got on'y one hund'ed dollars."

"Then I pays the other fo' hund'ed. What do you say?"

"I reckon," answered Joe sadly, "that there ain't nothin' else us can do."

Mr. Mashby made his offer, explaining his generosity on the grounds of undying friendship. Mr. De Void considered the proposition for a long time.

"I assepts five hund'ed dollars an' that business on one condition," he announced.

"Anythin' you say," agreed Semore instantly.

"I ain't aimin' to insult you, Brother Mashby, nor neither Mistuh Juniper, but business is business, an' I got to know fo' shuah an' in writin' that you-all two ain't gwine suddenly remember about Joe Juniper beatin' you up in my store an' start that suit all over again."

"Shuh, Jasper, we couldn't do such, even if we wanted to. Didn't our contrack end that?"

"Maybe so, but I got to have a fresh writin'—a writin' which gives me the money an' the business; latter bein' free from all claims of yourn of whichsoever nature. Otherwise the deal is off."

Mr. Mashby accepted with alacrity. He himself penned the document which reconveyed Joe Juniper's Jents' Furnishing Store to Mr. Jasper De Void. That done, Mr. Mashby took one hundred dollars in

(Continued on Page 89)

A Pageant of Progress

When, in 1805, at the Missouri River's source, Lewis and Clark met with the capricious Shoshonees, the fate of the Northwest was in the balance. An Indian princess, Sacajawea, aiding the expedition westward, discovered that the tribal chief was her brother—and progress continued on its way.

What pageantry since! Picture the venturesome pioneers and trappers, the brave Bridgers and Colters, the hostile Indians. Picture the courageous settlers creeping in covered wagons into the Dakotas and Montana, or on to Idaho and Washington. Picture the fortune-hungry thousands of the Gold Rush days, lured on by each new strike.

In this early influx, some were forward-seeing and industrious. They stayed, and sowed the seeds of agriculture and industry.

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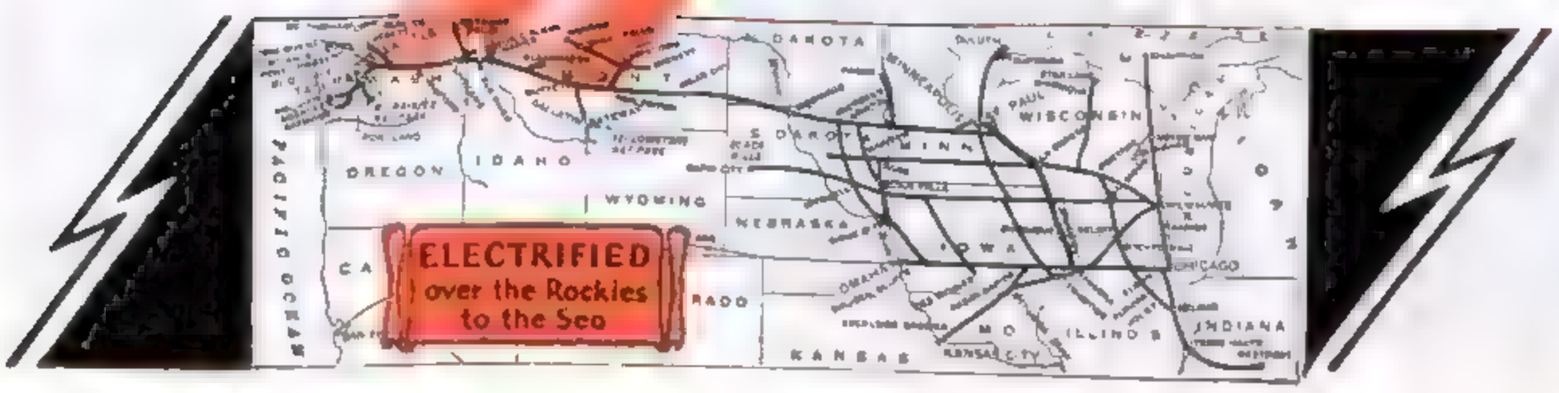

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"Let's load the boat with real treasures"

shouted Columbus, *as he quaffed the bubbling beverage*

"Oh, well, I just came for the ride," Columbus explained to the second cabin boy, "but I must say I'm a little disappointed in America. That's what comes of taking those tourist folders seriously."

"But, sire, this new land isn't an entire washout," responded the cabin boy. "I have but a moment hence sampled a wondrous sparkling beverage, the delight of these natives, and behold it has left me feeling fit as a sea lion."

"Well, why didn't you say so before?" stormed Isabella's Boy Friend. "Send up a case and we'll see what there is to it. If I do say so myself, old Chris Colombo is a pretty good judge of these bottled concoctions."

* * *

It was after the third bottle that Columbus gave his verdict. "All hands to the hold," he thundered, "throw out the precious stones and radios. Bring on those cases of bottled carbonated beverages. Let's load the boat with some real treasures!"

And that reminds us to remind you to load the family ice-box with those bubbling bottled beverages.

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Bottled beverages

Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS -OF- CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 86)

cash from Joe Juniper and gave to Jasper De Void his personal check for five hundred dollars.

"And now," exulted Mr. Mashby, "you own the business again."

"Yeh," smiled Jasper, "an' I is five hund'ed dollars to the good."

"Tha's how it seems," agreed Semore in Delphic fashion. "Tha's just ezackly how it seems to you."

They bade Mr. De Void good day and strutted from the room. The loss of five hundred dollars was a wrench, but they had the vast satisfaction of knowing that they had put one over on Jasper De Void. For once that acute gentleman had been hoist by his own petard.

"The dawg-gone idjit," anathematized Semore Mashby. "If he had any sense at all, he would of got suspicious when us offered him money to take that business back."

"Ain't it so, Brother Mashby? Boy, I cain't hardly wait to tell somebody."

"Nor neither me. Let's go down to Bud's place."

Together they entered Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. Mr. Mashby insinuated himself into a crowd which was hovering over a table where Florian Slappey was giving an exhibition of three-cushion billiards. And to that eager crowd Mr. Mashby boasted of what he had just done to Jasper De Void; omitting nothing save the story of the original conspiracy.

"An' so," he finished proudly, "somebody has sholy at last tooken down this slick feller fum Dothan. Always he has been givin' me a pain with his luck. He never did have no sense, but I reckon he gits some now. Boy, what is he gwine say when Lawyer Chow comes down on him with that damage suit?" He emitted a low, expressive whistle. "Ain't that gwine be terrible?"

Darktown agreed. But even those who disliked Jasper De Void regretted bitterly that it had fallen to the lot of Semore Mashby to triumph over him. Mr. Mashby was unanimously detested.

Florian Slappey had listened sadly to Semore's boasting. He was sick at heart, and unable to believe the evidence of his senses. Semore triumphing over Jasper De Void in a business deal! Semore swelling through Darktown proclaiming his own glory! Florian slunk from the pool room and sped through the streets of Birmingham toward Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel, where Mr. De Void maintained a room.

He found his friend seated in an easy-chair with his feet cocked up on the window sill. Jasper was shoeless and happy. He was contemplating nothing at all, and doing it with a smile on his lips.

"Good day, Florian."

"Humph! Bad day, I calls it."

"Shuh! You always was pestimistic."

"Yeh? Well, even if I is, I suttinly ain't no fool."

"No, I reckon you ain't. But how come you clumb up them stairs to tell me such?"

"I didn't, Jasper. I come up heah to inform you that you is."

"Is which?"

"An idjit!"

"Aw, Florian."

"Do you know what's happenin' out yonder?" Mr. Slappey gestured vaguely toward the city of Birmingham. "I'll tell you what is. That ornery, no-'count Semore Mashby is walkin' 'round with that wuthless Joe Juniper esplainin' to ev'ybody how he trum you in a business deal."

"Do tell!" murmured Jasper calmly.

"Well," snapped the dapper Mr. Slappey, "didn't they?"

"No," returned the other, "they didn't. Now give me ear, Florian, while I esplains. When all this trouble started, I owned Joe Juniper's business. As it stands now, I still own it, an' also they paid me five hund'ed dollars cash money to take it back fum them. I guess tha's pretty good, ain't it?"

Florian made a motion of disgust. "An' you fell fo' that?"

"Fo' what?"

"Didn't you even suspicion nothin' when they offered to pay you five hund'ed dollars to take yo' business back?"

"No. What ought I to of got suspicious of, Florian?"

"That dirty crook, Semore Mashby. He's got the laugh on you, Jasper, because you is pretty soon gwine discover that two fellers is suing you for twenty thousand dollars."

Mr. De Void smiled. "No, they ain't."

"Who says?"

"I do. You see, Florian, them two fellers has agreed in writin' that they ain't gwine sue."

"What?"

"Ezackly. Now get this, an' tell anybody you like: The two fellers which had a twenty-thousan'-dollar suit against my business didn't even know they had it."

"You ain't talkin' sense, Jasper."

"Oh, yes, I is. Because, Florian, them two fellers which was hit by my delivery truck wasn't none other than Semore Mashby an' Joe Juniper. But you see, they didn't know it was my truck which hit them, an' so they stepped right in an' signed all them papers givin' me back the business, plus five hund'ed dollars, plus an agreement that they ain't got no claim against me."

Mr. Slappey's eyes were sparkling. "Golly, Jasper, what'll Semore say when he learns the truth?"

"Plenty," chuckled Mr. De Void, "an' you might also esplain to him somethin' else."

"What is it?"

"You might also tell him, Florian, that this is the fust damage suit in the whole world where the plaintiff paid damages to the defendant."

Bored Country Gentleman: "Come On, Kids. What Do You Say We Steal a Watermelon Out of My Patch?"

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THE LIONESS AND THE MOUSE

(Continued from Page 7)

"We could fix that up all right by writing in a couple of love scenes from them. It could be worked into quite a cute little love interest, but how about the rest? How about that scene at the dinner party where Gifford puts the society men in their places? Why, that's just farce."

"Oh, the ham!" Donald groaned again.

That particular repetition of the word seemed to fertilize some cell in Harry Chambers' brain

"Hold it," he said, putting up one hand in admonition. "Hold it just a minute."

For perhaps three minutes Donald maintained a motionless quiet, then Harry spoke:

"It looks as though I'd got a thought, or what may turn into one. We'll call the picture The Ham. His being such a ham will be the whole point of it. We'll have it begin with the dinner party. While Gifford is mugging around, we'll have Bayne's partner appear in a side door, grab her and pull her out. Then we'll have a shot of him turning her over his knee and spanking her for ever getting into that pie in the first place. That'll make her think she's in love with the ham."

"It sounds swell," Donald breathed

"Don't talk to me," Mr. Chambers commanded. "Let me get to a typewriter while it's hot."

Donald respected the rapture of genius as much as anyone, but he couldn't resist saying: "Just one thing, Harry. Do you mind if I tell Miss Bayne that it's got a chance?"

"You can tell her," Harry announced, with what seemed like considerable bravado, "that I'll make a fair program picture out of it or I'll gargle the celluloid."

Donald knew that he should report back at his office, but this news was too important to be postponed. He wasn't sure where Barbara Bayne lived, so he went to the girl at the switchboard at the main entrance to inquire.

She gave him the address, but added, "Miss Bayne's in the studio right now though. She went in about ten minutes ago."

"Do you know where?"

"No."

"I'll wait for her here then."

Donald sat on a bench by the entrance for two hours and twelve minutes; then Miss Bayne appeared from within.

She didn't look so sad as she had the day before, but perhaps it was merely the effect of her toilet. She was wearing a morning dress made of gingham, but confectioned by some modiste on whom gingham had evidently burst as a hilarious surprise. It was the most coquettish and unreasonable of garments. It was a travesty of every village maid ever betrayed by a stranger from the city. Combined with Barbara Bayne, it was simply breath-taking.

Donald jumped up at sight of her, but it was with some difficulty that he arrested her progress through the entrance hall, having to call out, "Oh, Miss Bayne!"

She stopped and said, "Yes?" questioningly.

"I was waiting to see you," he explained. "It's all right about Backstage Kisses. My friend says he can fix it into a good program picture."

"Oh, you're that one," Miss Bayne said. "Can he really make it better?"

She looked as though she were going to clap her little hands.

"Of course, there may have to be some added sequences."

"Oh, that's all right. I just love to work; anybody'll tell you that."

"The name will have to be changed too. I thought of the new title—The Ham."

"The Ham?" Miss Bayne questioned, her brow vaguely troubled.

"You see, that explains the way Walter Gifford acts."

"H'm," Miss Bayne considered the matter.

"I think it's going to be great the way it's changed around. You see ——"

"I'm afraid my car is waiting," Miss Bayne interrupted him to say. "I'm sorry. I'd love to hear."

He held the great glass door open and she slipped by him.

It had been a terrible mistake to break the news to her in such a transient and hurried place. If he'd only waited and gone to her house. Yesterday she had certainly said something about bringing Harry Chambers to dinner.

Well, he couldn't run after her and remind her of that now. He'd thrown away what would probably be his only chance of getting to know her.

Profoundly depressed and without luncheon, he went back to the research department to be greeted by ominous thunder from Mr. McQuarrie.

"And may I ask where you've spent the morning, young man? You were out almost two hours yesterday afternoon and today you just drop in and park your hat. Would it be too much to inquire what you're under the impression that you're being paid for?"

That evening when he went home, Donald found his mother sitting on the porch and Walter Gifford lounging at her side.

"Mr. Gifford has had the loveliest news," Mrs. Upton greeted her son. "They want him to work at the studio some more. Just as he was getting ready to leave for New York."

"Is that so?" Donald asked.

Walter Gifford tossed back his head and looked at him through triumphant eyelids.

"I suppose they'll begin talking about a contract next," he said. "But I don't know ——"

"Great," Donald remarked, "and I suppose you heard the other news at the studio."

"No. What?"

"That they're going to name the picture after you."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. That they're going to name the picture after you."

"Why, isn't that wonderful!" Donald's mother gurgled.

"Yep, big personal triumph," Donald said, but he could feel that he had worried Walter Gifford a little.

That realization solaced him through a night devoted principally to regrets. How could he have been such a fool as to have wasted that wonderful chance to let Miss Bayne know that, mouse though he was, he had been able to help her. Oh, well, if chance ever threw them together again, she'd remember. That was the way it had come out in the fable anyway.

One day about two weeks later Harry Chambers dropped in on Donald toward luncheon time.

"How about eating?" he asked, and when they were settled in the cafeteria, he said, "What do you think the powers that be are doing to our opus? They're trying to spoil it. They don't want it called The Ham."

"Oh, my Lord!" Donald cried, the note of a mother bird protecting its eggs in the syllables. "Why not?"

"Throws too much emphasis on Walter Gifford."

"But just the right kind of emphasis."

"They've made some nitwit suggestions like Ham and Legs and Ham Sandwich."

"It's got to be called The Ham," Donald said. "I couldn't stand it if that label weren't pasted on Walter Gifford as my valentine."

"So far as I can see, that's all you're getting out of your share in this business."

"That and the sense that I've done something for Miss Bayne, but it's enough."

"I'll see that the name sticks then," Harry Chambers promised. "Tomorrow afternoon I'm going to run the thing through before the president and four of the vice presidents, in the new order, with my titles and the added scenes, and some occasional remarks by me. If spellbinding can accomplish anything, no changes will be made."

"Gee, you've been great to me about this thing," Donald told him.

Harry just looked uncomfortable, and said, "You come around tomorrow about half past four and I'll tell you how the conference comes out."

At 4:30 the next day Donald was at Harry Chambers' office. Harry wasn't there and didn't come for a few minutes. When he did, he looked actually pallid.

"Well?" Donald asked.

"It's the devil," Harry said.

"They're going to change the name?"

"Oh, they're going to call it The Ham all right. The president of the company insisted on that."

"Then what's the matter? Didn't they like it?"

"Like it? They're all burned up about it. I never saw a bunch from the studio as crazy about a picture."

"Then what's wrong?"

"Just this: We've put Walter Gifford over, and we've put him over big. They're stuck on his stuff. You couldn't convince them to save your soul that he wasn't playing that part for comedy. The man who suggested junking the picture in the first place is going to be fired."

"Whew," Donald said.

"That's the trouble with this business. It's not like a rational one where you can figure out what a step will lead to. You're dealing with a lot of people who haven't got a trace of the kind of intelligence they ought to have. It's like playing Consequences in an insane asylum."

He was getting so wrought up that Donald tried to calm him:

"It isn't a kind of success I should think Walter Gifford would be very proud of."

"Well, I'm glad you can take it like that. But I can't stand any kind of success happening to that poor patootie. And as it knocks out your one benefit ——"

"No, it doesn't," Donald insisted. "It's swell for Miss Bayne. She wanted the picture to be shown, and she certainly gets it."

"Gets it! It's going to open at Graham's Ionic in two weeks. They're going to show it in place of Blond Slippers. It'll be one of the big events of the season."

"Why didn't you say so before?" Donald asked, a glory of light bursting on him. "Do you suppose Miss Bayne will have heard that yet?"

"I don't believe so. They're still in conference."

"Then I'm going around to tell her. If they call up here from my department, tell 'em I was sick and had to go home, will you? I was supposed to report back there, but this can't wait."

It certainly couldn't. Donald had recognized that rarest of sounds, the second rap of Opportunity.

To tell Barbara Bayne she was going to have an opening at Graham's Ionic! That she was to be elevated to the rank of the gods! Donald knew those openings. Great white lights beating around the blazing entrance to the theater, a block or so of herded gazers, a stream of motors pouring forth a Niagara of film royalty, speeches into a microphone, cameras to catch the glint of every jewel. Glory made manifest. To be the mere messenger of such news must lend importance to him.

Barbara Bayne's house was a small one covered with sallow stucco, and acutely Spanish. There were yellow-and-red-striped awnings coming out from the porch and supported by gilt-touched spears. They cast a rich shade. Into it, as Donald pushed, suddenly hesitant, up the barberry-lined walk, he saw Miss Bayne step from the deeper shadow of the interior of the porch.

She was wearing one of those improbable gowns everyday women never wear. It was of some sheer white fabric with a very

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"it is natural for me . . . a skin specialist . . . to be an advocate of yeast" . . .

DR. PAUL GASTOU OF PARIS

Well-known dermatologist; Chief of the General Laboratory of the Hospitals of the Right Bank of the Seine; former Chief of Clinic of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. He has performed important medical missions for his government in Servia, Algeria, Western Africa and the Soudan. He says:

"That great skin specialist, Brocq, demonstrated the value of yeast in skin troubles. So it is natural for me to be an advocate of yeast. Yeast cleanses the intestine and checks the poisons. It is useful alike for the girl who wants to avoid skin eruptions and for the man with an overworked digestive system."

AT the famous Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, is Dr. Paul Gastou.

A brilliant dermatologist, honored by medical societies throughout the world. What he says is a reflection of the highest opinion in his field.

• • •

The unhealthy complexion, like poor digestion, bad breath, depression, "nerves," is usually a symptom of faulty elimination—of food wastes held too long in the body.

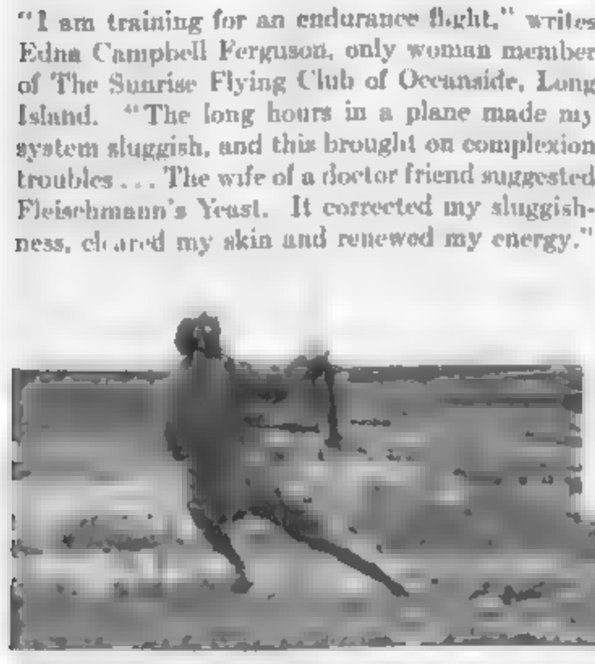
Fresh yeast—that great natural corrective food—floods your digestive and intestinal tract with millions of living, *active* yeast plants. Gently they stimulate your sluggish intestines, soften the clogging wastes, purify your whole system. Your constipation gradually gives way. Healthy digestion is restored. Unsightly or painful skin eruptions dry up and disappear.

Here is the easy way to vigor and health—clear-skinned, abundant, fresh—which famous doctors in Europe and America advocate. Start today to discover what three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast will do for *you!*

"Long hours in a plane . . . a sluggish system . . . complexion troubles set in"

"I am training for an endurance flight," writes Edna Campbell Ferguson, only woman member of The Sunrise Flying Club of Oceanside, Long Island. "The long hours in a plane made my system sluggish, and this brought on complexion troubles . . . The wife of a doctor friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It corrected my sluggishness, cleared my skin and renewed my energy."

(At Left) *Miss Ferguson snapped just as she touched the ground after parachute jump*



(Left)

EDWARD AND MARY SCHNEIDER of St. Louis, Mo. Their mother writes: "Our physician has prescribed yeast for myself and all four children . . . for Mary for Edward whenever he has a cold, and for my other two sons, one of whom used it for skin trouble and the other, now healthiest of all, built himself up with it from a mere skeleton."

• • •

EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can drink pleasantly. You can get [illegible] found into . . . for free booklet write Health Research Dept. D-94, The Fleischmann Company, [illegible] Washington St., New York City.

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(Right)

"MY SWIMMING EXPERIENCES began when I was eight," writes Frank E. Wilk of Cleveland. "When I should have been in school I was off with the crowd, paddling around in a muddy creek.

"Later I took up football, baseball and boxing. One year I was runner-up for the city diving championship.

"During my heavy athletic training my skin broke out very painfully. My trainer, who has had a lifetime of experience, gave me Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. I was soon completely rid of all my skin troubles."

Why Fisk's *ALL-CORD* Process Makes Fisk the *mileage* tire

MOTORISTS who drive on Fisk know that Fisk Tires are famous for *mileage.*

One Fisk feature explains this fact... Fisk's revolutionary *All-Cord* process. *All-Cord* brings increased *mileage* because it does away with destructive internal friction and prevents the overheating that burns out tires.

Fisk's *All-Cord* carcass is made of cord alone with no chafing cross strings. Each cord is held in springy rubber, giving extra protection instead of causing extra wear. Higher *mileage* is the natural result.

To this unique design Fisk adds other features that complete Fisk's service. The specially toughened Fisk tread grips securely on any surface. The flexible Fisk sidewalls insure maximum riding comfort. And Fisk's multiple cable bead gives increased strength at the rim.

Millions of miles of actual service have proved the soundness of these Fisk features. If you want the best service and the highest *mileage* your tire dollars can buy, it will pay you to equip your car with Fisk *All-Cords.*

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THE BELL SYSTEM IS BUILDING AHEAD OF THE GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY

This is the telephone's job and goal

An Advertisement of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE United States is developing a new civilization. The telephone is an indispensable element in it. The Bell System is building ahead of the growth of this civilization. In 1929 the telephone budget for land and buildings is 54 million dollars, with new buildings rising in 200 cities. New equipment for central offices will cost 142 millions; exchange lines 120 millions; toll lines 119 millions.

The Bell System's total expenditure for plant and service improvements this year will be 559 million dollars.

This outlay is required because the telephone is a universal servant of this democracy. Business uses it to create more prosperity. Homes use it for comfort and protection, for keeping friendships alive and enriching life. Its general use enables each personality to extend itself without regard to distance.

The telephone ideal is that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

(Continued from Page 90)

wide skirt down which there trailed artificial cornflowers and poppies, as though arrested in falling from a loose bouquet at her belt. On her head was a wide hat of white horsehair.

Thus costumed and in this setting Barbara Bayne looked so beautiful, so good, and so unapproachable, that when, without a trace of recognition in her voice, she said: "Were you looking for Number 820?" Donald Upton almost slunk away without saying a word. He'd overrated his news. It couldn't matter to this exquisite, unworldly creature.

"I—I'm the one you talked to at the studio about the picture," he did manage to bring forth.

"Oh, yes."

"I just thought you might be interested to know about it. All the officials are crazy about it now. It's going to open at Graham's Ionic in two weeks as a special."

At the words, delight further illuminated Miss Bayne's already luminous features.

"Honestly?" she said. "Isn't that lovely!"

"My friend Harry Chambers fixed it up. He's a wonder."

"Well, will you tell him I thank him a lot?" Miss Bayne requested. On her lips it seemed more than adequate as a reward for any human activity.

"I thought you'd want to know," Donald stumbled on; "that's why I came here."

"I certainly do," Miss Bayne declared. "I'm delighted. I'd ask you up, only I'm expecting someone."

"I've got to be going along anyway," Donald defended his dignity feebly.

"Well, I want to thank you too," Miss Bayne remembered to say.

Donald said, "I'm awfully glad" and "It wasn't anything" at the same time. It came out somewhat confusingly. Then he turned, and, doing so, he realized that when he got to his car he was going to be horribly disappointed.

Miss Bayne had said nothing about that dinner—probably because this somebody was coming and had put it out of her mind. His relation to her was just what it had been before.

He took two steps during which he told himself that he had nothing to lose anyway. Then, desperately brave, he turned back.

"Say, Miss Bayne," he blurted, "I'm kind of responsible for this picture's being fixed up. Harry says so anyway, and I wonder ——"

Her face hardened. He knew she thought he was going to ask her for money or some boost at the studio.

"Yes," she defied him to go on.

"I wonder if you'd —let me take you to the opening."

She gave a surprised little laugh.

"Why, I guess I can all right," she said. "Sure."

"I'll call for you that evening about 8:15."

Then he thought she might have noticed his flivver.

"Not in this old boat," he hastened to add. "I'll get a car."

"All right."

"Well ——" he waited, and so did she.

"Well, good afternoon."

The phrase, on his lips, sounded to him ludicrously precious.

"Good afternoon." He didn't believe he'd ever said it before in his life.

Miss Bayne smiled. It was a wonder she didn't laugh aloud.

"Good-by."

He didn't know how he ever got down the path and into his flivver. As for his having had the nerve to ask her to let him take her to the opening, it was one of the miracles of the century. And she'd accepted!

He saw himself getting out of a limousine in front of Graham's Ionic—a stunning limousine, if he had to starve for it. He saw himself holding open the door with one hand while with the other he held aloft the opera hat he would buy. The lights beat on them, the cameras turned, she stepped down. There was a gasp from the crowd. He gave her his arm; together they entered the great portals. "Who is he? Who's the young man with her?"

It was like a marriage—a mystic marriage of sublime beauty.

And that evening he'd make good with her. She'd see what he was really like. Walter Gifford might work with her, but she despised him. It would be he, Donald Upton, who would have her friendship, perhaps more.

"Well, where have you been this afternoon?" his mother asked him. "Mr. McQuarrie called up from the studio."

"I had a call to make on Miss Bayne," Donald said. "I'm going to take her to the opening of her new picture."

He expected that would bowl his mother over, but it didn't.

"Why, aren't you getting to be grown up?" she laughed. "Miss Bayne is Mr. Gifford's leading lady, isn't she?"

"Leading lady nothing. He was her leading man."

"Oh, I never can keep those things straight. He dropped in this afternoon to tell me about the wonderful contract they've given him. It made me feel right on the inside of things. It means he'll move away from Glorianna Court though. He's going to build a place in Beverly Hills."

In the middle of that night Donald got up and examined his dinner clothes. He'd bought them recently, and ordinarily they'd have done for two more years; but as he looked at them he realized that the thought which had disturbed him was correct. Even on the hanger they hadn't the right look. He'd have to order new ones.

He didn't know where such superlative and transforming garments as he saw in his mind's eye might be ordered, so he dropped in on Harry Chambers the next morning to inquire. Harry gave him an address.

"That's the only place, according to the Big Boys," was Harry's comment. "Go there or you might as well go naked. Not that I go there myself."

"I guess that's the place I want though."

"And pay in advance, and pay b'g."

"Pay in advance! I'll have to sell the flivver then."

"What's the idea? Getting ready for the opening of The Ham?"

Donald's big surprise for Harry was coming out just as he'd hoped it would.

"Yep," he said. "I'm taking Miss Bayne."

"You are?" Harry Chambers' face broke into a grin. "Then you're getting something out of this business after all."

"Just what I wanted out of it."

"It sounds like one of my own plots."

"It is a plot," Donald admitted, beaming. "The Lion and the Mouse one. Remember?"

Donald took advantage of the fact that Mr. McQuarrie went out early to luncheon to drop around on the tailor shop Harry had named. Finding all Harry had said true, he stopped at a secondhand-car depot on the way back and handed over his flivver.

Unfortunately, after he'd left, a telephone call came to the office which the stenographer, who ordinarily would have protected him, wasn't able to answer, and, to protect herself, she told McQuarrie he'd been out, and McQuarrie was sore as a boil.

Donald was sorry, but he couldn't be annoyed worrying about McQuarrie now. That afternoon on the way home he got the money for his flivver and ordered the dinner suit.

The sensuous delight of his first fitting, three days later, almost frightened him. Good clothes were going to turn him into a different person.

He had to go to all the men's hat shops in town before he dared settle on an opera hat, and their goods looked so much alike that finally he was driven to buying the most expensive, so he could be sure that he had the best.

Whenever he dared slip away from the office he went to some garage and inquired what cars they offered for rent. By three days before the opening he had covered the ground pretty thoroughly and settled on a limousine of foreign make, done in pale biscuit color with upholstery of pale blue tapestry. Its owner did everything but require a bond before he would agree to let Donald hire it.

With these purely material problems eliminated or on their way to elimination, another one more profound rose before Donald's mind. Like that earlier doubt of the dinner clothes, it came upon him in the middle of the night.

He'd been counting on that evening with Barbara Bayne to show her what he was really like. But what—and the query brought him bolt upright in bed—was he like that could be of any interest to her? He'd look all right and have the proper kind of car, but he himself? Of what should they talk? He could discuss the pictures, of course, but that would be a pretty stale thing to offer Barbara Bayne. To a being like her one should speak in another language. Poetry.

He remembered a boy he'd known back home in Toledo—sort of a lounge-lizard type who used to recite poetry to the girls at dances. Donald and the other fellows had kidded him, but now Donald saw that he'd had the right idea.

The next morning, on his way to work, Donald bought some compilations of poetry, but he found most of the stuff they contained pretty meaningless. Finally he was reduced to learning exactly what the fellow in Toledo had recited:

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
In the Malamute saloon

and

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow,
Chucked plum full of hush to the brim,
And watched the big, husky sun wallow
In purple and gold, and grow dim.

The sonority, the adventurous manliness of the lines made him quiver inwardly as he went over them. He could imagine how Barbara Bayne would thrill to them, as he recited them in a voice which didn't tremble, very casually, as though these were experiences he shared with almost every man.

Then there was a kind of risqué one that was very beautiful too:

I hailed me a woman from the streets,
Shameless, but, oh, so fair!

He wasn't sure about that.

Unfortunately, Mr. McQuarrie found the volumes on his desk.

"Are these of great assistance to you in that Dutch-village research you were supposed to be doing?" he inquired in his most pinched tone.

"I wasn't reading them," Donald replied, which was quite true—he'd been memorizing them.

The only real shadow on those last days was due to the fact that in the back of his mind Donald had been hoping that he would receive a message from Miss Bayne that he was to come to her house to dinner. No such word arrived.

The opening was to be on the eighth. During the night of the seventh, in a panicky flash of last-minute insight, Donald saw that Miss Bayne thought it odd that he hadn't asked her to dinner. That was what he should have done, of course.

In the morning, before he left for the office, he telephoned her house to rectify that gaucherie, but Miss Bayne wasn't up yet. He didn't like committing such a message to the maid.

"I'll call later," he said.

"It seems to me you spend more time on that woman!" his mother commented. "She isn't after your money, is she, Donnie?"

Then his mother roared with laughter.

Donald considered making some tart comparison between Miss Bayne and his mother's great favorite, but preserved a dignified silence. She hadn't been so bad about Walter Gifford since he had left Glorianna Court, though she had called Donald's attention to the publicity given Mr. Gifford by the company as its newest

(Continued on Page 97)

Where Danger's Great
KLEINS *for* Safety

Where rush production demands the most in men and tools—where delicate jobs require the utmost in care—wherever skilled mechanics, electricians or carpenters are employed, you can bet the pliers they use are Kleins.

MILLIONS of singing wires carrying important messages—they must be kept in perfect condition—only workmen of the highest skill can touch them. These workmen know that the tools they use must equal their ability and, of course, they all pick Kleins. In Public Utility Companies the finest work is an important factor—safety is an important factor too—two good reasons why they standardize on Kleins—the finest in linemen's tools "since 1857."

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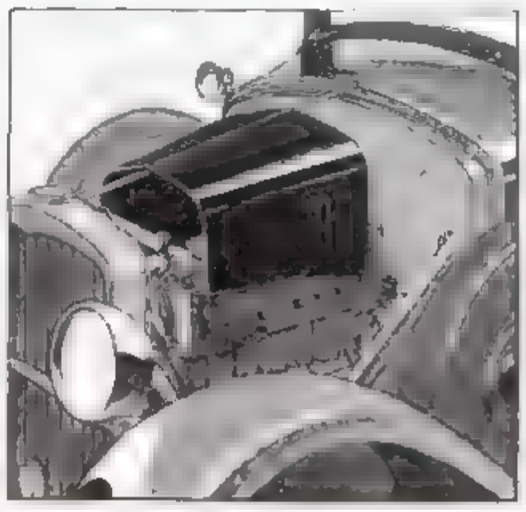
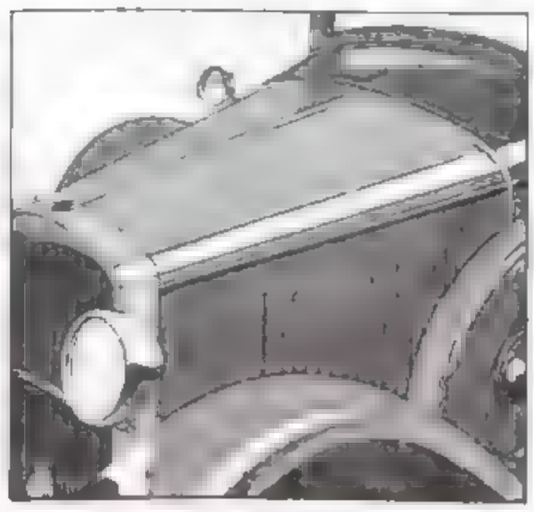
WOULDN'T IT BE RIDICULOUS TO PUT A TINY HOOD OVER A FINE BIG MOTOR? IT IS EQUALLY ABSURD TO USE A BATTERY THAT DOESN'T FIT ELECTRICALLY.





Open Your Eyes To The Facts of *Battery Value*

A battery may look large enough and have the correct number of plates, yet fall far short of fitting your car. Its *electrical size* is a far more important factor in determining how well it will serve you, how long it will last.

Consult the Willard Chart at any of the 30,000 Willard Service Stations and learn the correct *electrical size* for your car . . . It will open your eyes to new facts about battery values.

Installing the correct *electrical size* means that your battery operates at its most efficient rate. It, therefore, means freedom from dangerous over-loading. It represents safe, sound investment.

Your car manufacturer recognizes the importance of *electrical size* and specifies the battery for your car on this principle of known value. The Willard Chart gives you the advantages of his experience and enables you to select your battery on the same sound engineering basis.

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If your season's mileage runs well into five figures, you can stretch your battery dollars by selecting a Willard Battery insulated with Thread-Rubber. This type of insulation has the resilience needed to carry the peak loads demanded by "hard driving." For the average driver, the wood-insulated Willard of the correct electrical size meets every requirement of durability and dependability—at the lowest price it is safe to pay.

Willard

STORAGE BATTERIES

CLEVELAND OHIO

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star with what seemed to him needless assiduity.

Donald hadn't laid eyes on Mr. Gifford since his departure, but on that morning of the eighth he was sitting at his desk when he heard a familiar voice say to the stenographer:

"Could I speak to somebody in this department, please."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Gifford," the stenographer bleated adulously; then she called, "Mr. Upton!"

Mr. McQuarrie was out.

Donald rose and went forward.

"Oh, hello," Walter Gifford said languidly, not certain whether to shake hands or not. Donald settled that by not holding out his hand toward the limp fin that was half extended.

"Hello," he said.

"My architect," Mr. Gifford explained his errand, "has been talking to me about the Al Hamber house. He thinks something on the style of the Al Hamber house would be nice for me, and sort of different. I wondered if you had a picture of the Al Hamber house that I could see."

By divine dispensation Donald's researches had once carried him to Granada.

"It'd do for your garage anyway," he said. "I'll send a photograph of it around to you. The name, by the way, is Alhambra."

Walter Gifford was too thick to know that he was being subjected to sarcasm.

"Do that," he said.

"I see your picture is opening tonight," Donald remarked idly.

"Yes, darn it. I'd be going to a wonderful party if it wasn't for that."

The affectation of indifference was too much for Donald. He might have restrained himself otherwise.

"How did you like the title of your picture?" he inquired.

"Oh, all right," Walter Gifford answered, then he remembered. "Say, you spoke to me about that once before."

"Yes," Donald said, "I was the one that named it after you."

"After the character I play," Walter Gifford snapped.

"Look here," Donald addressed him. "You may be able to tell that to the rest of the world, but you can't tell it to me. I saw that picture as it originally stood."

"Oh, is that so?" Walter Gifford said. "And who are you anyway? A little clerk in a bum department that gets perhaps thirty dollars a week."

It was true, and it was not pleasant hearing, but Donald took it with apparent calm.

"I know a ham when I see one, though," he said, and then, seeing Walter Gifford's hand start toward him, he squared off and landed a defensive blow. The stenographer squealed. It was at that moment that Mr. McQuarrie entered.

"Hey, what's this?" he cried. "Hey, what's this?" and he separated them.

For an instant he didn't recognize Walter Gifford, whose hand was over his nose, and for that instant he sided with his subordinate.

"Say, what do you mean by coming in here and ——"

Walter Gifford lowered his hand a little, then put it back because his nose was bleeding.

"Mr. Gifford!" Mr. McQuarrie said. "Here, take my handkerchief. What happened?"

"I came in here," Walter Gifford stated as soon as he could, "to ask a simple question and he insulted me, and I want to say this: Either he leaves this department or I break my contract with this company."

"He's fired right now," Mr. McQuarrie said. "I've been thinking about firing him for quite a long time. . . . Hey, you, get out!"

Donald got out. Ordinarily, losing his job would have annihilated him. It wasn't much of a job, but it gave him a toehold on the industry which was engaged in the only work in the world he cared about. Losing it meant that he'd have to live on his mother till he found another. His mother had a competency and in fact always acted as though the board and rent Donald paid her was the most surprising of windfalls, but having lost his job, she would insist that Donald should take the first one which offered, whether it had to do with the pictures or not. There would be interminable arguments and bitter complaints.

Donald tried to realize all that, but he simply couldn't. In the first place, he was in a state of exaltation approaching mild drunkenness at finding that Walter Gifford hadn't reached his features, whereas he'd drawn blood.

Then, it wasn't really credible that the person who was going to take one of Supreme's stars to the opening that evening should be fired from a small position in a minor department that morning. All it would require for his reinstatement was the least word from Barbara Bayne.

Even that wouldn't be necessary, probably. Just let Mr. McQuarrie find that they'd gone to Graham's Ionic together, and he'd telephone to get Donald back the first thing tomorrow morning.

All that it amounted to was that Donald had been given a free day to be barbered to perfection and to make proper arrangements about dinner.

From a drug store he tried telephoning Miss Bayne to make sure that she'd dine with him, but she'd gone out, and he decided to take a chance, so he went to the Plenipotentiary and ordered a table and a dinner. Then he gave himself over to the Plenipotentiary barber. Five dollars' worth of improvements.

After that he tried telephoning Miss Bayne's house again, but she was still gone. He left his name, but she didn't call back, and finally, about three o'clock, he began telephoning nervously every half hour. He got her at half past five.

"Yes, this is Miss Bayne. What is it?"

"This is Donald Upton."

"Who?"

"Donald Upton. The Backstage Kisses one. I wonder if you'll have dinner with me before the opening."

He'd expected to be scared to death when he asked her, but he wasn't a bit; his fight with Gifford had given him confidence in himself.

"Oh, is that your name?" Miss Bayne's voice inquired. "I've wanted to get in touch with you, but I didn't know how."

"It'll be all right about dinner, won't it?"

Evidently he'd gone too far in the direction of airiness, for Miss Bayne said, "It certainly will not."

"Well, I'll be around about 8:15 then."

"Look here, you," Miss Bayne's voice suddenly almost screeched. "What do you think you're getting away with? You come near my house and I'll have a couple of thugs to knock you out."

It was like a nightmare.

"But, Miss Bayne, what's the matter?" Donald implored. "You're thinking of the wrong person. I was the one who got my friend to work on the story."

"And a nice job that was! Turning me into a second lead."

"But all you wanted was to have it released."

"I'd rather have had it burned up than turned into that mess."

"You mean because it got Walter Gifford a contract?" Donald asked, a last hope illumining his heart. "I felt like that, too, but you'd said —— Why, just this morning I smashed his nose out of shape."

"You did!" Miss Bayne's voice seemed to tighten with fury. "That's nice when I'm going to the opening with him tonight."

Donald Upton was interested in the laugh which tore his own larynx as he hung up the receiver. He had no idea he was capable of such bitterness as was concentrated in that laugh.

Walter Gifford!

He went and looked at the new dinner clothes hanging in his closet, and at the opera hat on the shelf above them, and he laughed again. He'd never wear them, of course, and he'd never ride in that limousine. He put his fingers to his eyes to see if there could be tears in them, and he not know it, but there weren't.

"Donnie," his mother's voice called, "have you started to dress already?"

"No," he said.

He couldn't face his mother, with her questions and her possible laughter. He stood in the corridor and listened. She was in the kitchen, so he stole to the front door.

Opening it to provide an instant retreat, he called: "Hey, mom"

"Yes."

"I'm not going to dress. I'm not going to the opening."

Without waiting to hear what she'd say, he rushed across the little porch. On the step lay the evening paper. Mechanically he picked it up.

OPENING TO MARK
BARBARA BAYNE'S BETROTHAL

Her betrothal, and he'd done it! She certainly wasn't in love with Walter Gifford. Her voice over the phone had proved that plainly enough, but she was going to marry him. The studio had probably thought it would be good publicity, so she was going to marry him. She wasn't a human being; she was a pawn like a royal princess.

He dropped the paper face down where he had found it and plunged out of Glorianna Court, out of the city, which seemed to stifle him. He walked and walked. After a time he began reciting the poetry to himself:

"I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow ——"

It was a great comfort to him. Walter Gifford wouldn't be able to provide her with anything like that.

The country road twisted and turned until it was city again. Twilight was lasting very long. He supposed that the arrivals for the opening must be over by now, and he looked at his watch. It was only a very little after eight o'clock.

He didn't want to see them arrive together, but he knew that he must. His legs went faster and faster till he was practically running.

It was amazing how dogged instinct can get one through a seemingly impenetrable crowd. Donald was at least ten people away from the front row when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks arrived. He was perhaps four away when Ina Claire and John Gilbert stepped from their motor, but he had reached the front rank when the announcer began saying into the microphone: "And now, folks, here come tonight's costars, Miss Barbara Bayne and Mr. Walter Gifford. Miss Bayne is wearing a rosebud dress of pink tulle and a rosebud cape to match. Mr. Gifford has the collar of his coat turned up. I guess he don't want to be recognized, but we know you, Walter Gifford."

Donald thought perhaps he could catch Barbara Bayne's eye, and that the sight of him might cause her some slight pang, but Barbara Bayne had eyes for only one person—the man at the microphone.

"Miss Bayne's going to say a few words to you, folks," that gentleman said, and handed her the instrument.

"Hello, dear people," Barbara Bayne began, her voice limpid with affection. "I have to speak for both myself and my leading man ——"

At that term a broken snort came from behind Walter Gifford's turned-up coat collar, but Miss Bayne went right on:

"A horrid accident happened to Mr. Gifford today and injured his nose, so that his voice sounds funny, but we both want you to know how grateful we are for your interest in my picture and how much we hope you'll like it. I think you will. It's cute. I have to go now or I'll be late. Good night, darlings."

Walter Gifford held out his arm and together they walked up to the blazing portals.

Donald didn't faint, but standing there he did something very like losing consciousness.

WHY THE DREXEL INSTITUTE SELECTED SIKES CHAIRS

THE high ideals which have governed the famous old Drexel Institute in Philadelphia have carried it to a proud eminence among American educational institutions.

The long experience of Drexel has brought a full appreciation of the fact that the physical comfort of students is conducive to greater mental activity and more rapid learning.

Therefore, in furnishing the splendid new addition to Drexel, Sikes Chairs were chosen for the classrooms.

Before every other consideration, Sikes Chairs are designed on correct anatomical lines, so that users shall be assured of natural, correct posture free from all distracting and fatiguing discomfort.

For any requirement in business, professional or institutional chairs, you are invited to see the Sikes Dealer nearest you—whose name and address we will furnish on request.

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A complete line of matched office suites and commercial desks is manufactured by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation, at Buffalo, New York

THREE GENERATIONS HAVE USED S. S. WHITE TOOTH PASTE

Since 1869 it has met the requirements of the dental profession. It contains no harmful drugs. It keeps the teeth clean, and the gums firm. You'll like the taste.

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Full size 10c tube sent FREE

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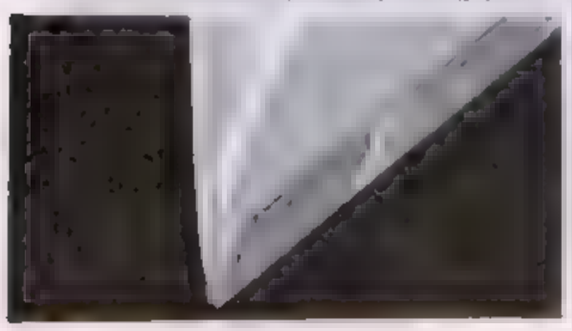


"What does this mean?" A voice close to his ear brought him to. "I thought you were taking her?"

It was Harry Chambers.

Donald nodded his head negatively and then, for the first time in his life, did something hideously conspicuous: He burst into sobs.

Harry Chambers led him out of the crowd and into a drug store, where he bought him some coffee.

"I've been trying to get you at the research department all day," he said as Donald began drinking it.

"I was fired this morning."

"What for?"

"Pasting Walter Gifford in the nose."

"Was it you that did that?" Harry laughed. "Swell. What I wanted to see you for was to ask if you'd be interested in a job as my assistant. I think you've got a flair for that sort of thing."

"I had when it was about her," Donald said, "but I wouldn't have about anyone else."

"You let me be the judge of that," Harry told him. "What happened that you didn't escort La Bayne?"

"She didn't like what we did to her picture."

"I had a hunch that she might not, and I've been feeling pretty guilty about you."

"Why?"

"You see, I never explained to you what the note about Backstage Kisses said, did I?"

"No."

"It said, if I could find a way to fix it so it could be shown, there'd be five grand in it for me. Signed Benjamin Bergdorf, vice pres."

"I'm glad of that, anyway."

"But I wouldn't have found a way to fix it if it hadn't been for you. I'd given it up, and since I've had that five thousand dollars it's burnt a hole in my conscience. I tried to reconcile myself by thinking that taking La Bayne this evening was what you wanted, but since you didn't get even that, you've got to have your slice of the melon."

"That's nonsense, Harry."

"No, it isn't. You gave me the idea and the title. That's worth 10 per cent if it's worth a nickel."

"You're letting your sympathy make a fool of you," Donald said.

"Because La Bayne went with that ham tonight instead of with you? That isn't my idea of a heartbreak."

"But it isn't that. Haven't you read the papers? She's going to marry him."

"Going to marry Walter Gifford! That canny lassie? She wouldn't touch him with a five-foot pole."

"Is it just a publicity stunt then?"

"You're the one who doesn't read the papers, son. Barbara Bayne is marrying Ben Bergdorf. They're announcing it today to kill some of Walter Gifford's publicity, although the papers lay it to impetuousness. Yes, one of the prettiest romances in years. It seems Bergdorf happened across her in the corridor of the studio, crying because something was wrong with her latest picture."

"That sounds kind of familiar," Donald commented, with an expression which was, for an instant, just under a smile.

"You haven't told me yet whether you want the job I'm offering you," Harry pressed his advantage.

"Want it! I'm crazy about it. Only Walter Gifford has said that if I work in the studio he'll break his contract."

"I'll take a chance on that. As a matter of fact, if it were true, in two months' time they'd be offering you big money just to be rid of him."

After what life had done to him, Donald couldn't believe that.

"If he raised any trouble, though," he said, "maybe Miss Bayne would put in a word with Mr. Bergdorf. She'll feel differently toward us when she's calmed down."

"Still that Lion and the Mouse idea," Harry Chambers chuckled. "Nothing in it, son. I've been thinking about it since the other day. In the first place, you've got the mouse's lion mixed with Androcles' lion, and all that lion did was let Androcles be. And in the second place, you have to remember you're not dealing with a lion but with a lioness. When a mouse has to do with a lioness ——" He seemed about to make some tremendous pronouncement.

"Yes?" Donald said.

"—— the mouse gets what a mouse always gets."

"What's that?"

"Cheese."

DEATH VALLEY

(Continued from Page 5)

seem to be asleep all through the winter, but in summer they awake and move. They may move fifty feet. They may move 200. Death Valley is not a pleasant place when fifty square miles of sand dunes stir and hang a swirling curtain of hot sand from the sky.

Death Valley has its sandstorms all the year round. In the winter months there is a sandstorm about once a month. In the summer months, from May to October, there is a sandstorm almost once a week. Summer temperatures in the valley go to 130° and above. The wind blows so hard that a man cannot stand up against it. The hot wind, loaded with hot sand, sweeps through the burning valley, and the vivid colors of the hills are blotted out by the opaque yellow of the sand blast. A sandstorm may die down within a few hours or the scourge of sand may last for days. Men and animals have died in the hot sand blasts. Bill Corcoran says that a summer sandstorm in the valley turns the valley into a pot of boiling glue. A winter sandstorm is an unpleasant, gritty experience. A summer sandstorm is hell on wheels.

Ground Afire

The Paiute Indians, who used to live in the Death Valley region, called the valley Tomesha—ground afire. The Paiutes were talking about the valley in July and August. The government records show temperatures of 138° in July. A Mexican named Vic had charge of recording the temperatures of the valley for the Government for several years. Vic lived at Furnace Creek Ranch. I was looking over the temperature records one day. There was a spell of weather one July and the thermometer hit 135° almost every day for two weeks. At three in the morning it cooled off to 105°. Those were the temperatures in a covered, louvered box protected from radiation—shade temperatures. It must have been 145° in the sun.

"How did you stand that heat, Vic?" I asked.

Vic looked at the record sheet. "That was hot," he said. "I remember. I almost die. Hot, hot, hot, every day. No sleep at night. My dog lie down in the creek and try to get his breath. I send my wife out of the valley. My burros go up in the hills. My head begin to feel funny. I think maybe I stay in this valley too long. I lie down by my dog in the creek. Hot water! I think, what the hell? My burros got good sense. They go up in the hills. My dog stay because I am fool and stay. That night I say to hell with this. Me and my dog go up the canyon."

The summer heat and glare of Death Valley are dangerous. Desert men avoid the valley during the daylight hours. They know that men have died on the valley floor in the summer heat. Not all of them died from lack of water. Men have been found dead with canteens almost full. The human system does not seem to be able to absorb moisture as fast as the dry hot valley air draws moisture through the pores. There is no moist rot or decay in the valley or its hills. The trees on the higher mountains that die become dry-seasoned where they stand. Men and animals die in the sun, to become mummies and then dust.

"Tomesha—ground afire." Well said, Paiute.

Cloudbursts have carved hundreds of grotesque canyons in the Death Valley mountains. The roaring floods pour down the mountains, boom through the canyons and spread out over the giant fans of gravel at the canyon mouths. The cloudbursts occur infrequently and usually have few spectators, because few people remain to enjoy the spectacle. When a cloudburst starts to form, almost everyone seems to yearn for other scenes. But there is no danger except in restricted canyons, and there is always plenty of warning. The cloudburst begins as a great black cloud dimming the sun. The cloud sweeps toward a mountain. An hour passes. Long tendrils reach down from the cloud mass and grasp the mountain. The cloud sits down on the mountain and rain pours upon the uplands. Thousands of waterfalls burst from the sheer flanks of the hills and the canyons are alive with rushing water. The valley silence is gone. There is the crash of water. The road across the gravel fan below Poison Spring disappears beneath a rumbling sheet of water. The country road gang just got through working on that stretch of road and they will not be back until next year.

The mountain ranges on each side of Death Valley are cut by deep canyons. From the floor of the valley the way into these canyons lies up the slope of the alluvial fans of bowlders and gravel. Often it is a five-mile climb up the fan from the valley floor to the canyon, twenty-five hundred feet above. Erosional forces have disintegrated the mountains and poured the refuse through the canyons to form the alluvial slopes. The fans from adjacent canyons meet and overlap, and old trails along the upper edges of the alluvium join the canyons together. Many of the canyons are unnamed and almost unexplored. Others have borne names for a long time: Gower's Gulch, Sheep Canyon, Death Valley Canyon, Titus Canyon. Old Indian trails run through Cottonwood and Marble canyons, through Titus and Furnace Creek Canyon. There are Indian writings on the walls of the old canyons through which the ancient trails run. It is in the canyons that the remote spirit of Death Valley dwells. The ignorant Indian savage knew that, but the white man is just finding it out.

Checking an Indian Tale

The geologist and ethnologist are interested in Death Valley. The ethnologist is digging in the canyons for traces of the earlier man. The geologist is scampering over the mountains, piecing together the story of the valley's creation. Little by little the scientist is reconstructing the history of the valley. When his collection of specimens and horrific scientific terms is complete, the man of science will have proved a tale that the Indians have been telling one another for a thousand years. The Indians know all about the creation of Death Valley. It was an affair between themselves and their gods.

The Indians admit that they were to blame for the havoc wrought with the land in the region. The buzzard warned them. The mountain sheep warned them. All their gods warned them. The medicine men told them that the gods were out of patience with the tribes, weary of the wars among Panamint, Californian, Mohave and Paiute. It was high time to stop the raids of brother upon brother. There must be an end to brother killing brother. The gods promised that unless the Indians stopped

(Continued on Page 102)

We had to revise our figures and RAISE *them* 200,000

Last Spring, confident that the new Philco was exactly the radio the public has wanted, we set a sales quota that seemed over-ambitious. "You'll never get near it," said our friends. Then we let them *hear* the new Philco, and they didn't feel so sure.

Then came the National Radio Dealers' Convention at Chicago. Each manufacturer displayed his new models. Dealers looked them all over. Dealers *swamped* the Philco booth with orders. The sales quota, which had seemed so unattainable a few months previous, was quickly exceeded. We had to set a new quota, just two hundred thousand sets higher.

Why did these thousands of dealers—the most skeptical radio critics in the world—literally fall over each other in their eagerness to *insure* a stock of the new Philcos—the Balanced-Unit Radios?

There's more than one reason. There really are five:

The new Philco has *tone* that—but what's the use of trying to describe the undescribable? Go listen to a Balanced-Unit Radio and you'll realize for the first time what the entertainment of the broadcasting studio really sounds like.

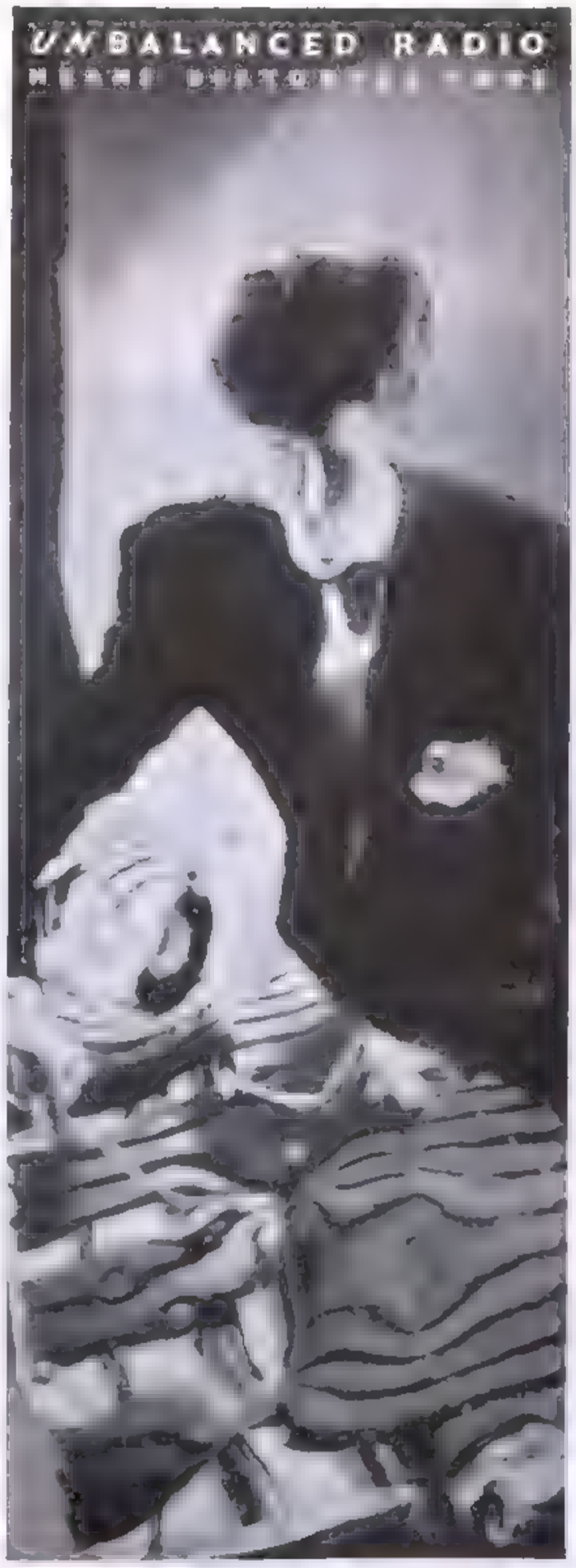
The new Philco has *distance ability* so extraordinary that — varying with weather conditions and location—the Neutrodyne-Plus often brings in California, Mexico, Canada, Cuba, Japan, and even Australia. And—under any ordinary conditions, the new Philco will thrill you with stations *thousands of miles away.*

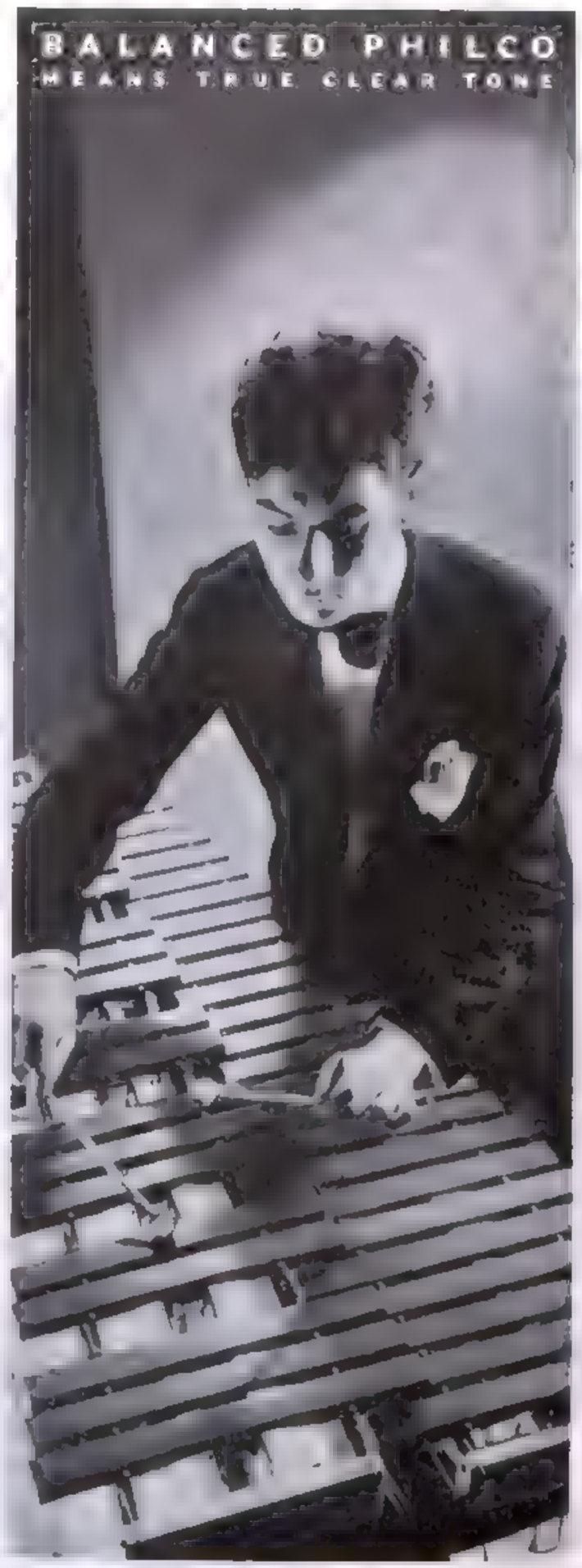
BALANCED-UNIT HIGHBOY

NEUTRODYNE-PLUS $149.50 SCREEN GRID $139.50

Complete range of models from $67.00 to $205.00
Tubes extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West

EVERY Philco model, regardless of price, uses a GENUINE Electro-Dynamic Speaker and TWO of the new extra powered 245 tubes, push-pull.





A man can get used to anything, even a distorted radio. So if you are saying to yourself "The tone of my radio isn't a bit distorted", don't be too sure. When you hear the remarkably true, rich tone which Philco achieves by super-exact balancing of electrical units, you may realize what a lot of radio pleasure you've been missing.

"...AND THEN HE GOT A PHILCO"

It has *selectivity* so sharp that your chosen program comes in as clearly as if it were the only program on the air.

It has *cabinets* designed by men whose furniture has won the admiration of Europe as well as America—cabinets richly adorned with bird's-eye maple, Oriental walnut, butt walnut, Arborvitae burl and other costly woods.

Everything you could wish for in a radio is in the Balanced-Unit Philco!

Yet priced so low that you can easily afford two Philcos—one for upstairs, one for down.

Visit your Philco dealer today and arrange for a free demonstration at home. Easy terms if you decide that this magnificent new set—the overwhelming choice of America's most critical experts, the dealers themselves—is going to *stay* in your living room.

Tune in the Philco Hour every Friday night at 9:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time . . . And be sure to hear the new Philco before you buy any radio

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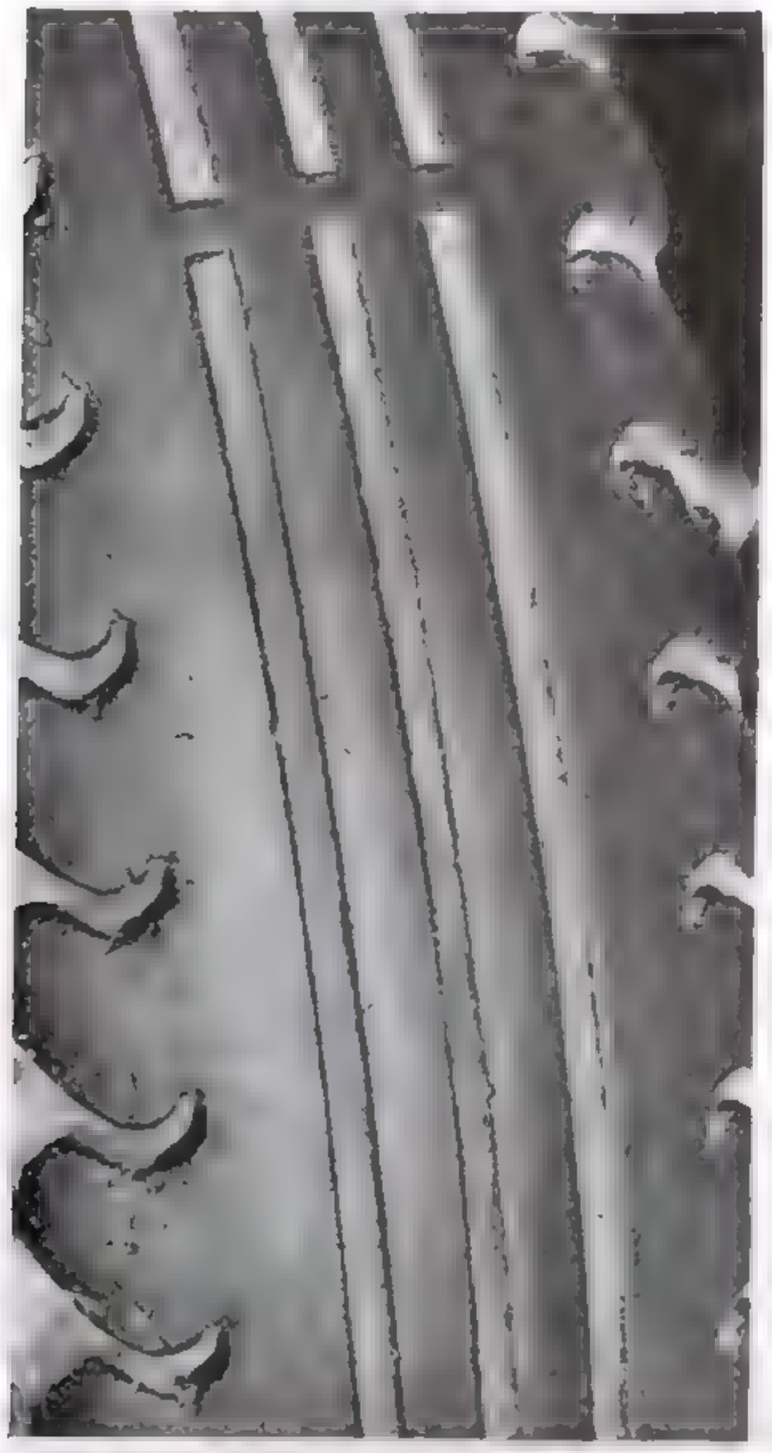
Makers also of the famous Philco Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc

ALL-ELECTRIC PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Years of HARD WEAR



HERE'S HOW THEY LOOK! This Silvertown, photographed before the Fleet reached Chicago, has traveled more miles in seven months than the average tire travels in 30. *Below,* you see Governor Dern of Utah adding his signature to the good-will greetings sent by Mayor Rolph of San Francisco to Mayor Walker of New York.

Silver Fleet Record To Date 21,000 Miles—Silvertowns Still Going Strong

AS this advertisement goes to press the Silver Fleet is leaving St. Louis. Just thirty weeks before, it rolled out of New York. Between these two dates it has toured the South, the Southwest, the Pacific Coast, the Northwest, the Rockies, the North Central States . . .

Its tires have rolled over every conceivable kind of road . . . faced every type of weather . . .

They have mastered every climate, and survived every imaginable tire obstacle . . .

Over 1,250,000 Tire Miles

They have averaged 120 miles a day . . . with usually less than five hours' running time out of every 24. They have piled up more than a million and a quarter tire miles and broken performance records of the greatest significance to the average tire buyer . . .

In short, they have crowded three solid years of hard wear into less than eight months . . .

Most of the original 60 Silvertowns that left New York with the Silver Fleet showed less wear at the end of the twenty-ninth week than many a tire at the end of its first season!

Dozens of them actually retained their original air and have not been removed from the rims throughout the entire trip.

People who examined these tires along the route through Missouri and Illinois were simply amazed at the fine condition of the tires after such a punishing journey.

"What a record they will make when the final miles are counted," exclaimed curbstone watchers.

But the nation-wide tour of the Silver Fleet is not for the purpose of setting exceptional performance records of single tires or even sets of tires. It is to demonstrate what run-of-the-pit Silvertowns will do under normal running conditions. What *you* can expect from stock Silvertowns on stock cars, such as your own.

And the lesson, so far, is this . . .

Given ordinary care, the Silvertown you buy from your nearest Goodrich dealer may be expected to go beyond 20,000 miles. The tires on the Silver Fleet have proved that. They've taken the myth out of mileage claims by demonstrating what Goodrich Silvertowns will do.

For you must not forget . . . the Silvertowns with the Fleet are stock tires, exactly like those your dealer has to sell. They are mounted on stock cars, carefully balanced in weight to duplicate as nearly as possible average load and riding condition . . .

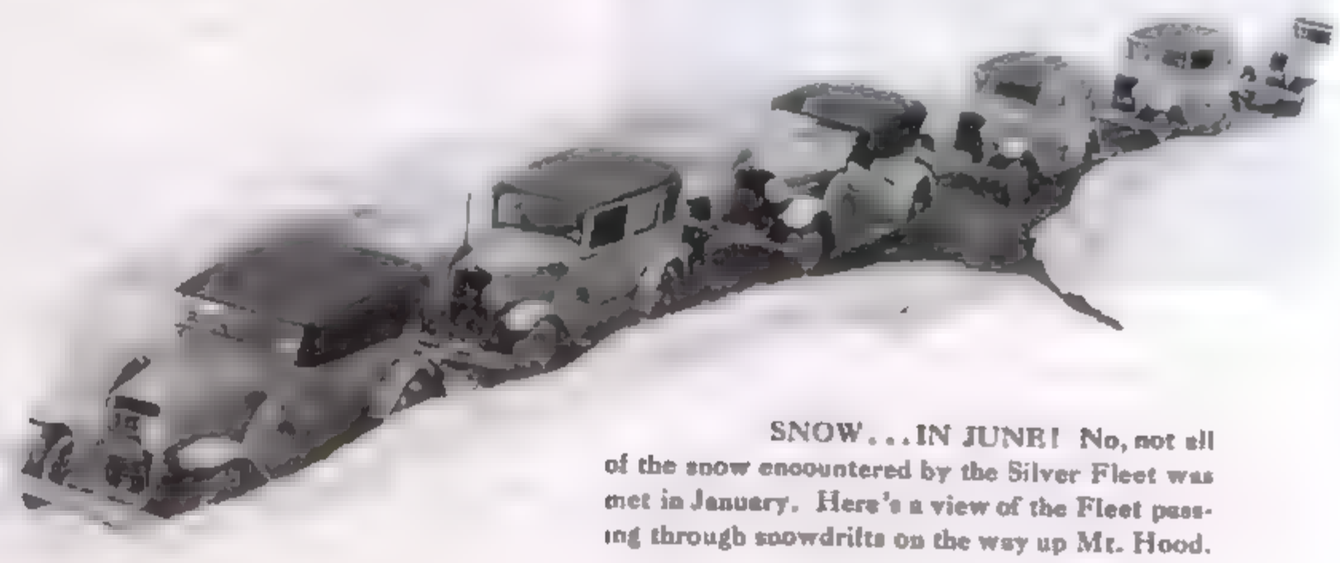
And the care these tires have received is limited entirely to the sort of care you can give your own tires, with only an occasional examina tion by your dealer.

See These Famous Silvertowns

The Silver Fleet has over two months more to travel. In that time, it is destined to set amazing records of tire performance which will be unique in tire history.

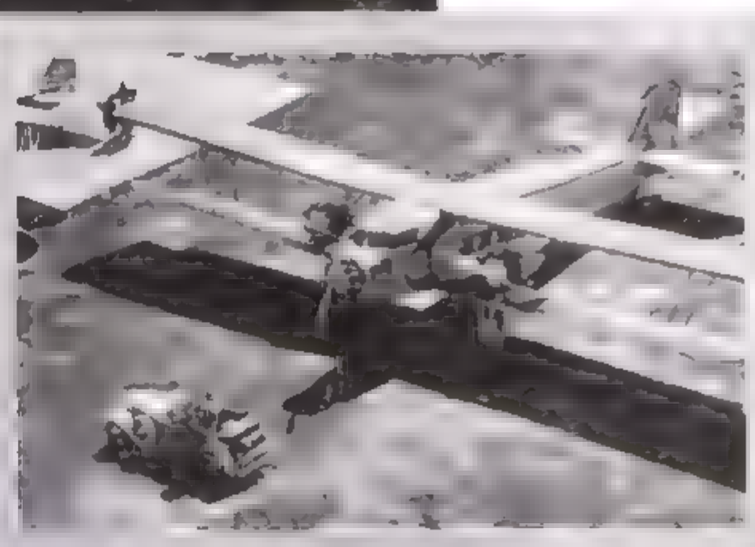
See the Fleet, if you have the opportunity. But in the meantime, see tires like those it travels on . . . in your Goodrich dealer's store. When you buy tires, you might as well have the brand that has *demonstrated* its superiority.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.



SNOW . . . IN JUNE! No, not all of the snow encountered by the Silver Fleet was met in January. Here's a view of the Fleet passing through snowdrifts on the way up Mt. Hood.

crowded into 8 MONTHS



Battling Snow in the summertime . . Photo at the left shows the Silver Fleet climbing Mt. Rainier

Above. At Salt Lake City Airport.

SOUVENIRS! Just a few nails, etc., picked out of Fleet tires by Fleet pilots.

"BREAK OUT THE SHOVELS!" That's the command Commander Schaeffer had to give when the fleet started up Mt. Rainier, in its visit to the Northwest. Though the time was early summer, snowdrifts at the altitude reached by the Fleet were so deep that each car had to carry a shovel for emergency use. They kept on until authorities turned them back, for the snow was too deep for safe travel.

THREE TIRES YOU SHOULD KNOW. (At right) First, you have the Silvertown De Luxe, the super-tire that lasts as long as you'll keep your car. In the center you see the famous Silvertown, standard of tire value the country over. At the right, the Cavalier—the new, low-priced high-quality tire, built like a Silvertown but priced like ordinary tires.

Goodrich Silvertowns

How to make a Leaky Roof

good as new

without the expense of a new roof

We offer you a tried and true method as easy as painting that thousands have used successfully—a method that makes a leaky roof or a badly worn roof as good as new, at a fraction of the cost of a new roof. All you have to do is give the old roof an all-over coating of Rutland Roof Coating. That sounds like a simple statement for us to make, but the truth is that experience, over and over again, has shown it to be a vital, money-saving fact.

Why Choose Rutland?

Anyone can ask for roof coating, but those who *know*, ask for RUTLAND—guaranteed to be made *only* of asphalt, asbestos and a slow-drying mineral oil. There's not a drop of tar in it. After you put it on, the oil dries out and leaves on the roof a tough, mineral coating of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres—thoroughly, lastingly waterproof.

When a product like Rutland is available, why buy a new roof? Why be bothered with frequent small repairing jobs? Why risk leak damage?

You can use Rutland Roof Coating over any roof except a shingle roof. It comes in liquid or paste; colors, red and black. Ask for Rutland Roof Coating at your hardware or paint store. If they haven't it, write us.

Send coupon for free booklet "How to Renew Old Roofs"

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.,
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Gentlemen: Please send me free and without obligation a copy of your booklet "How to Renew Old Roofs", and name of nearest dealer.

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RUTLAND

ASPHALT & ASBESTOS ROOF COATING

... ALSO MAKERS OF RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

(Continued from Page 98)

their murderous quarreling, the gods would stop it in their own terrible fashion.

The counsels of the medicine men and the warnings of the gods went unheeded. The tribal bickering and intertribal raiding and plundering continued. The killings went unchecked until finally the gods stepped in. They punished the disobedient and rebellious Indians in terrible and godly fashion. They blew off the tops of the mountains and poured molten rock upon the warriors. The warring tribes fled blindly. The earth turned to jelly beneath them. It trembled and shook and ran in ripples under their flying feet. Great rents appeared in the earth and cut off all escape. The gods split a mountain chain open and poured an ocean of water through the gap. What is now Death Valley became an inland sea.

By this time the gods were interested in their work. They loaded the waters of the inland sea with salt and then dried the waters up. They tossed the mountains around in liquid form and solidified them with vertical rivers dropped from the sky. When the cooling waters washed away a mountain range, another was thrust up to take its place. The new range was twisted, split, and stood on end. At length the gods thought that the Indians had been punished enough. Besides, the gods were getting tired. So they stopped the torrential rains, took all the moisture from the air, and left the Death Valley region to slip and settle into its present form.

That is the Indian version of the creation of Death Valley. The scientist objects to the legend because he can prove that there were no Indians on earth when Death Valley was formed. The scientist says that Death Valley is about 12,000,000 years old. The valley may be geologically young, but it is some ten or eleven million years older than man. The scientist insists that the Indians must have arrived in the valley a little late for the scenic effects that accompanied the earth's first movements as it began to shape the valley into its present brutal form. But the geologist arrived even later. He missed even the last act that the Indians describe.

The geologist must toil through the crinkled ranges and study the quartzites and limestones, the schists and granites and lake beds in the hills. He must probe the lake beds for their fossils and investigate intruding lava flows. He must relate the rocks revealed in well borings and mine shafts to similar rocks crowning the surrounding hills. Slowly, and with great wealth of detail, the geologist reconstructs the history of Death Valley. The completed story of the geologist substantiates the Indian tale. Both tribes, Scientist and Indian, are agreed upon the volcanoes, the floods, the ancient lakes and the earthquakes. The Indian could not possibly have been there when the earth was in labor. But in the mysterious way of the primitive, the Indian knew all about it.

A Humble Desert Home

There are still some Indians in Death Valley. They are Paiute Indians, members of a tribe that was part of the great Shoshonean Indian nation. Within recent years a number of Paiutes camped at Furnace Creek Ranch every winter. There was a school for the Indian children at the ranch and a small playground with swings and a slide. Tin cans are heaped by the road where the Indians camped. A few Paiutes continue to go to the ranch in the winter, but most of the valley Indians now work up at Death Valley Scotty's place.

Scotty lives in Grapevine Canyon, near the north end of the valley. His ranch is the old Stanniger Ranch, and Scotty has all the water he needs to grow quantities of grapes and melons and a number of fruits. Scotty puts up wonderful preserves.

Scotty has a Chicago capitalist for a partner. They decided that they needed a new house in the valley. The new house developed into an elaborate establishment that cost $1,000,000. They had the house almost finished twice, but neither time did the house shape up the way they expected it to. They tore it down and built it over again. An architect and forty men worked steadily for three years. Wood carvers came from Austria to ornament the doors and interior trim. The tiles on Scotty's new kitchen came halfway around the world. Scotty says that the new kitchen is too damn fancy.

A high-pressure fire-fighting system and a pipe organ are among the features of Scotty's new house. A pipe organ in Death Valley is something of a problem. The extreme heat and dryness split the reeds. An organ with split reeds makes strange and horrible noises.

Death Valley Scotty is Mr. Walter Scott. He is Death Valley's original and best press agent. He is one of the mysteries of the valley. People think of Scotty as a man who comes to town in a blue shirt with a red necktie and an old battered hat to hire special trains and throw money around. People are curious where Scotty gets all the money he has been spending for twenty years.

They are so curious about Scotty and his money that when someone points out Scotty to them, they frequently walk right up to Scotty and say, "Are you Death Valley Scotty? Well, tell me something: Where do you get your money?"

Scotty is a fine, hospitable fellow. Whenever any stranger asks him where he gets his money, Scotty usually explains. Scotty can tell wonderful yarns.

The Burros Find the Mines

A few years ago a little old lady from New Hampshire made the long trip into Death Valley. She was a thin little thing, dressed in black, with a little black bonnet perched upon her head. She had been hearing about Death Valley for a great many years and she was tremendously interested in Scotty. No one could tell her enough about Scotty's history, so she decided to visit Scotty herself. That little lady had a mind of her own. She could not be convinced that 100 miles of rough roads on the trip to Scotty's would be too much for her. She went to see Scotty. I saw her after she made the trip. She was all smiles. Scotty had made her welcome and entertained her with stories of the old valley and the boom camps. She had dinner with Scotty and heard all about Scotty's escapes from slow and sudden death in the valley heat and at the hands of bandits who tried to trail him through the hills.

"Did he tell you where he got his money?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, bobbing her head. "He answered every question I asked him. I had a wonderful time."

"What did he tell you about his money?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "I can't tell you that. Scotty said it was a secret. I must never tell anyone."

She took that secret out of the valley with her. She was very happy.

The valley ends a little north of Scotty's ranch. The great gravel fans from the Grapevine Mountains meet those from the Panamint Range and form a great wall of debris. The immense dead cone of the Ubehebe Crater is almost in Scotty's front yard. The fire that once spouted from the crater now lives in the flaming rocks of the Ubehebe Hills. The upper Ubehebe country is hard to reach. Only a pack train can penetrate the canyons that lead up to the mountain valleys behind the bald scarp of the Panamints.

There are quail and doves along the feeble streams and at the water holes in the high valleys of the Panamints. The mountain sheep walk leisurely along their high-angled trails. Only an occasional old mine or traces of the Indians survive to dispute the virginity of the country.

The same packers who run pack trains up into the high Sierras in the summer move down into Death Valley in the winter to exploit the 250 miles of mountains that hem the valley in. The pack and saddle animals do not like Death Valley. All their feed is hauled in from more fertile regions, and after it has been in the valley sun a little while it gets thoroughly dried out. The horses think they are eating snuff. They do not like the valley water either. They spend their summers in an abundance of sweet water running off the Sierra snows. When they are unloaded from the big trucks that bring them into the valley they thrust their muzzles into the valley water, only to jerk their heads up at the first taste and spit the water out. They look indignant. Later on they get thirsty.

The prospector and his burros pack through the valley hills. The new-model prospector is replacing the burros with an inexpensive car. But the automobile will never replace the burro entirely. The automobile cannot find mines.

I was talking to Bill Corcoran and Jack Stewart, and I said, "Bill, how long have you been in the valley?"

Bill said, "Little over twenty years."

"You must have prospected the whole valley in twenty years," I said.

"No," said Bill. "I prospected for about five years, and I spent the rest of my time chasin' my boorows."

"Listen to the man," said Jack Stewart. "Who found the mines—you or your boorows? Why, if the prospectors in this country didn't have to get out an' look for their boorows, they'd spend all their time settin' in camp. They'd never find anything."

Jack is right. There is a Lost Burro Mine on almost every mountain. Now that Death Valley has roads and gasoline stations, the prospector makes his long hauls in an automobile, but he uses his burros in the steep country where he cannot use anything else. The burros will find more mines.

Only a handful of the old-style prospectors remain in Death Valley. The prospector is a desert man looking for a mine. When a prospector locates a claim he becomes a mine owner with a mine for sale.

Gold has been the chief lure to the prospector of the Death Valley region, but the wealth of the district is not confined to the gold and other precious metals. There is a variety of mineral wealth distributed throughout the southern part of the Great Basin. There are valuable salts, borax, soda, gypsum, potash and the nitrates. There are building materials—marble, onyx, brick clays and cements. The baser metals—copper, iron and lead. The gems—turquoise, opal, tourmaline and the rarer garnets.

The wealth of the hills has hardly been scratched. The rich treasure and the other products with sound economic value have been waiting for the roads to come to them and take them out. The roads are in the valley reaching toward the hills.

Just Waiting for Paved Roads

I was standing with the road builder in Hell's Gate where the roads from the valley run east into Nevada through Daylight Pass. The tall Death Valley Buttes were below us. Salt Creek sent a white slick into the fog of gray heat haze over the salt bed. The tall, impressive mountain ranges of the valley were barriers of dull blue and faded brown, between which the valley flowed south like old spilled paint. An invisible car tearing down the valley floor left a comet's tail of dust a mile long.

The road builder said, "Quite a valley, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "It's been here a long time. And it will be a long time before it is thoroughly commercialized and spoiled."

"It won't take long," said the road builder. "There's been a lot of changes in the last five years. Now that the roads are in, the people will come in. There's times when I hate to see them come. But they're curious about the valley, and they'll come. A tourist asked me the other day when we were going to pave the roads. There's one job I do not want. When the pavement comes in here the old valley will be gone."

This is MAIN STREET'S *Day*

THE big parade of American industry is turning into Main Street.

The American consumer has rerouted the march by demanding style and individuality in the things he buys. His more exacting demands have caused changes within the factory. Mechanical monsters, built to turn out an endless stream of identical articles, are replaced with lines of simpler machines. Each machine is a specialist. Any one may be junked without affecting the usefulness of the others.

It is a logical next step when the huge central plant is supplemented by smaller plants, each located where it can best do its part of the whole task, or when the parts of the job are bought from specialized factories instead of being manufactured in a single huge establishment. Such an industrial set-up, instantly responsive to market changes, is in tune with the demands of today.

Producing in smaller units, business has an ever wider choice of locations. It can grasp the opportunity to get nearer to its raw materials or its choicest markets, or where workers' welfare will be best served, or where land is cheaper, or taxation more reasonable. Electrical energy being available anywhere, business has complete freedom to choose the sites which best meet its needs.

For the small community, this is a happy combination of opportunity and preparation. Industry under the new conditions looks to Main Street for more economical locations. Main Street is ready for industry because Main Street is electrified. Widespread electric transmission systems have placed the small town on an equal plane with the big city in power supply and in industrial opportunity.

• • • •

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

The Sub-Deb - - - - A New Purchasing Director

Until July, 1928, the neglected age of girls was from ten to eighteen. But in that month the Sub-Deb, a page for girls, made its first appearance in the *Ladies' Home Journal* - - It was a spontaneous success! Here at last were the smart, new ideas for which girls had been seeking—new parties for summer and winter and special holidays; new accessories of dress, sent especially from Paris; new hair-cuts; new books; new thoughts on beauty. And with service "extras" that have made thousands and thousands of girls write to us and become new friends - - So here, ready-made, is a new audience of wide-awake youngsters, who today are a very real influence in whatever purchases the whole family may contemplate.

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

LONE TREE

(Continued from Page 30

mullioned windows, arched doorways, full of studies and day beds, period whatnots and do-funnies, with Hercule, the butterfly, looking proud, cherishing with slender fingers his tiny mustache. Just now Ben had other things to look at. The air was of a silken softness that yet pricked the skin. Though shadows were long, there were still vast reaches of sunshine where the lower hills unfolded to far views of green.

Through the town streets Ben drove with acceptable caution, but on reaching the open road emotion overwhelmed him and he became erratic at the wheel, gazing off to distant purlieus, as the professor had called them; taking a hand from the wheel at sharp turns to point for the edification of his party. Its members refused to be edified and urged caution. Doyle threatened to take her child and walk; the professor said, to cover his trepidation by light speech, "What a vast and winsome lea," waving at square miles of grazing land, his other hand gripping a seat back and his feet applying brakes not there.

"Never had an accident yet," the driver assured them, and told of the time he had driven an affectionate calf over this same road. He widely pointed to a distant horse standing in an attitude of dejection beside a wire fence.

"That's a horse all over for you. Acres of good grass there, but he's got to cut himself—that is, if he's any good as a horse. A common scrub will keep away from wire. But you take a good horse and give him some barbed wire to get at and he's happy. Look at that fool. Trying to get a foot between the strands; if he can't do that he'll rub his shoulder against the barbs just where the collar comes. Wouldn't I like to quirt him aplenty out of there?"

"Please!" Doyle besought him. He ceased to point for the moment.

"Ditch running bankful," he observed. "I was afraid the feed might be kind of pinchy, but it ain't." He was again cautioned because he had pointed at the ditch; this made him impatient.

"Blastoderm!" he muttered. It was a word he had picked up from the professor; a bully swearing word he considered it. "Didn't I tell you I never had an accident yet?"

"Many good drivers never have any accident but their first," the professor anxiously remarked, still gripping the car with hands and feet.

"For once he said a mouthful in plain English," Miss Ellis remarked to Whitey.

"I've lived through worse," Whitey answered. "But I hope my wiring holds."

Ben continued cheerfully inattentive to his wheel. "That turn we're coming to is where the calf nearly sent me into the ditch." He made the turn by a margin too narrow to please any but himself.

They traversed a spreading flat meadow to which a gate admitted them. The hazards of their course were here increased because the meadow was giving sustenance to a herd of white-faced cattle with their calves, and Ben had to look in both directions from the home road. "As fair a sight as you'd want to see," he told them. It seemed that only by a superb self-control was he kept from leaving the car to fraternize with his stock.

Then two hills parted as the road curved to reveal the ranch buildings. A low, long-fronted, weathered house with detached buildings near it—a huge barn, farther outbuildings.

"We're not house-proud," Ben told them.

"It looks like a palace," said Doyle. "Anything would, after this."

Another gate held open by Art Dugdale, who had passed them in his truck and had looked back with lively speculation in his glance.

The car halted at the house front and Ben demanded, "How could you ride safer than that?"

Miss Ellis alighted, swept the surrounding landscape with a dusky glance and said, "So this is mountains!" She had seen pictures of mountains.

Professor Abercrombie scanned the ranch house. "Thrown together with an affectation of rude simplicity," he remarked.

"No affectation," Ben said. He and Art were taking bags from the car. Doyle descended, but with no eye for mountains, because her baby was crowing; unquestionably the sounds it made had a calculated rhythm.

"Now then," said Ben, "go in and make yourselves at home." He meant this, but more than all he meant, "Now I'd like to see anyone nag me!"

He bustled after his guests; saw them to their rooms, hospitably, but with no loss of time. He wanted to talk with his foreman.

Art Dugdale awaited him in what Ben must now think of as his study—a long, low-ceilinged room with rugs of Navajo weave on the floor, the walls hung with portraits of prize bulls superbly modeled, with countenances of a large and placid benevolence. The foreman furled his length on a leather couch through the center of which a spring protruded. Ben sat at his roll-top desk in a swivel chair that would creakily revolve but half the radius intended by its maker. He lifted his feet to a support drawn from beneath the desk top and began, "Well, boy, what's the bad news?"

"Not a thing, Mr. Carcross."

"Must be something bad."

"Everything dandy; we got at least an 85 per cent calf crop."

"How's that new bunch of bulls?"

"Dandy animals."

"Not a thing gone wrong?"

"Not a thing here, Mr. Carcross. You look some faded yourself."

"That's right, Art. I was plumb devasted; they nearly had me all killed up."

"Well, I'll be darned, Mr. Carcross!"

Ben went to his hand bag on the table and withdrew a bottle of bourbon. "Everything being so," he said, "I'll just garner me a few drinks." From a shelf over the stone fireplace he took a corkscrew, but paused in the work of broaching his bottle to scowl at a broom standing beside him. "How many times I got to tell this help to keep a broom standing upside down? It makes 'em last twice as long." Savagely he reversed the broom and poured a drink. "I don't encourage this among the help, Art, but it's persuading stuff, and I'll ask you to join me in a little nip." Art brought a glass. Ben sat again and turned his chair shrilly so that he might look out of the window.

He faced the barnyard beyond the house fence, still but half convinced that things could have gone right in his absence. Suddenly he had proof that his doubts were well founded. At one of the feed racks within his vision stood a bony gray horse idly mouthing hay between the bars. He was an elderly horse and nonchalant in his attack on the hay, twitching it out between the bars, allowing much to fall to the ground, where he pawed it. Ben hotly directed his foreman's attention to this outrage.

"Look at that worn-out old skate wasting our good hay! And he ain't worth his salt; don't do a thing but loaf around and waste hay other horses have earned. I spoke about this once before, remember? I tell you we got to do something with those racks; fix 'em some way. They let a horse pull hay out and eat a mouthful and stomp the rest into the mud. Gosh! You'd think we were made of hay the way they act—kind of endowed with it." He turned impatiently to his drink, finished it and poured again.

"That's better liquor than we get here, Mr. Carcross. The sheriff's got some over to the jail now that's plain spitfire. Two drinks and you want to fight your mother."

"Yeah!" Ben had forgotten the wasteful horse. "They got some few good things in New York drink and food. I was having some wonderful store meals there until that assassin got his rope on me. I et everything I could say the name of."

He sipped the second drink and turned again to the window, but there was now a kinder light in his eyes. "Old Veazey's still stomping that hay into the mud," he reported, yet without rancor.

He reverted to New York restaurants. "Say, Art, ever notice how these diplomats are such good cooks? The bill of fare at this New York hotel had diplomat this and diplomat that—sauce diplomat, eggs diplomat—some of it right amusing food. I don't know how diplomats get to be that way."

Art didn't know either.

"You know, before that danged money I used to have to read a bill of fare from right to left, but not any longer. You'd be surprised what I blew in for my supper sometimes."

"I'll bet," said Art.

"Seen the family lately?"

"Yesterday; Mrs. Carcross wanted me to bring some old stuff out here. It's a fair sight, that mansion."

"I glimpsed it, going by."

"Inside and out. They let me into one of the rooms yesterday. Pretty fancy, I'll say "

"All falderaled up—period furniture, eh?"

Art Dugdale coughed with sudden embarrassment and stammered indistinctly.

"What say?" demanded Ben.

"Well, I wasn't meaning to say anything, Mr. Carcross, but I taken a good look and maybe you ought to be told. It seems to me like that French lad has sawed off a lot of secondhand furniture on you people."

"Not on me," said Ben firmly.

"Well, on someone; I seen some mighty old chairs in that room, like as if they had been throwed out of a church. They look grand, but they're hell to set in. I tried one when they wasn't noticin'."

"We're still running this ranch place, though," Ben said meaningly. He finished his drink, poured another and, after a searching glance through the window, reported: "That silly old skeezicks keeps right on tromping good hay."

"We'll certainly have to change them racks," said Art Dugdale.

"Be sure to get at it first thing tomorrow. How's the old general keeping busy?"

"Well, sir, the old general's going into things in a big way—big things; that's what he says. He's acting very important. I met him for a minute in town yesterday and he bought me some refreshment."

Ben sipped his latest drink. "You got a second cook to look after this bunch of mine?"

"I got Ah Fong that's been cooking at the Sip and Bite Grotto in town."

"I guess he'll do all right. This is a pretty good bunch. That tall one can talk about the hardest subjects in the world for half an hour as easy as laughing."

"That young one is a right personable-looking lady," Art remarked casually.

"That one knows all about what's inside you and what to do for it," said Ben. "I'll bet she can tell you things about the human frame that Doc Snell himself wouldn't know." He finished his drink and stretched voluptuously. "By golly, you don't know how I've wanted to be right on this spot." His gaze wandered to the window. The pale fires of sunset illumined the aged white horse still extravagantly twitching hay from the rack, but making small pretense of eating any.

"Look at good old Veazey letting on he's hungry. I want to tell you, Art, that horse in his time was the best little cutting horse in this whole outfit. A danged shame if he couldn't waste hay at his time of life!"

"I'll change them racks sure tomorrow."

Ben set down his glass and again gazed fondly at good old Veazey. "Yes, sir, that little horse was the mostest horse on this ranch at one time."

"I got an idea for changing them racks over -"

"What you want to meddle with our racks for? Ain't hay the one thing we always can find plenty of?" Ben's tone was a little sharp.

"Sure!" said Art.

"What you doing tomorrow?"

"I'd planned for Dusty and me to take a bunch of young stuff over to the Applegate place where we leased that pasture. Sort of lighten the strain on Big Meadow."

"Fine! I'll ride with you. Have Red Joe saddled for me. I'll eat some breakfast in the mess house. What cook you got for the boys now?"

"It's that Portugee, Maria, from the big house."

So Maria had refused to saddle up for the St. John Smythes.

"And say, Art, this Miss—I mean Mrs.—Doyle, she wants milk for that kid from just one cow. It's some kind of a notion she has. These dairy cows been tested lately?"

"Not a t-b germ on the place. I'll pick out one from the dairy herd. That russet-headed lady is a very forward-speaking one. I just heard her berating the timberline agent for handing her kid a kitten to play with. The kid was trying to chew it up."

"Trust her; she's half Irish, half coyote; that girl will be riding the professor with a hackamore before he's a day older. He knows a lot of hard words about babies, but very few facts, I gather. And this baby is a genuine wonder baby; probably the smartest baby in the world, bar none."

"Sure, I'll bet he is."

"We're planting him on this ranch the way I planted that tree out there fifty-two-odd years ago. His mother ——" Ben coughed with difficulty. "Well, she's my secretary companion."

"That's all right with me, Mr. Carcross."

"Old Veazey is sure having a lot of fun with his hay," said Ben fondly.

When he went to his room for the night he recalled another night of long ago; he had gone dutifully to bed, pulling the covers to his chin to hide the clothes he had not chosen to take off, because the next day was Fourth of July and he wished no needless delay in going to his two bunches of firecrackers. He felt a like exultation now. Still, he had to change his clothes anyway, so he might as well undress.

He decided again that Whitey had been right about time. Time was only a measure of movement; nothing in itself, no matter how ruinous the years they marked it by. He had never left the Lone Tree and, anyway, today would soon be yesterday. He dozed off on slightly ruffled memories of the South Ranch where all the trouble had been made for a formerly contented cattleman. If there ever should be a smell of oil here he'd try to hide it. No trouble like that on peaceful Lone Tree.

XXIII

MRS. ST. JOHN SMYTHE had, in Ben's argot, oozled into his room at the ranch with a manner archly confidential. Addie, the girls and Hercule were scattered about outside, and Ben, having allowed them to observe what a cowman might really need in the way of secretaries and companions, had secluded himself at his desk on the subterfuge of important letters. Mrs. St. John Smythe, revealing the elegance possible to severe simplicity in attire, with a pleasing tinge of the rugged West in her felt hat and sports shoes, approached now, almost with a finger on her lip, a look of discreet understanding in her wise eyes.

(Continued on Page 108)

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a Stream of Trucks . . . 27 Miles
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NEW, GREATER HEATROLA
Model 6-D

Pioneer of all cabinet heaters, Heatrola now definitely establishes the *modern* note in design. Outside, a cabinet of striking beauty, harmonizing with the decorative ideas of today. Inside, traditional Heatrola efficiency carried to even higher mechanical perfection. One of several Heatrola models from which you may choose.

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How *to take advantage of the 8th Annual Free Coal Offer*

See your Heatrola dealer between August 10th and 31st. Enroll in the Heatrola Free Coal Club—your $1 membership fee will be applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

In the Fall, when your dealer installs your Heatrola, you will get a ton of coal, if you decide on Model 5-D or the new 6-D Heatrola; a half ton of coal with the No. 15 or No. 25 Heatrola Junior.*

Then, if you like, you can arrange to pay for your Heatrola on the friendly, easy-to-meet terms your dealer will offer

**Half these quantities in hard-coal districts.*

TEN thousand families have been waiting for this announcement! Already, before the first shovelful of 1929 Heatrola Free Coal is moved, we know that at least that many bins will have to be filled.

The Heatrola Free Coal Club

Perhaps your family is already one of those counting on that load of complimentary coal. Perhaps you have already figured on putting those fuel dollars into your bank instead of into your bin.

If not, you'll be interested to know the details of the 8th Annual Heatrola Free Coal Club.

For those who take time by the forelock

We must keep our huge plant busy during the summer months. So we offer a supply of Free Coal to all who are far-sighted enough to order their Heatrolas between August 10th and 31st, instead of waiting for cold weather.

The first nippy days of Fall will find Heatrola Club members ready . . . not only with Free Coal, but with whole-house comfort, too.

Furnace Heat at Stove Cost

Of course, you know that genuine Heatrola heating means healthful warmth *circulating* through *every* room—*upstairs and down!* Upstairs bedrooms called "hard-to-heat" will be just as cozy as the room in which Heatrola stands. Yet the Heatrola uses no more fuel than one old-fashioned oak-stove or base-burner.

Act Now! There is a time limit to this generous offer. See your Heatrola dealer at once for details of the 8th Annual Free Coal Club. Inspect the various Heatrola models for coal, wood, or gas. Or, mail the coupon for Free Coal details and full information about the Heatrola to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 12-A, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices:

Branch Offices:—225 West 34th Street, New York City; 1336 Boston Furniture Mart, Boston; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 635 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

For Gas Users!

If you buy a Gas Heatrola, of course you can't use coal—free or otherwise. But you *can* use gas! So, place your order between August 10th and 31st, and the Heatrola dealer will credit your merchandise account with the equivalent of a half ton of soft coal (a quarter ton in hard-coal districts) to buy gas—with his compliments. The Gas Heatrola is made in three sizes and is the ideal heating method for small homes (or as an auxiliary heater in large homes) where gas is available

CLIP THIS COUPON—*mail it today!*

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY,
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This *can't be imitated*

Only the Heatrola has the Intensi-Fire Air Duct that absorbs and utilizes heat which, in ordinary heaters, goes to waste up the chimney. Insist upon seeing it. You'll find it in every genuine Heatrola.

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ROOM—UPSTAIRS AND DOWN

"Inside"
INFORMATION
ON
KING
RADIO

KING Radio Receivers, the product of a highly skilled engineering organization, are built to meet an ideal rather than a price. Their wonderful sensitivity, their extreme selectivity, their marvelous fidelity of tone—none of these are the result of "chance."

They are the logical result of engineering technique and scientific design that recognize the importance of every "hidden" detail. For example — condensers and resistances. King engineers, insisting on the best, have chosen Polymet. They say "We want King sets to give complete satisfaction; with Polymet specialized parts we know that perfect service is assured."

This is one of a series of advertisements prepared by the Polymet Manufacturing Corporation featuring fine radio sets which use Polymet Products.

Makers of Poly . . . Filter . . . Blocks . . . By-Pass Condensers . . . Mica Condensers . . . Resistors . . . Coil Windings . . . Transformers . . . Plugs and Connectors.

POLYMET
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CORPORATION

839 E. 134th St. New York City

(Continued from Page 105)

"Your little one has *chic*," she told him, almost coyly.

His little one? Ben had recently gathered that to have *chic* meant to be fussy about clothes, and he was puzzled by the application of this term to a baby, who, to his observation, was never dressed with any fussy regard to style.

"Oh, sure, he's got a lot of *chic* for his age."

Mrs. St. John Smythe now bantered him with the glance of a woman who has long known what men are:

"Ah, you fence with me." She prettily shook a finger at him. "I refer, naturally, to your *belle amie*."

This did nothing to relieve Ben's slight perplexity. "Sure, *chic* all over the place. It's the mode trend."

Gail here came in and Mrs. St. John Smythe retreated with a last shake of the bantering finger.

"I've just been having a simply wonderful talk with your Doctor Abercrombie," Gail announced. "He's very advanced, very daring, isn't he?"

"An awfully decent chap," Ben assured her airily, wondering if the professor could be a doctor like Pete Snell. Maybe the cuss really knew something useful after all. But another problem for the moment engaged him.

"Listen, Gail; you learned the French language—how to think in it, and all like that."

"Well"—Gail was gracefully apologetic—"of course I haven't kept up my French since we left Paris; still ——"

"Well, you ought to know this one. What does 'bellamy' mean?"

Gail was well beyond this in the book, even over into irregular verbs and the tricky subjunctive. "Why, *belle amie* is simple. It means 'beautiful friend.' *Belle*—beautiful—*amie*—friend."

So that was all? Ben had thought the old lady was acting as if she had something on him. But for all that mysterious manner of hers she had only meant "beautiful friend." He had, he considered, more than one of those. Somewhat relieved, he went with Gail to join the party outside.

Addie was there, perturbed, he had been pleased to note, yet trying to carry it off with a manner. She now engaged him in a laughing chat about Hercule, who stood near by clad in knickerbockers and topped by one of the Chugwater hats. Even Addie saw the incongruity in this combination, but Hercule was such a child and liked to believe he was adopting in some degree the dress of this remote Western province.

"He looks so quaint in his plus-fours," said Addie.

"Plus-fours?" Ben had thought they were sports clothes, the kind they wished to scandalize his own legs with. Probably the tassel daintily dangling below each knee made the difference. Still —— "Plus-fours, hey? That boy's legs are plus nothing. He's got minus legs."

Ben laughed heavily at his joke and Addie shushed him, but still with that secret manner of carrying something off. He had thought she possibly began to realize that it might not be wise to show a convinced cattleman too much mode trend either in dress or in secretary companions.

In New York it had seemed to him that Addie, after twenty-five years of married life, was beginning to suspect that she had married beneath her. He wasn't feeling this so clearly now. Perhaps he had taken some of it out of her with his impressive staff; no butlers exactly, but plenty of people to make her think twice before she got peckish at him again.

Addie, in truth, after observing Miss Ellis and the strange Mrs. Doyle, with a new baby and a wedding ring apparently quite as new, had been furtively regarding him with something he astoundedly felt was close to respect. They were both relieved of a constraint novel to them when Presh sounded the horn of the car in which he had driven the party out. Presh, as Ben had predicted to himself, was reverting to type. Not only did he flaunt his Chugwater hat, the fawnskin vest and rattlesnake stickpin, but he challenged convention in an ineptly tailored suit of garish stripes and had enlarged his collection of gauds with a fob of rattlesnake skin jeweled with another set of rattles from this picturesque reptile. Presh's ophidian complex had reconquered the areas lost in old Europe.

For the first time in their association Ben felt a warming glow for Presh. That kid had been shown the mode trend aplenty, but here he was, still a blanket Indian. He was one they couldn't nag out of himself. He still wanted a classy garage, didn't look forward to wintering some place, or to tea on the lawn or house parties; nor would he envelop his bony frame in sports clothes. Ben resolved to endow Presh with a garage that would reduce all other garages to the squalid aspect of wrecking dumps.

Gail, in the departing car, was analyzing the wonderful Doctor Abercrombie: "He's so very advanced; I dare say the man has broadened into the higher unbelief. I couldn't quite pin him down to it, but I'm almost positive he seriously doubts the existence of God."

"Why Ben should have felt any need for such a man ——" Addie gestured bewilderment.

"And an aviator," put in Vannie. "Unless he means to take up flying. Of course, that's getting to be *chic*."

"I shall never permit him to leave the ground," firmly announced Addie.

"If you ask me," said Vannie, "he's up in the air already." She giggled at this, but no one joined her.

"Say, people, that's a couple of classy dames he brought along; they look to me like hot numbers." This was, regrettably, Presh. Addie burned him with a look.

"Of course, I should never believe that my husband could have the slightest interest in creatures of that sort."

"Liar!" to herself said Mrs. St. John Smythe in the aboriginal or Chicago manner.

"Remember how Bill Hepburn acted after he struck oil," said Vannie.

"Absurd!" exclaimed Gail. "Those are worthy girls enough, but Ben could never derive the slightest stimulus from the conversation of their sort."

"It wasn't conversation Bill Hepburn went around looking for," put in the perhaps cynical Presh.

"Don't be silly," chided Mrs. Carcross. "I know Ben has some new developments in mind for the ranch, and he has felt the need of expert advice."

Hercule and his mother, who had remained silent, exchanged guarded but shining glances.

"That Miss Ellis looks like an expert in some things," remarked Vannie, only to be chilled by the resulting silence.

But in the intimacy of negligees that night, in a boudoir hung with simply wonderful bargains in renaissance brocade, Addie and her sisters became tense about Ben.

"Of course," Addie began, "I can never bring myself to believe that Ben has so far forgotten himself ——"

"How absurd at his age!" Gail confirmed.

"Still, look at Bill Hepburn," persisted Vannie.

"But that creature took to evil courses long before he became wealthy," replied Addie, "while Ben had always shown himself so steady going. A plodder, year after year, his mind on nothing but his eternal ranch and the price of beef." She paused reflectively in the process of learning what cold cream could do for that one stubborn fold beneath her chin. "Do you know, girls, there was something really quite wholesome about his old steady ways, even if he had no dreams of something higher. I would as soon have thought of the rock of Gibraltar bounding around in the ocean."

"A blonde and a brunette," murmured Vannie musingly. "And a child," she thoughtfully added.

"But of course ——" Addie began.

"Of course not," confirmed Gail.

"And yet," Addie went on, "why an aviator and a doctor of philosophy?"

"He's so completely educated," cried Gail. "He'll begin about something 'on the one hand,' and give you that in the most exquisite English, and then he'll begin about the same thing 'on the other hand,' and give that to you in the most attractive way. Poor Ben must have been simply swept off his feet by the man's learning. I really don't wonder he was fascinated by such unusual scholarship."

Vannie came back to her main point. "And by a fiery blonde and a brunette little flutter-budget. I'm sure that girl starves herself to keep her lines down."

Addie sighed and applied herself to the threatening fold with renewed energy. It presently appeared that they could agree on one aspect of this possibly distressing complication.

"Money has simply gone to the poor fellow's head," Addie summed up.

"Sudden wealth has gone to the heads of many men even as strait-laced and methodical as Ben has always shown himself," added Gail.

"Of course it's money," Vannie groaned. "The mere idea of it simply sent him haywire. Even that operation; I bet you anything he needn't have had it. It was probably something Doctor Snell could have attended to."

"I suspected that," Addie gently said, "and there may have been some after effect of the operation that has left him erratic."

Vannie robed herself in the sable cloak of prophecy, using a phrase learned east of Branlock.

"Mark my words, poor Ben will come a cropper. A mania like that always grows on them; they can't listen to reason."

Addie paused again from the grim massage. The pause meant that Ben would come no very sensational cropper if a watchful wife, having suddenly perceived the need for diplomacy, could prevent it. She cautioned the others:

"Remember, we mustn't say anything to alarm him; he mustn't suspect that we consider him anything but his old normal self."

The wisdom of this course having been determined, the conference fell to a discussion of Portuguese Maria. "Cooking where she belongs -for a bunch of roughnecks," said Vannie.

"Can you imagine the sloppy old thing coming to the door of the dining room that second morning with a half-burned cigarette in her mouth and shouting, 'You bet!' when poor dear Hercule wanted more bacon?" This indictment was brought by Gail. "I was never so embarrassed in my life, though Hercule and his mother took it like the splendid sports they are."

Addie silently kneaded the unruly chin. Maria, uncorseted, with a half cigarette always between her lips and a cheerful response of "You bet!" to all calls for service, was now a closed scandal. She would concern herself only with those that still menaced. The money had gone to poor Ben's head.

XXIV

LONE TREE was congealing to routine after the recent influx. The professor had unrolled the traveling rug inclosing his stick and umbrella, and now had these articles conveniently placed. If rain fell he walked abroad under the umbrella, to the pleased astonishment of all observers. On sunny days he walked with the cane; "barged about," as he put it. After his first walk he reported the presence of a choice police dog in a neighboring field—"A field flowered with amaranth and asphodel."

He was told by Art Dugdale that neither of these plants grew on Lone Tree and that the observed police dog had been a coyote. One of the professor's eyebrows disbelieved, though he afterward described the animal he had seen as undoubtedly feral and probably a jackal.

(Continued on Page 110)

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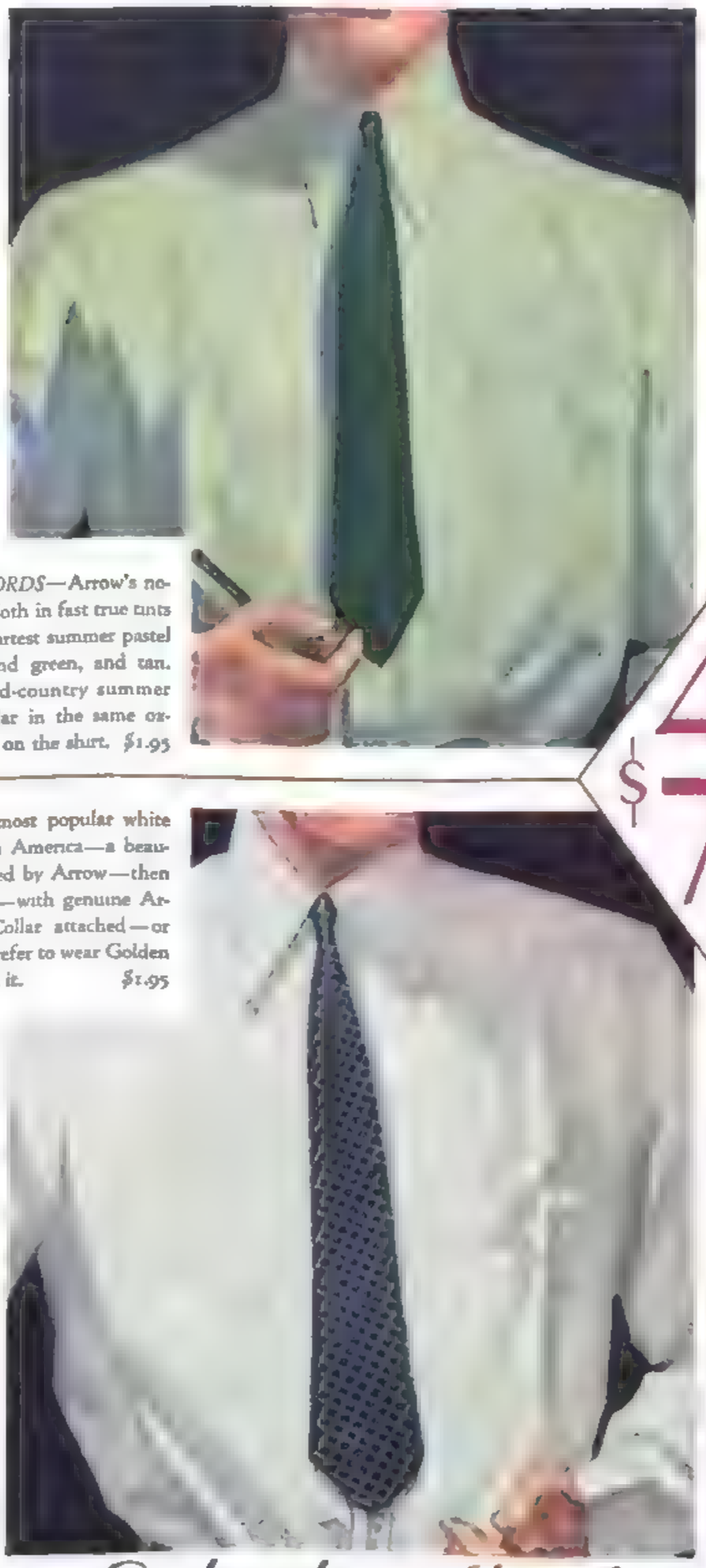

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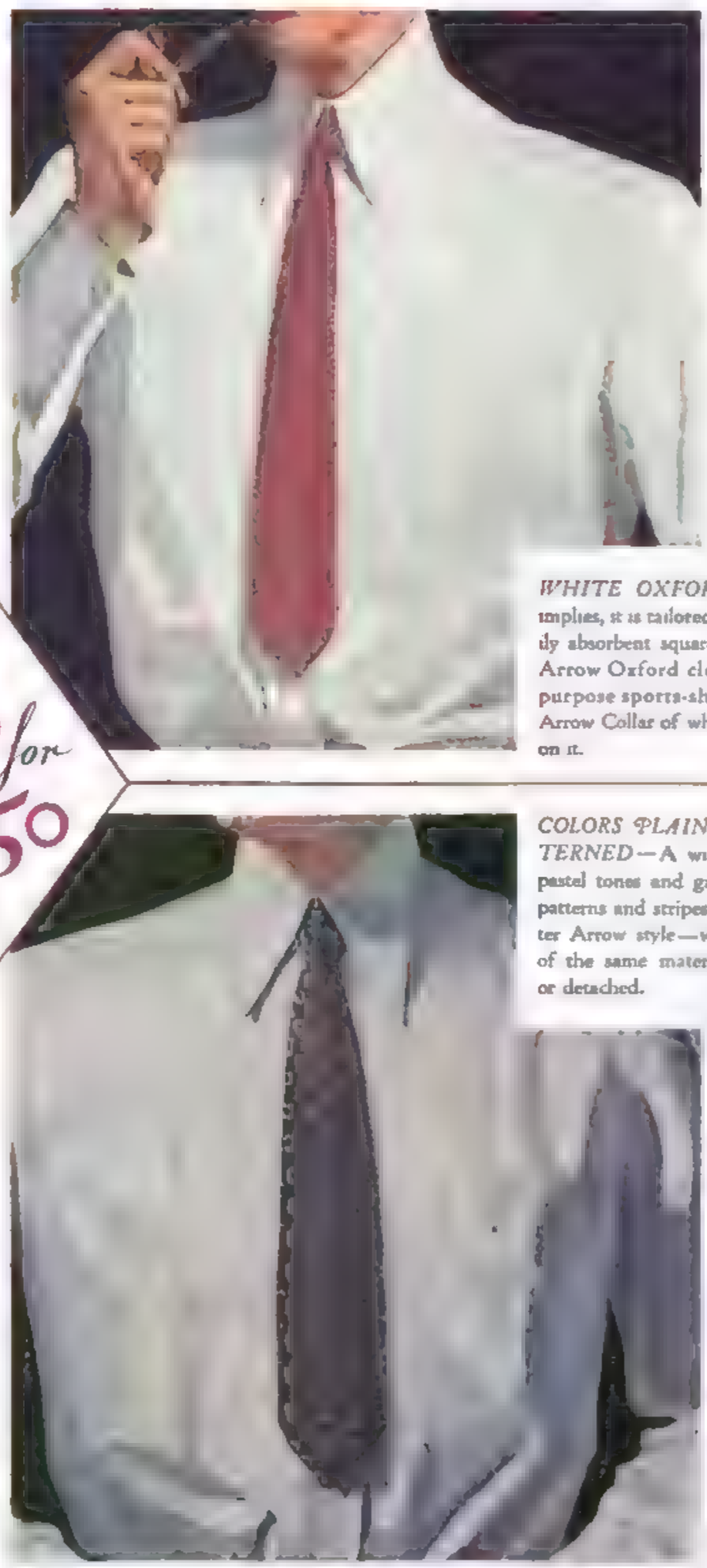

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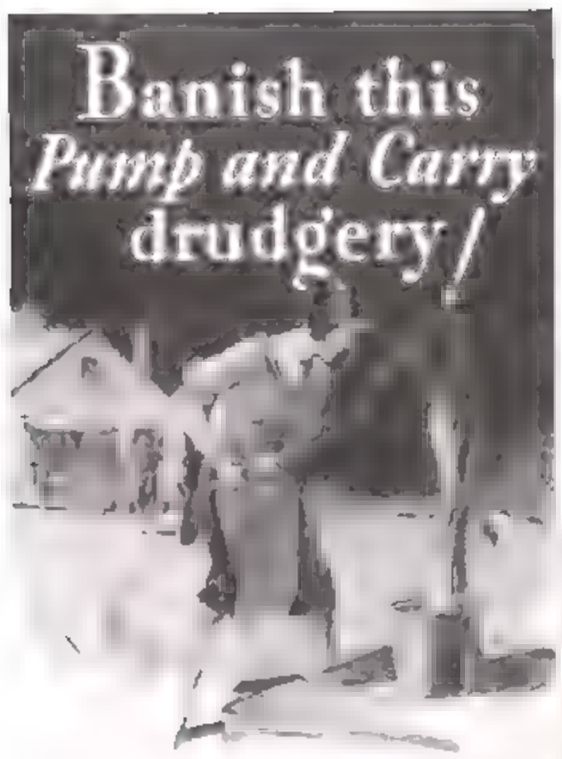

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(Continued from Page 108)

He liked the farm. Freed at last from what he termed scholastic trammels, he liked to be environed with immensity. Ben told him there was enough immensity around Lone Tree to environ a lot of folks. The professor thought it an exceptional landscape effect and was glad, he confided to Whitey, that the recreational opportunities were not such as would tempt him from his work.

Whitey himself had found an abundance of recreational opportunities, chiefly in the blacksmith shop. He had put a demobilized truck back into commission on the second day and was now driving it between the ranch and town.

Miss Ellis liked best those later hours of the day when veritable cowboys jogged in from toil on tired horses. The most of these on Lone Tree she secretly considered to be sad sandwiches; unquestionably they were a shy lot, less enterprising than the males hitherto encountered by this critic in a great city.

"They're so darned respectful," she confided to Doyle.

Still there were exciting moments, as when she perched on the topmost plank of the circular breaking corral to watch one of them topping colts that had never been sat on. Her presence, no doubt, brought an added dash to the labors so expertly pursued below her. There was class to this and she liked it better than what she saw one morning in the dehorning chute. She reported to Doyle that a lot of young cows—all the ranch animals to Miss Ellis were either cows or horses—were having their horns bobbed, but it was too messy a sight even for a girl who had watched operations.

There was, again, the marking of a bunch of young stuff in a way that shocked all her notions of surgical cleanliness. "Do you know what they do?" she asked Doyle. "You won't believe it. They throw the poor things down with a lasso rope and cut a long strip to hang from under the neck—I guess they call it a dewlap—then, instead of applying an antiseptic, they simply pick up a handful of that terrible dirt and slap it right into this cut. Can you imagine? I'll bet Mr. Carcross doesn't know about that."

Doyle, too, was shocked and considered it her duty to report the hygienic outrage to the ranch's owner. They were both aghast to learn that he had long known of the practice and would condone it even after being sternly lectured about the perils of infection. The owner of the Lone Tree was rejoicing in that walk of life to which it had pleased God to call him. He wanted everyone to indulge in innocent merry-making, but he had no mind to rebel against established customs.

Doyle, of course, was being a secretary companion to the wonder baby. She had apparently not yet learned that she was environed with immensity or that she could behold exceptional landscape effects by raising her eyes. Doyle might have been back in the bad lands. She had eyes only for her child, and him she kept snubbed down, as Ben put it: "Never lets herself get a rope's length away from him."

Ben had been wordily told of the reason for this—Professor Abercrombie. The professor was a diligent note-taker and craved close association with this infant for worthy purposes of his own; an association too often tartly denied him for reasons that to Doyle were all-sufficing. She heard about factors that make for expanded consciousness and said these might be all right in their place, but that if the professor was going to start anything with a view to mobilizing the child's mid-brain she would be right there to oversee it. Her own bluntly stated belief was that the mid-brain mobilized when it got good and ready, without any outside help from a certain busybody.

The professor laughed with a biting sarcasm, but this got him no place. He told Ben over a drop of bourbon one night that Doyle might not yet be a mental case, but that she betrayed a condition of incipient mental instability—an unstable nervous equilibrium—that promised—why mince words?—to result in intermittent lunacy.

Ben, while admitting that he had noticed precisely this, pointed out that a woman is a woman, a comment the professor declared to possess the unimpeachable validity of a textbook. Ben himself believed that the baby ate too much and slept too much. When it wasn't doing one it was doing the other.

The professor on this point was pleased to reassure him: "The food produces a tranquilizing lethargy; the ensuing sleep is not without its benefits to the little beggar, and only in the brief waking periods have I tried my small experiments."

"I certainly hope you don't start a fray," Ben told him, "because——" He went on to explain that the bull shuts its eyes in charging, while the female of the species——

The professor was interested and at once made copious notes of the phenomenon. Then he became less preceptorial and complimented Ben upon his powers of observation. A knowledge of this sex differentiation, he said, might in the past have saved him much unfruitful conjecture.

Ben wondered if the professor hadn't sometime been in a woman scrape. There were other obvious things the poor cuss didn't find out too easily. He still believed Ben to be a gentleman farmer who had retired to this country place after attaining independence in some active business. He'd known several chaps in the East who had followed this wise course. Ben merely looked glum. He had tried so often and so patiently to explain.

From a window they watched Doyle in her most favored retreat—a grassy stretch under that one stately fir tree in a corner of the yard. Here she read an improving book, though watchfully, while her infant sprawled on a rug. And here, when the sun seemed to make a thin bright music all about them, Doyle would, as Ben described it, strip saddle and blanket from the wonder baby and permit him to acquaint an interested world with the perfections of his torso and his magnificent control of superbly rounded arms and legs. By a skillful regulation of these periods of exposure the wonder baby was becoming a butternut brown over all his excellently modeled surface.

"Nothing runty about the little cuss," Ben had remarked on one of these occasions.

Miss Ellis would come also to voice a tribute. "I used to think you were nutty, Ginger, but you win, hands down. That brat is certainly the theme song of this ranch."

Miss Ellis was now permitted, under surveillance, to pat the treasure at suitable moments, even to hold him, and she was quick to note if he crowed at these times. "Nickering," Ben called it.

"He'll be an all-talkie in no time," Miss Ellis declared.

Other beings were attracted by the sun bath of the soon-to-be all-talkie. Strolling cow hands—glad of any chance to loaf, Ben said—would stand to view the spectacle from a discreet distance, but Ah Fong, cook, was so frankly entranced that Doyle permitted his near approach and even the occasional poke of a clean finger into the well-covered ribs. At least she permitted this intimacy until the morning Ah Fong showed that he knew not a bit more about young babies than any doctor of philosophy by bringing a box of his native sweetmeats for this one's refection. After that Ah Fong had to hold up both hands before he could approach. Doyle couldn't bring herself to banish him entirely—he was so abject in his adoration.

Then there were kittens such as the professor had appeared to consider a wholesome diet for the young. They overran Doyle's lap; active kittens that sounded overpurred—purrs that threatened to rend asunder their fragile frames. But they were kept from the baby.

And there was Snooper, the dog; a large brownish dog, blunt of shape and plainly a dog of low extraction; vagrant offspring of the most casual amours; yet light-hearted despite all the bars-sinister; a dog that had never worried about family. He was old now, the brown hairs tipped with silver and his kindly muzzle of a venerable gray. He slept a great deal and at times in his sleep would complain about life; yet once awake, he would often incongruously break into a puppy playfulness that ill became his years. These outbursts, however, would not be prolonged. A conviction of his present senescence would overtake him and he would again deport himself as one should who has gone far down into the vale of years.

Snooper had been tremendously excited by Doyle's baby at the very moment of its first revealment under the tree. He began to caper so mad a circle about the two that Doyle's impulse was to scream for help. Then, divining a good intention back of this turbulent behavior, she had allowed Snooper to approach; even granted him an inquiring whiff or two of the child, after which she voiced an order which Snooper recognized as coming from one who would stand no nonsense. Now he usually slept near by, arising only to follow Doyle when she took her child in. Each new day Snooper was allowed to bring his nose near enough to prove that this was still a baby. Doyle felt that Snooper would protect them both from wild beasts and from any strolling brute of a policeman.

The owner of the ranch often overlooked these scenes, letting his eyes ascend the stately length of his tree to the tip of its far spire, then bringing them back to that other seedling he had helped a strange woman to plant. This always made his chest swell in a curious manner. At such times he was but a seedling himself, with life before him.

At first he had begged his companions and secretaries to let him drive them about the ranch; he wanted to show them the ditches running bankful and a thousand white-faced calves with their mothers, and the good stand of hay coming along in fields near and far. A lot of wonderful things he wanted to show them, but his invitations were persistently declined, except when he would consent that Whitey drive. Ben was a little hurt by this; he'd never had an accident, had he?

Art Dugdale told Whitey about Ben as a driver while they sat on their heels in the lee of the big barn and companionably chewed straws: "The boss can't throw off old habits. He drives a car like a buckaroo rides a horse. If a chuck hole is in the road he looks for the car to side-step it like a sensible cayuse would. Once him and me was coming over Beaverhead Pass; road cut out of a mountain and falling a thousand feet at the edge. He's hugging the bank instead of keeping to the outside where he belonged. I taken the liberty to tell him: 'Mr. Carcross, you better keep to the right, going around these curves. You could have a smash-up with a car coming on its own right side!' He says, 'Well, you know yourself if you rode a horse close to that edge and he stumbled, it might be thirty feet before he could right himself and he might take you over the cliff!' I guess he still thinks he's riding when he's only driving."

"I wouldn't even want him to ride me the way he come out here the other night," said Whitey.

"Funny thing," Art Dugdale went on. "He's driving through Lanark and got a puncture on the main street and stopped on the spot to change his tire—spang in the middle of the only business street in town. Wouldn't even roll over to the curb for fear of hurting his tube. They pinched him and fined him five dollars for obstructing the traffic. He said the town never had any traffic and he now calls all its inhabitants a bunch of crooks. Some funny little close ways he's got. If you want to get a rise out of him, switch that broom from upside down to right side up. He says they last twice as long the other way. I taken that same broom from the town house out here

(Continued on Page 112)

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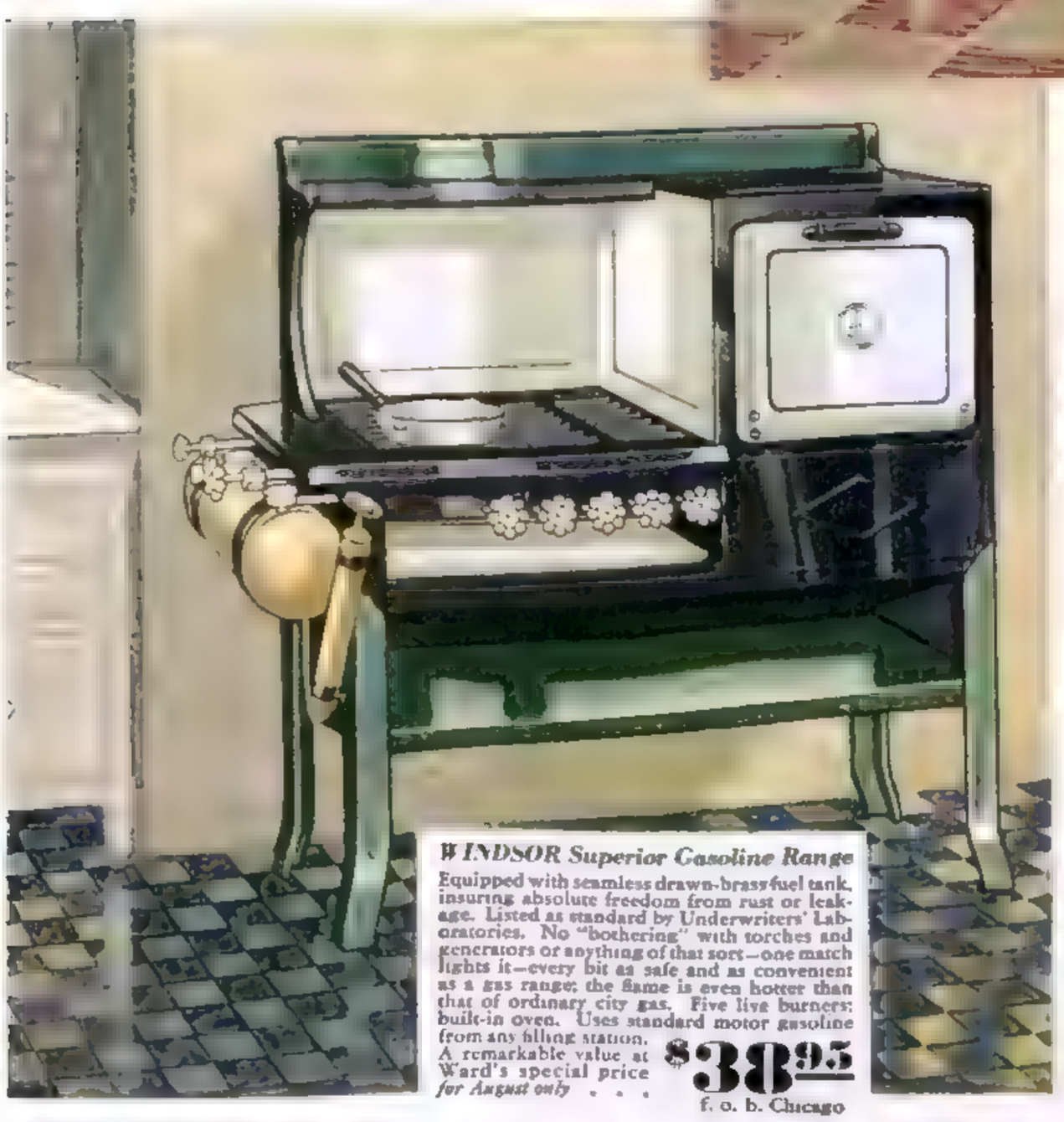

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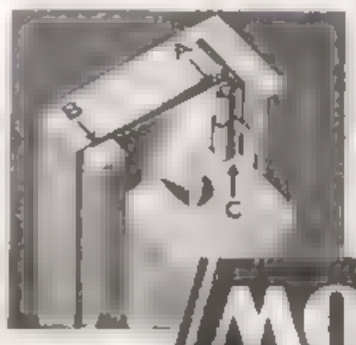

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(Continued from Page 110)

eight years ago and it wasn't any new broom even then. You'd think how long does he count a dollar broom should last?"

Ben Carcross was now young and happy; never nagged from Branlock, not even too often called from there by telephone. If Addie called him as many as three times in one day she might after the first time be told by the resident doctor of philosophy or another that Mr. Carcross was at the moment in conference with his secretary and had left orders that he must not be disturbed. It was considered wise on Lone Tree that Addie should devote herself exclusively to such details of château furnishing as Hercule, the butterfly, might consent to leave to her. Her husband knew only about furnishing a cattle ranch. In these days halcyons nested on the calming water of Ben's haven; daily he munched the herb called Heart's Ease.

XXV

THAT mansion at Branlock—called a château by the resident noblesse of Illinois—was to Ben Carcross nothing less than a pitfall; a snare to be avoided while he gracefully could. His later avoidances having become less than graceful—people simply quit believing an excuse about conferences with his secretary—Ben went to the new house, but not unprotected.

Professor Abercrombie he took, and Miss Ellis. Professor Abercrombie wore sports apparel flapping loosely about him, a flaming cravat awry under an ill-fitting soft collar, yet his eminence as a scholar would carry off this sartorial negligence.

Miss Ellis, on the other hand, would be looked at more than once by all women with an eye for dress; she still clung to simple lines, but was, she told herself, nothing less than a scenic smash. She remarked further to the same believing listener: "All I need is one sock at that mob." By "mob" the blunt-spoken young woman meant Mrs. Carcross and her sisters—Mrs. Carcross who had been naughty with her silhouette and therefore could never demand slimmer than a stylish stout, and the sisters, less exigent of dress material, yet who could never seem to forget that they were wearing swell clothes. Miss Ellis looked forward to an encounter on what she had come to regard as the home grounds of the enemy. That bunch might be thinking a lot of things about a girl with class, but what cared she? In this enhancing mode she would so conduct herself that all beholders, hostile or otherwise, would have to give her good for ladylike speech and a true refinement of manner.

Whitey drove them. Otherwise Mr. Carcross must have gone solitary to his town house; with himself at the wheel, respect him though they did for his qualities of mind and heart, neither of these protective buffers would have braved the ordeal.

They approached the mansion, adorning what the professor instantly identified as a "choice villa site," and halted beneath a porte-cochère which its owner no less instantly identified as a porch without any floor to it.

Ben, already flurried by the elegance of their approach—their road had led through a spacious lawn subjected at the moment to the indignities of a lawn mower—rapped on a massively timbered door without result. Then Miss Ellis pressed a button visible at one side of the door and they were admitted by a capped and uniformed young woman to an oak-paneled interior.

The face of Mr. Carcross brightened at sight of the menial and he exclaimed, "Well, Hattie Plum, I'll be darned! It's good to see you. How's everything?"

He was sincerely wringing a hand of Hattie Plum as his wife stepped into the hall. She rebuked the menial with a lowering of her brows and seemed about to rebuke Mr. Carcross for his unconventional entente with a servant; then she appeared to think better of this.

"We're still at odds and ends," she apologized, "over our heads in work, but do come in." She led them through the wide entrance to the drawing-room from which she had emerged, while Hattie Plum slunk into a costly background of paneled oak.

The room was what Ben would have recognized in any house he knew as the "front" room, but grand beyond any he had hitherto invaded. Only in that expensive New York hotel, where they hadn't cared what anything cost, had he encountered so exciting a vista of lofty ceiling, of velvet carpet and decorated expanse of wall. And the apartment was peopled. Hercule, in an artist's smock of pale blue, tensely directed an unsmocked workman in the hanging of window draperies from halfway up a stepladder. Vannie, in pink smock, sprawled in a vast chair, yet was not at ease, for she tapped her teeth with the point of a jeweled pencil and kept a distressed look on Gail. Gail, also in a pink smock, bent her troubled gaze on a small table of fragile design flanked by two chairs. Addie's smock was green. Ben called the smocks aprons and complimented the wearers on their taste in these.

Labor was for a moment suspended by greetings, although Hercule kept to his stepladder and almost at once resumed his crisp directions for the exact draping of a lofty window with its regal curtains of maroon velvet. The professor scanned the *mise en scène* and gayly said, "Spicery and pearls, fabrics of silk and beaten gold."

"You wouldn't believe the pains our Hercule has been at," said Addie. Gail, with still troubled eyes, importantly claimed their notice.

"Perhaps one of you," she began impartially, although her glance patently omitted all of the group but Professor Abercrombie, "can help me here. I still think the ideal place for this conversational grouping is by that window."

Ben caught "conversational grouping" and was lost, though he tried to look bright and helpful. Vaguely into his perplexity came the memory of a vaudeville turn: a ventriloquist with a talking figure on each knee. That surely had been a conversational grouping, the only one he could recall, but he checked a reference to it because the professor was saying to Gail, "Wholly admirable, I assure you." The professor seemed to know that conversational groupings didn't necessarily involve a ventriloquist.

Addie was now exhibiting another treasure. "A genuine Chippendale settee. Isn't it adorable? Covered in old needlepoint with *petit-point* panels."

They exclaimed over this—at least Whitey and Ben seemed to exclaim with the others—and were then directed to the Georgian marble mantelpiece. "Such a finely chiseled piece!" said Addie.

"Cupids," put in Ben knowingly after a glance at the sculptured figures.

Addie smiled tolerantly at him and looked up at Hercule, who still from his perch superintended the last difficult fold of his curtains. "That poor dear is so brutally overworked," she said, "and all this after he secured us those wonderful bargains abroad. You'd be surprised at what he paid for that thrilling Chippendale piece."

"Oak paneled," said Ben, feeling vague.

"Oh, but you must see the dearest Gothic linen fold oak paneling. It's upstairs, and such a time Hercule had getting it. And our Elizabethan interior you haven't seen, and the dearest old handmade and needle-point tapestries that he picked up for a song."

Ben here wanted to say that Hercule must be some singer, but he decided that the speech might be misconstrued.

"Do let me show you some of the finished apartments," begged Addie.

"Apartments, not rooms," thought Ben as they followed Addie up the polished spread of staircase. They gazed upon the Gothic linen fold of oak paneling—"Truly Elizabethan," Addie warned them. Ben was led to infer that Queen Elizabeth had once been housed by this very paneling,

(Continued on Page 114)

Is Your Name Among the Missing?

Almost every dentist can point to a list of truant patients—men and women long overdue at his chair.

Some of these delinquents have abandoned a schedule of treatment that was prescribed not only to allay pain or discomfort, but to save life itself.

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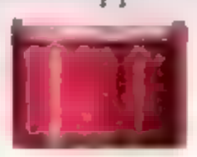

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(Continued from Page 112)

and he made an excursion into England's colorful history. "That Henry VIII was certainly some chaser," he announced. "Say, which one of his wives was this Queen Elizabeth?" He was never told because they were now at the door of his very own study.

Another severely elegant apartment submitting an impressive bulk of mahogany desk to a first glance. An armchair upholstered in Spanish leather was as a vacant throne before the desk, on whose glassy surface was a desk set of hammered metal. Ben's desk set at the ranch was a bottle of ink, a pen usually rusted beyond use, and a blotter advertising the Butcher's Gazette. But here were a pen tray, a jewel casket for stamps, a stick of purple wax with a seal, a purple plume with a pen cut from the quill —other knickknacks he couldn't identify—a veritable copy of Napoleon's own desk set, Addie explained. Ben supposed Hercule to have wormed this out of one of the Napoleon family and wondered if perhaps Napoleon had sat at that very desk. He looked up at the tapestry on the wall, then found an understandable chair.

"And there's the darling wing chair that Hercule picked up for almost nothing." Ben could discover no wings on the chair, but recalled the price; also a time when Addie would not have been able to consider seven hundred dollars almost nothing. But she was entitled to her fun. "With ball-and-claw feet," said Addie.

Ben was disappointed in wing chairs; he had expected a closer suggestion of flight. "It's a grand study," he loyally applauded.

"Notice the antique Spanish tiles about the fireplace," said Addie. "And you see the walls are done in reds and browns, making a masculine background."

"I can hardly wait to get into it," Ben assured her with a try for impatience. "And how about the general?"

"Poppa's study is down the hall, the last door, and the dear old thing is there now, working his head off."

"I'll take a chance and break in on him," said Ben.

"But you haven't seen the dining room and we're going to have tea," suggested Addie.

Ben looked at his watch tethered to his person by the quartz chain. Addie grimaced at both. "The rest of you go have tea," he directed, "while I powwow with the general." His serfs obediently followed Addie down the stairs.

The general's study was finished with the sharp elegance of Ben's, and the general, somewhat in negligee, was enthroned at the same vast desk for which Hercule had obtained another of Napoleon's desk sets. Ben sat in another wing chair, which he hoped might have been picked up for even less than a song.

"You find me up to my ears in work," the general began. "Big things are coming off." He proudly surveyed the litter on his desk, picked up an elaborately engraved prospectus and studied it a moment. "Now, just for one thing, here's a deal I'm about to put over with a big Wall Street and motion-picture man I was lucky enough to contact in the lobby of my New York hotel." He launched into figures that presently sank Ben. "Now, that's plain, isn't it?"

"Plain as day," Ben cordially agreed.

"Well, sir, it's really remarkable how many golden opportunities are offered a man the moment it becomes known that he can swing a tidy bit of capital. You'd be astonished. In every mail I receive more or less tempting offers, but of course I weigh them coolly before deciding."

"Of course," agreed Ben.

"I have accepted nothing not first considered in the cold light of reason. I'm anything but impetuous in my judgments, as you must know, Ben. Don't think I am venturing our capital blindly. Why, only yesterday I rejected a tempting offer of the controlling interest in a rubber plantation simply because I couldn't be on the ground to oversee the enterprise in all its angles. Nicaragua is too far away. Caution, my boy; better a safe ten or twenty per cent than a hazardous forty. Yesterday again I declined to invest in the raising of a sunken treasure ship off the island of Mazatlán. The treasure is there, beyond the peradventure of a doubt; the ship's papers show it—an immense treasure in bar gold. But again I could not be on the ground—I'm a wretched sailor—and there were certain hazards in the search. I shall concentrate on our home metals—gold, silver, copper, cinnabar—metals from honest mother earth." And on this epic picture the general became grim. "In six months after I have swung only a few of the deals now on hand, I shall have placed us all beyond the reach of want." Ben admired the old boy's spirit and rejoiced with him that at last the general had the freedom of action his talents deserved.

"Go to it, general!" he cordially urged. "Remember your check on that oil money is as good as any of the rest of the family's. You know I made a community chest of it."

"That is a circumstance I shall not forget," answered the general snappily, in what he conceived to be the way of a big Wall Street man. He then refreshed his caller by reading from a prospectus brilliantly toned with optimism.

Ben found his party at tea about a small table in the drawing-room. He refused tea after watching Hercule's expert juggling of a cup and saucer while yet superintending the smockless workman. Hercule's finesse was discouraging to a cowman who didn't particularly crave tea anyhow. He went to survey the paneled-oak dining room with its gleaming expanse of mahogany table, its lordly front of sideboard in the same desirable wood. At the center of the table's glassy sea was islanded a bowl of tempting fruit. Ben took an apple and returned to the drawing-room before discovering it to be synthetic. In shamed and secret haste he restored this deceit. Some left-over April-fool joke!

There were still the library and the general's portrait to be exhibited. The library, rich with paneling and tapestry, had for its chief treasure over the mantel General Pettigrew in oils.

"Just a tiny tinge of Empire in this darling room," Addie informed them with her air of a museum curatress.

But Ben was staring with some dismay at the painted likeness—sympathizing with the general. "Why, the poor old boy had his erysipelas come back on him in Paris!"

Cries of dismay greeted this well-intentioned criticism. "Ben Carcross, what in the world do you mean?"

Ben pointed. "Well, he had erysipelas last year, and he certainly looks as if it had broke out on him again when that picture was taken."

The artist had undeniably imparted a high tint to his subject's commanding jowls. Addie protested again, switching on lights to aid the critic's faulty vision.

"Now I hope you can see that that painter chap has really achieved a remarkable flesh tint for poppa."

"Oh, yes, now I see," agreed Ben, and the unfortunate incident was closed. At that, he sincerely thought the flesh tint was remarkable.

The interesting call was over. Miss Ellis lounged to the door with others. She had been continuously languid, with a manner not estranging, yet subtly aloof. Graciously entering the talk not with her soul but with a condescending amiability, she had again and again gravely affirmed to various speeches by others, "One does, doesn't one?" She had used "Aren't I?" and the terms "week-end" and "house guest." She had thrown these off lightly and was prettily appealing with her "Doesn't one?" The girls and Addie had been impressed; the latter to a pensive watchfulness.

Hercule, too, had been impressed and had winked at Ben while regretting his mother's absence. Mrs. St. John Smythe had actually gone to shop in Branlock,

(Continued on Page 117)

FILM covers teeth

—*it dulls them—it destroys them*

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SCIENCE discovered the way to keep teeth white and brilliant while seeking a way to combat the start of tooth and gum diseases. This is because dingy teeth and most dental ills come from the same cause. That cause is a dangerous film that creeps over teeth and into crevices—a sticky, dingy coating that stubbornly defies the ordinary ways of brushing.

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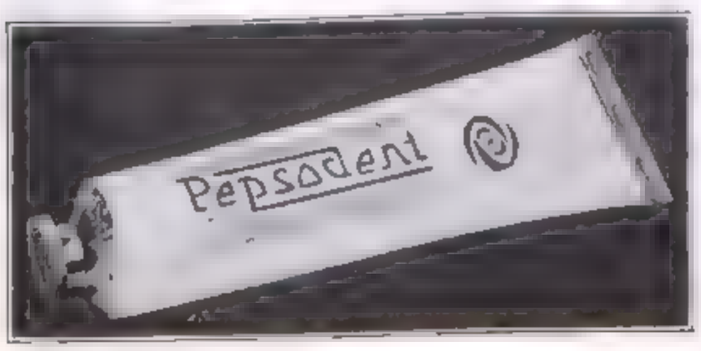

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Can I get FAT *on Candy? Yes*

IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU USE IT

THERE is no such thing as a "food that will make you fat" or a "food that will make you thin." It all depends on how you *use* it.

Every food can be turned into fat and stored as fat in the body. This is true of candy, as well as other foods.

Take your own case, for example. How much food do you require to keep exactly the weight you now have? Say you require 2600 calories. (Food-energy is measured in calories, just as electric current is measured in kilowatts.)

How you get fat—or thin—"on candy"

If you take in 3000 calories, then, you will tend to store fat. Something has to be done with all the food you take in. If you don't burn it, you store it. It's as simple as that.

Now suppose you are taking in only 2000 calories. Your bodily activities demand that you burn 2600. So you draw on your balance, and burn the stored fat.

This is true whatever the form of the food you eat. If candy is part of your 3000 calory diet, you will get fat "on candy." If candy is part of your 2000 calory diet, you will get thin—"on candy."

Strictly speaking, of course, you don't get fat or thin on any one food, but on *all* the foods you eat.

The great value of candy

Candy has one great virtue: it is quick energy. Candy is ready to burn as fuel in the body very soon after you take it in. Then, if because of work your blood-sugar is low, and you are fatigued, you can eat a few pieces of candy and restore your blood-sugar in about twenty minutes. Sugar is the only form of food of which this is true.

It is for this reason that soldiers, athletes, men and women who work hard, find candy a great benefit—as a quick replenisher of energy.

Never does candy taste better than after a swim!

This whole subject of the place of candy in the diet is most interestingly treated in a book prepared for you—"The New Knowledge of Candy." Send for it; use the coupon below.

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NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION, 111 *West Washington Street, Chicago*

(Continued from Page 114)

having found a shop quaintly named The La Boheme.

Also, Hercule disclosed, *maman* had discovered a low *estaminet*—the Fashion Waffle Kitchen—where she actually would consume in public the pastry so quaintly called a waffle. Hercule had been unable to perceive any reason for the name of this comestible.

Outside, Ben kept his party waiting while he strolled to the back of the mansion. Certain remembered art treasures of the former Branlock home he had missed. He found a basement door open and presently entered a room cluttered with the too-evidently discarded objects he sought. He couldn't take everything at once, but he issued with an armload; noticeably a section of drain pipe lustrous with silver paint from which protruded five graceful cat-tails with silvered stocks and gilded tufts; also conspicuous, a long-prized steel engraving of Washington braving the Delaware.

Ben Carcross had the cat-tails five years ago these had been his birthday present from Vannie stowed away in the car before Addie detected him from the house entrance.

"Why, Ben Carcross! That frumpy old engraving! Surely – "

Ben clasped the treasure, gently protective, while the gallant Washington, erect in the prow of his frail craft and with pointed sword, might yet have been thought to cringe under Addie's jeer. But Ben upheld him before the world. He carefully stowed the picture in the car, then added the final choice bit he had retrieved from a dishonorable limbo—a white china cuspidor, chastely around its top a festoon of forget-me-nots.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR DEAR OLD DUBLIN

(Continued from Page 15)

pass from anybody who happened to have it. His most remarkable contribution to the game, however, was the fun-in-Texas-play, which revolved around a horse collar. Whenever MacCool wore a horse collar it made him look like a horse. In the middle of a huddle when a game was rather close Dinty would slap the horse collar around his neck. The Fighting Irish would then snap into their positions, the pig would see what it thought was a horse and would leap on Dinty's back.

"Wait, now," the referee would cry, and blow his whistle, the horse collar fooling him, too; "that horse will have to get out of here."

Then Dinty and the pig would be led off the field, and MacCool would saunter over to the goal line and touch down the pig, shouting "Slicked again, you were, and by me, Four Yards MacCool"—he liked that name best—and the game would be on ice. He won many a contest with this fun-in-Texas-play. Opposing teams were never able to solve its intricate aduncity.

Clams From the Sidelines

MacCool finally got to the point where he was admittedly unbeatable. He scored a touchdown every time he took the pig, running one way and going another, tripping to the left and falling to the right, forward-passing the pig like a shot from a blunderbuss, spilling tacklers with a poke of his little finger.

And the thing began to bore him. He had by this time, of course, forgotten his ambition to sell bonds, but as far as football was concerned he was through. Without even waiting to get his degree in bicycle riding he left college and settled on a ranch near Cork, where, having associated with them so long, he began to raise pigs.

MacCool was successful from the start. His piggery was known far and wide as a model for all other piggeries, and MacCool pigs were soon winning all the blue ribbons in all the pig shows. Dinty felt that now, at last, he amounted to something, and he went traipsing about Ireland with his beautiful head held high and a champion pig at his heels. And so far was his mind from the scenes of his youth he didn't give football a thought. Not for twenty years did he so much as see a game, and then destiny stepped in and seized him by the breeches and hurled him once more into the fray.

King Brian Boru, King O'Conor of Cuspidure and Honest Paddy McPhungus stayed on at college after Dinty left, but not for long. Sligo got a grand idea, and with him as manager and coach they formed a professional football team and met all comers. They toured the mainland of Europe, teaching the game everywhere, and then returned to Ireland and challenged all other nations to send their best players against them.

They defeated the British, vanquished Spain and Holland, gave Germany a drubbing and whipped Sweden, and were just about ready to claim the championship of the world when the French team arrived at Dublin and demanded a game.

Sligo immediately agreed, for the Donnybrook Fair was on, with millions of people in the city and it looked like a financial clean-up. Sligo ballyhooed the contest for three weeks, the French players were wined and dined and fêted, and then came the great day.

Five hundred thousand fans crowded through the turnstiles. Mary Ann McCarthy, a clam-digger who was queen of the Donnybrook, sat in a box on the fifty-yard line and threw clams to the players as they limbered and posed. There was a rumble of acclaim as Sligo announced his starting line-up, with Boru at right half, Cuspidure at left half, Honest Paddy at quarter and Napper Tandy playing full. Napper Tandy had taken MacCool's place when Dinty abandoned the game.

Amid roaring and screaking and larfter the game got under way. Nip it was, and tuck, for the first quarter. The teams were feeling each other out. In the second quarter The Fighting Irish worked the pig down to the one-yard line, but the French coach, Napoleon Bonaparte, sent in fresh men and the invaders held.

There was no score at half time. But as soon as the teams took the field for the second half Talleyrand, the great French fullback, went into action. He skivered and slashed his way the length of the field, tearing across for a touchdown.

Not satisfied with Talleyrand's wonderful work, Alphonse and Gaston, the French halfbacks, scored twice again, and the count was 20-0 against the Irish, the first two goals having been converted by Villon, the French quarter, with Talleyrand, tired, missing the third.

It was a sad day for Ireland, so it was, and then somebody remembered MacCool!

"Whist and bedad and begorra," cries Honest Paddy McPhungus, as soon as Dinty's name is mentioned, "and it's myself who will now be after going to get old Four Yards, The Galloping Ghost, and we'll be after showing these froggies a couple of things, so we will!"

And away he went. He ran so fast, with the feet of him sliding over the ground like molasses, that in twenty minutes he reached Cork and an hour later came to the piggery.

There was Dinty, shaving a pig.

Honest Paddy spoke up.

"Avick," he said, "and the top of the morning to you! But that's enough of the bunk, and here is the situation. We are playing the French, we are, and this felly Napoleon Bonaparte is pulling trick plays all over the lot, and crisscrossing and reversing behind the line, and hiding the pig; and Talleyrand and Alphonse and Gaston are going great guns, and the score is 20-0 against us, and we need you in there, big boy!"

"Go on with you now," says Dinty. "Don't be after bothering Mr. MacCool. I'm busy, I am, getting this pig ready for market." And with that he puts a batwing tie on the pig's tail.

"But, man," cries Paddy, "all Ireland is there, waiting for you!"

"I'm busy, I'm after telling you, with this pig," says Dinty. And with that he puts a pair of pants on the pig.

"You'll have to forget the pig, so you will," shouts Paddy, the perspiration on his brow in beads, "because the honor of Ireland is more important than all the pigs in Ireland, including yourself!"

Called to the Colors

Dinty pretended not to hear him. He put a shirt on the pig, but no collar, and a top hat, and he gave the pig a pat on the peeteetsie, and he said, fondly, "Now run along to market, like a good little one that you are, and try to look dignified, and people will think you are the mayor."

Honest Paddy scratched his ear. And then, as a last resort, he began to sing. And as Paddy sang, Dinty changed face, and started to fidget.

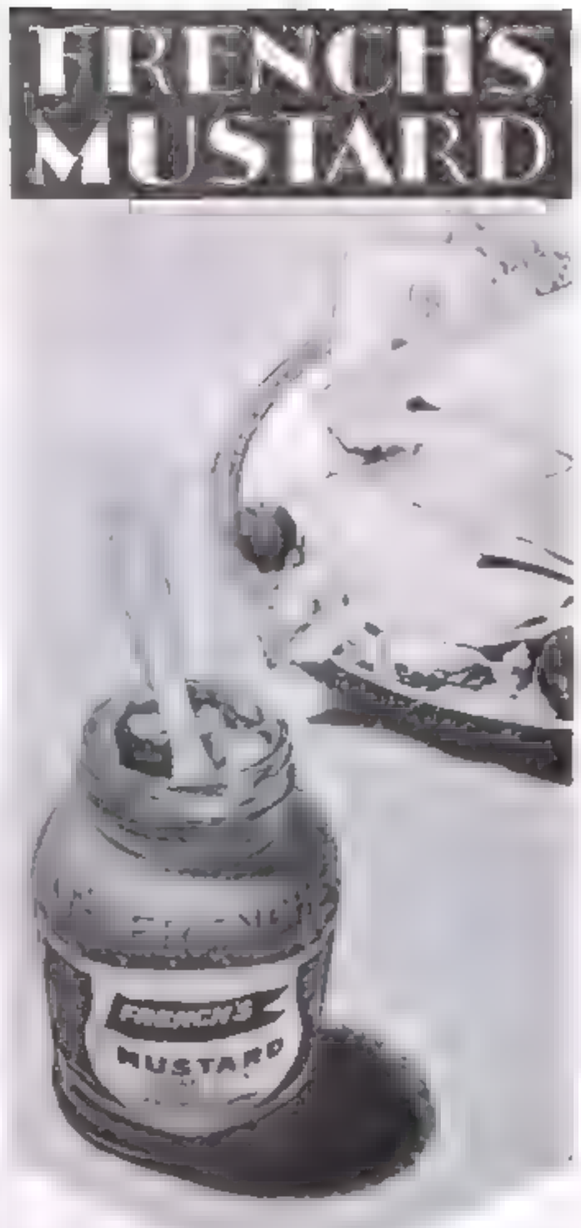
Sang Paddy:

"O, Dinty dear, and did you hear
The news that's goin' aroun'?
The French are stormin' Dublin, and
They've got the Irish down!
This felly Napper Tandy is
The worst I've ever seen!
We need you there in Dublin, lad,
A-wearin' of the green!"

"I'll tell you," says Dinty. "If you'll quit that singing I'll go, and I'll play, and I'll save the day for dear old Dublin!"

Go he did, and like the wind. Swiftly he ran, changing his clothes as he went, and

(Continued on Page 120)



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CHARLESTON
WIN A PRIZE
"Nutty History"
General Robert E. Lee surrendered to General Grant at Yorktown, Virginia, in April, 1861.
CORRECT THIS STATEMENT
WIN A PRIZE
There is an error in the history quoted above. Write out the sentence correctly. Add a paragraph of not over fifty words stating Why You Prefer Planters Salted Peanuts to other brands. (It is not necessary for you to buy any Planters Salted Peanuts in order to enter this Contest.)
Send your answers to The Contest Editor, Planters Nut & Chocolate Company, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., before Sept. 21st, 1929. Contest Winners will be announced in a quarter page advertisement in the November 16th issue of the Saturday Evening Post.
PRIZES
1st, $100.00 cash 2nd, $75.00 cash
3rd, $50.00 cash
25 additional prizes, each consisting of large box of assortment of Planters Peanut Confections.
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A new package, less bulky, more convenient — soft foil instead of costly tin, making possible a quality pipe tobacco at 10 cents.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY

Granger ROUGH CUT

IN MORE PIPES EVERY DAY!

(Continued from Page 117)

when he arrived at the field all the Irish stood up and bombilated, and Queen Mary Ann McCarthy threw him the largest clam in her basket, and Coach Sligo wept tears of joy, and Napoleon Bonaparte grew very white and grim, and began walking up and down with one hand in his weskit and one behind his coat tails.

"Well," says Dinty, taking Napper Tandy's place on the team and calling the fellies around him, "now we'll go into the huddle."

So into the huddle they went.

"Now," says Dinty again, "Boru, here, will take the pig from center, run two steps west and one to the left, pass to Cuspidure behind him, who in turn will slip the pig to Honest Paddy. Everybody will be expecting me to carry the pig, but I won't. I'll catch it. Paddy will forward-pass to me over the line."

The Fighting Irish, of course, were penalized fifteen yards for letting MacCool talk before one play had been made, but that made little difference. They did just as Dinty said they should, and the score was 20-7, McPhungus converting.

"Huddle again," says Dinty, when next they got the pig. "Now," he says, "I'll take the pig and walk on my hands. That will fool these froggies."

And he did it, for another touchdown. The score was now 20-14, McPhungus converting.

Then, distraught, fearful, Napoleon Bonaparte called for time out. And while the two teams sprawled on the ground, weary men all, he asked for permission to go on the field. He got it. He went on the field with a pick and a shovel and dug a ditch from one side to the other, the Irish watching him in amazement. Then he larfed out loud.

The whistle blew. They were at it again. The crowd was tense, but not breathless, and some terrible words in Gaelic floated out from the stands.

"Huddle," says Dinty.

They huddled.

"I'll carry the pig again," he says. "I'll go ripping through for another score. And then McPhungus can convert, and the score will be 21-20 in our favor, and what do you think of that!"

The pig was shot from the center to Dinty. The interference formed on the right. Dinty went to the left. "For dear old Dublin!" he cried, cutting back through the middle of the line, swerving, shaking tacklers off, ripping down the turf. Going like a blast from the banshee's cave, he headed for the goal, and a sound went up from the crowd that rattled the roof of the sky.

And then, suddenly, sorrow sat on Ireland like a fat man on a pie. For Dinty, running at the rate of a mile a minute, went smash into the ditch Napoleon had dug, fell flat on his face, and fumbled the pig!

Talleyrand, a pig hound, recovered the fumble, the gun barked, and the great game was over.

At once the keening broke out. Women wailed in their anguish, children sniffled, and Queen Mary Ann McCarthy threw all her clams away.

Men began looking around for bricks. The French were somewhat in danger. But MacCool was a good loser, a grand sport, and he saved the situation.

Walking over to Napoleon he extended the hand of him.

"I ought to be calling you a go-to-hell," he said, "but I won't. The better team lost, but a great team won. So do you tell me, now, how did you happen to think of digging that ditch?"

Napoleon Bonaparte smiled.

"That," he replied, "is an old one. I learned it at Waterloo."

LIFE IS AN ART

(Continued from Page 13)

"Well, you look at the wall there, Mike. It's where the steam roller was standin' the night of the murder. It's a corner where the little road starts back to the river."

"So," said Hooley, and spat again.

"You say young Bartello's got here from Detroit?"

"Yeh. He's a stiff baby. Got a secretary an' a valley with him. They're all down at the hotel. The train stopped to let his majesty off, special."

"I'd like to see him," Toby said.

"Aw, what do you kids want to see a rich man for? Your dads 've got plenty. You ain't got to fry your necks off workin' in this kind of weather!"

His tufted eyes opened up. He glared at Toby and gave Ailanthus a stare lasting just a breath. Then he kicked the road and his motorcycle lunged away. They watched his back grow smaller instantly through the tremors of heat sweeping the valley. A brass catch of his pistol's holster twinkled fiercely.

"Remember when I spelled him down when I was a freshman in high school? He was a senior. He looked at me just like that," said Ailanthus, twitching the reins. "He spelled somethin' easy wrong, and I won. . . . They say his dad came from Ireland with the police lookin' for him."

"That's slop," said Toby. "It's what they say 'bout everybody up in the pines. Let's get on, will you?"

Ailanthus hoped that young Mr. Bartello wouldn't be around the police station. Dad assured him that the art of living was to take immaterial things easily, but it didn't seem pleasant to think of meeting the dead millionaire's son. He might look like his gray father.

Dad, of course, was experienced; he had seen tons of dead men in France. It was when he was waiting to have his arm amputated that Mr. Westlund decided to waste no more time in futile emotions. Ailanthus was sure this was right, but it was sometimes difficult.

"Crazy."

"Yeh?"

"Suppose this man that shot Mr. Bartello and the Jap is—is somebody we know. Some kid in town. It could be," Toby said.

"Aw, no!"

"It could too! The fella that murdered his wife in the garage, there, up in New York, was the class ahead of me in college. He eloped with her just a week before I got dropped. He was nice. Everybody liked him. He looked kind of like Tommy Schouler or Red Ransome—yellow-headed. . . . Men do awful things."

Ailanthus stared at Blandyburg, approaching them slowly. A chilly wriggling of muscles in his back occurred. This wasn't a nice thought for Toby to remind him of so suddenly. He had wondered about it for two days after the inquest. Dad just laughed though.

"Naw!"

"You make me sick," said Toby, getting red. "You're only nineteen! Just because Uncle Ho's tryin' to make you be philosophic, you needn't ride me like that! And I'll poison you if you say that life is an art or some of that cheese. I think life's pretty fierce! And you never got dropped out of a perfectly good college for not knowin' some mathematics, when you were on the baseball team—or just as good as on. There's lots of tragic things in life."

"If you'd train your memory some," Ailanthus said soothingly, "you'd pass examinations. I don't see how people forget things so easy. I just remembered the word I spelled Mike Hooley down on. It was 'stealthy.' He spelled it without any *a* in it. If you'd ——"

"Shut it off!"

"Well," said Ailanthus, "all right."

People were very odd, but it was no good getting mad when they got mad. Ailanthus

attended to Bob and Bullard, who did not like the smell of fresh tar from the mended road coming at their noses, and banged their heads together. He liked to drive the big horses and talk to them when they sulked. He murmured constantly as the wheels slushed in the fresh tar, and then spoke commandingly as the steam roller and its sweaty Italian engineer clangored past the wagon.

"You look grand, drivin', Crazy," Toby said.

"I don't drive any better 'n you do, Toby."

"Yes, you do."

"Maybe I look better because I sit up straight. It's no business of mine if I'm handsome. I didn't do it."

Toby dropped his head back and laughed. Ailanthus smiled, as it was clear that he had been amusing, and it was nice that the fight was over. He nodded to some of the road makers spreading sand on the tar, and then looked at the ivy wallowing a trifle on the gray piece of old wall. Wind flung sprays of the soft green to and fro. It was lovely to watch for a moment, but not pleasant to sit on.

"Awful tough stuff. Big stems under the leaves."

"Is it, Crazy?"

"Yeh. I sat down there to look at my feet the night of the murder. A stem jammed clean through my pants."

"Well, you're too hard to hurt much."

That was more or less so. Ailanthus reflected on his naked arms. Summer made him red all over; his skin tried to match his copper hair. He shook the muscles in his left arm, meditating, and blinked when a rain of tar and dirt splashed all along the outside of the arm.

The sun dimmed to the left and a plop of tar landed on the end of his nose. Toby yelled. Bob started and cavorted as the end of the large car swung past him. Bullard stopped short. Wally Warren turned his fair head and looked back just once, and the silver machine dashed toward town at fifty miles an hour.

"Say, you can tell that ——"

"Now," said Toby, "life is an art, kid, and you ought to enjoy all the sensations of livin', and laugh that tar off your shirt! . . . He came down his driveway slow. He needn't have done that. Stinkin' trick too."

"You tell him if he wants a real thrashing I'll meet him anywhere he likes and ——"

"Be calm, Crazy!"

"Well," said Ailanthus, "I am. But you tell that ape if he wants a real fight he can have it. Damned if he can't!"

It was particularly mean of Wally Warren to dive out of his grandfather's gates that way and soak a shirt that might have been good enough to work in for the rest of the summer. Wally had been mean last night, reading that stuff from the New York paper, and a sound fight hadn't cured him. He was very puzzling. He seemed to resent Ailanthus Westlund.

"We've had fourteen fights."

"Honest?"

"Sure."

"I'd hate to have a memory like yours," said Toby. "I generally get thrashed."

Ailanthus remembered all his fights with Walter Warren and was a bit worried because some language Wally used in the tenth battle was vague, now, in his mind. Wally had been home from his first year at a military school for a week when the fight happened, and his replenished vocabulary was amazing. Ailanthus recovered three expressions of Wally's distaste and was rounding down on a fourth when the horses naturally turned into Olsen's wood yard at the foot of Market Street and he had to stop seeing the past. His father, surprisingly, rose from a pile of new, sappy wood and strolled to meet the wagon.

"I came down to find you, baby."

"What for?"

"Well," Westlund said, "your dear mother had me on the phone. She's all excited about havin' you and Wally Warren reconciled. It's an acute attack. She's been at a bridge party and ——"

"Yeh. She talked at me, dad."

"And," said dad, "you're wanted at the police station, Crazy. If Homer puts you and Walter in the same cell you can get reconciled, or one of you'll survive the other. Anyhow, I promised to produce you, dead or alive, and ——"

Toby howled, "Say! You ain't going to let them put the kid in jail just for fightin' that snake, are you?" And four of Mr. Olsen's nine sons who were starting to unload the wagon stopped doing so, with their mouths open at differing angles, while the cold prickles began once more on his shoulders and Ailanthus picked at a slash of tar on his left wrist.

"Tobias C.," said dad, "I'm not omnipotent, and mind your grammar. But it'll be an interesting experience for the boy if he does get a week in our jail. He can train spiders, and so on. Accordin' to one authority of modern times the art of living consists in doing what is expected of you, and according to another it consists in enjoyin' anything that happens to you. I expect Ailanthus to behave himself with great dignity, whatever happens. He's named for one of the most dignified trees we have around here, and his mamma's a poetess. So you ain't to do anything unbecoming the Casses on this ——"

"Hey, what about your grammar, Uncle Ho?"

"I sit corrected," said dad, settling on the leather cushion beside Ailanthus. "Just wrote an editorial on the tariff and I have to relax afterward. Hurry it up," he told the young Olsens. "We've got an engagement."

The locust logs bumped down out of the wagon. Ailanthus sat scraping tar from his arm and stared up Market Street, an ascent of a quarter mile to the square. He counted twenty elms and three maples on the left side and nine elms, four maples, an ironwood and one oak on the right. The oak was just in front of Perry's Undertaking Parlors, where they had the coroner's inquest twelve days ago. He had behaved very well at the inquest and dad had patted his back afterward.

"Who was Vesalius, baby?"

That was something to think about. Ailanthus dug the tar from the end of his nose and shut his eyes. Vesalius was plain, after a while, as a name in fine print on the bottom of a page in the Universal History at the house, under the picture of Philip II—Vesalius. . . . The wagon moved up the street.

"He was a doctor. Sixteenth century. Anatomized corpses. They were goin' to burn him for bein' an atheist or somethin'. But the Spanish king let him off. He got drowned. I think his ship got wrecked."

"You're awful," said Toby.

"Thanks," dad said, and patted his back.

Bob and Bullard relentlessly walked up the steep street. As they pulled the wagon onto the flat of the square Ailanthus wanted to gulp. His shirt was icy under the arms and he wished he had not torn off the sleeves so high.

Wally Warren's silver car stood empty before the yellow police station and Gen. Ulysses Grant watched it from his mushroom of fluted iron in the middle of the fountain.

"They—someone said—Mike Hooley said—that young Mr. Bartello's got here from Detroit, dad."

"Yeh," Westlund said.

As he did not say "Yes," Ailanthus knew that his father was thinking profoundly and it was clear that his thoughts were not agreeable, because he was stirring the remnant of his left arm in its blue sleeve. His right hand still lay on his son's back, warm and hard. He took it away when Ailanthus got very slowly down from the cushion before the cold, arched doorway of the station.

"Behave yourself, baby."

"Yes, sir. . . . Can't you come in, dad?"

"I wasn't invited, son," dad said. "Just you. Take your time answering and —— What's that, Toby?"

"You give this to the chief," Toby gabbled, passing down the wrapped pistol.

"Oh. . . . Yeh, thanks."

"What's that, Crazy?"

"It's this gun fell off a rafter in the shed, dad. It's been shot off four times. We were bringin' it in to show Mr. Homer."

Dad's lips opened and he breathed out some short murmur of a word. Then he said "Planted!" aloud and jumped down from the wagon. He came walking swiftly into the wide hallway of the jail with his fingers around his son's arm, and a policeman had to stop him from opening the walnut door of the court.

"Can't go in, Hosea. The judge is talkin' at young Warren."

"But ——"

"Well, I'm sorry, Hosea," said the humble old policeman, "but those are orders."

Dad leaned on the wall. His face had become curiously wet and pale, and his eyes were not as usual. A black line appeared on his shirt close to the unbuttoned collar, and then was a ribbon, and then a clinging band of sweat. He looked up and began whistling, and then he looked down at his son's shoes.

"You're dirtier than —— Baby, this is a lot more serious than—than I let on it was. You—you keep your head!"

"Sure," said Ailanthus.

His father's teeth showed. Then Westlund suddenly slung around and walked out into the sunlight. His shirt stuck to him down to his belt, and his red hair was brown. He walked clean across the pavement and did not stop until he was at the fountain in its circle of walnut trees.

Ailanthus stared at him and tried to remember dad acting this way ever before, and could not.

"Go on in," said the policeman.

"Huh?"

"Go on in."

The squint-eyed clerk had opened the door. Ailanthus walked into the place and sneezed. Light seemed to smash on his eyes through the great barred window of the yard behind this room. He rubbed his nose while the door shut and rattled back of him. Then he looked at the tall desk with its two lamps, and it grew toward him as he walked at it, with clovers cut in walnut on its front and Mr. Homer in his blue coat swelling behind the bright inkwell.

"Come here, boy."

"Yes, sir."

Judge Ransome was standing to the left of the desk and a thin man with gray hair was handling a straw hat in one of the chairs. But Judge Ransome's mussy white linen suit kept Ailanthus from seeing this other lot of clothes and flesh. He was trying to look straight at Mr. Homer when Wally Warren spoke in a high gulp from somewhere else:

"I didn't, Crazy!"

"Yes, you did!" said Ailanthus. "You drove square down your driveway an' splashed me on ——"

"I didn't write it!"

"Write what?"

"That ——"

Mr. Homer cracked down a mallet on the desk. Everything now stilled in the high room. Judge Ransome swung his glasses on a black string and fooled with his chin. The clerk's feet returned to a low table behind Ailanthus and he coughed twice. He played the organ in the Methodist church on Sundays and boys who were Methodists said that he always coughed when the sermon was too long.

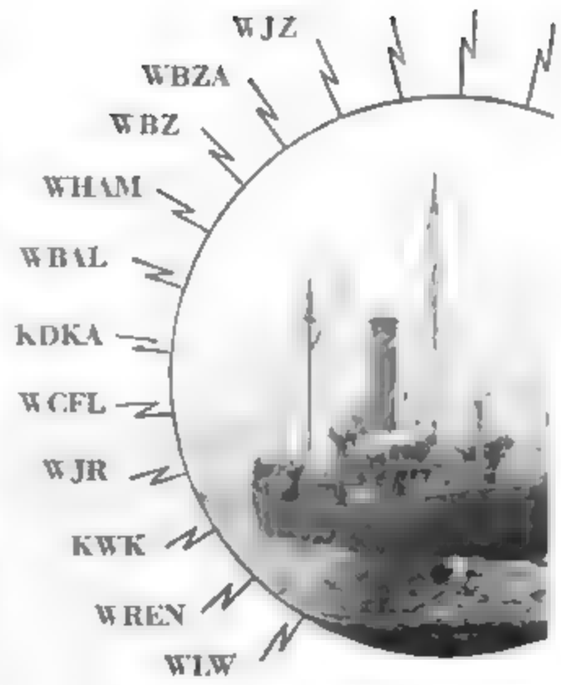
"Your name is Ailanthus James Westlund? You reside with your folks on Washin'ton Road? You're nineteen years of age? Your occupation is runnin' your daddy's farm for him? . . . All right," said Mr. Homer, turning a hand on the blue blotter. "I warn you that anything you now say may be used in evidence against you, Ailanthus. You're under arrest."

"Yeh—yes, sir."

"What's that you got there?"

Ailanthus felt better and had a great hope. If they all got interested in this gun, they might forget about sending him to jail. He unwrapped the thing and put it up on the desk, smiling intensively at Mr. Homer.

(Continued on Page 125)



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A. Atwater Kent, President
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(Continued from Page 121)

"Fell off a rafter out in the tool shed right now. It's been shot four times. It's not dad's or any of ours. I guess it might be a clew."

Mr. Homer stood up and then sank down behind the desk. The man in black leaned out of his seat, staring past Judge Ransome. Nobody said anything at all. Ailanthus felt that he had not succeeded in shoving the law away, and tried to be very indifferent, glancing out into the yard. He did not want to see the big green car under a shed beside the scarlet motorcycles of the mounted policemen standing in a rack, but he saw it. They had not cleaned it since it was towed in from Washington Road, with boys running through the fields abreast of it, and Doctor Cass following in his own car.

"Planted," said Mr. Homer.

Ailanthus still looked into the yard. Mike Hooley was reading a pink magazine on a bench, out there, and smoking a cigarette, his leather calves crossed. He turned a page and the hissing flip of the paper came to Ailanthus all through the sunlight and the barred window.

"You say," said Judge Ransome, "this has been shot four times, Cr—Ailanthus?"

"Yes, sir. Toby looked in. I don't know how you open those things."

"I see. . . . We can take this up later, Homer. . . . Now, Ailanthus."

"Yes, sir."

Judge Ransome drooped a white arm over a corner of the desk, staring at the floor. His mouth moved four times under the gray of his mustache, and yet he did not speak. He finally turned and looked at the man in black.

"I think the best way out of this, Mr. Bartello, is to let the boy tell his story. As I said, he has an astonishing power of memory. It's extraordinary. A sort of art. His father thinks it's largely associative—I believe that's the word. Visual."

"I see. But I hope," the man in mourning said, "that I'm not interfering with your —— I merely suggested that it might be as well to see young—Warren—first. In view of that letter. I hope I haven't ——"

"Oh, that's all right! Your suggestions have certainly been quite in order. I was just explaining this kid's value in the circumstances."

Mr. Bartello bobbed his neat head and lay back in his special chair. He considered Ailanthus, who wondered if he ought to smile or nod or do something polite. The man must know it was Ailanthus Westlund that had found his father dead in the green car. He smiled, at last, and Mr. Bartello smiled back at him. That improved things.

"The whole thing's preposterous," said Judge Ransome. "Well, here goes! . . . Crazy, take a minute to think about it, and then tell me just where you went and what you did from dinnertime on July nineteenth until you found Mr. Bartello and the driver dead in the car next morning. This is very important, sonny."

"Yes, sir. Well ——"

"No, take a moment to think, Crazy."

Ailanthus shut his eyes and sat down on the floor. He remembered better when he sat down. Everything came straight easily, and he opened his eyes, to see that Mr. Bartello was smiling again. Wally Warren had edged along one of the benches and was sitting there, his lids red and his blue tie astray on the breast of his gray flannel coat.

"Well, we had dinner, and mamma was drivin' out to a party at Hackettsville to read a poem, so I had to walk in. And I walked in. And I was at Wilson's playin' pool with Red an' ——"

"Which Red?" the judge asked.

"Your Red—Red Ransome. . . . 'N' he went home. And then I played with Toby. And then we went over to Palmer's and had a soda. I had a raspberry ice cream. It was punk too. . . . And we picked up Tommy Baxter and walked round to his place. It was ten, then. It struck when Kay Baxter was getting some candy in the livin' room. We were there, say half an hour. I didn't want to stay any longer 'cause I don't want to encourage Kay."

"Tut, tut. The prettiest girl in town?"

"That's all right, but she's an awful kid. An' I don't see she's any prettier than a lot of 'em. So Toby stayed there and I went back to Wilson's and played with Ed Schouler until Wilson shut up the place. He shuts at half after eleven. 'N' then I sat on the fountain an' looked for somebody to give me a lift home. I had some new shoes on and they hurt a little."

The small walnuts made no noise in air above the fountain and the clock of the courthouse was a red peppermint in the sky, against no stars. It was a wrinkle in the left sole that hurt so. He wondered if those shoes would ever be good for much. Then he was back in the still room.

"But nobody was goin' out Market Street, sir. And it started to rain at four minutes of midnight."

"Four minutes?"

"Yeh. I was watchin' the clock when the drop hit my neck. So I started down Market."

"Meet anyone?"

"Yeh. I met the Swede works at Chase's grocery, and then Billy Lannin was talkin' to a girl under the tree by Perry's. And the motorbike cop rode up past me. Laughlin, it was."

"That's right," said Mr. Homer. "Laughlin came in for some gas just after midnight. Tank on his bike leaks some. Hooley has the road in daytime."

"Go on," the judge ordered.

Everybody had partly closed their eyes. Walter Warren was tapping a gold cigarette case on a palm. Mr. Bartello's hat stirred on his black thigh.

"It started pourin'. I got down to the railroad tracks and took my shoes off and wrapped 'em up in my socks. I thought I could take 'em back and get another pair, maybe, if they weren't all messed up. Then I beat it along. It was rainin' like h—sixty. I walked in the ditch. They'd started rakin' up the road to make it over."

The water came slopping down his back, under his shirt. A buzzing swelled through the hiss and patter, and light flowed along the roadway, showing off black cups and hollows.

"I was just 'bout halfway to the Warren fence when Wally came drivin' past. He drove by me. I didn't yell for a lift 'cause he wouldn't give me a lift in a blizzard."

"That's a ——"

"Don't interrupt, Walter!"

"Well, I guess you would," said Ailanthus, willing to be agreeable in front of a stranger from Detroit. "Anyhow, I didn't yell. He drove on past and turned into his gates and went on up to his house. He turned a light on upstairs. I didn't pay any more attention to him. After you get past the Warren gates you can't see their house. Trees in the way."

"There was no other light on the road now?"

"Oh, sure! The red lamp, judge," said Ailanthus, "by the steam roller. It was just north of the Warren gate, right close to the wall with the ivy. I sat down there to look at my foot. They'd left some boards in the ditch an' I bunged a foot on one. So I sat down on the ivy and looked at my foot. And then I ran some."

Mr. Bartello asked, gently and kindly, in his smooth voice, "You ran?"

"Yes, sir. I was soakin' wet and I didn't want these shoes to get any wetter. I stuck 'em inside my shirt and ran a piece after the lamp went out."

"Oh," said the judge, "the lamp went out?"

"Rain put it out, I guess," Ailanthus puzzled. "You've no idea how it was pourin', judge. I thought I ought to go back and light it, but—but I didn't."

"Why didn't you?"

Ailanthus curled his toes inside his shoes and blushed. He had to rub his nose. Only, dad said, everybody was a fool about darkness. And this was important. This was very important.

"Well, that place always scares me if it's dark. I was walkin' by there one time—I was ten—and old man Hooley was ridin' a horse out of the lane. He'd come down from the hills. He was drunk an' he bawled at me. Scared me. I just didn't want to go back, and my matches were all wet too! They were when I got home. I couldn't have lit the lamp. Had to get a fresh box to light a smoke," he said, "and the engine was way off of the road, close to the wall."

"But you know that the lamp went out after you'd passed it, old man?"

Ailanthus looked at Mr. Bartello and then went back to the wet road.

"Yeh. I looked round once. You know how you get feelin' someone must be lookin' at you from behind? I felt that way a minute. Dunno why. I looked round and the lamp was out. I felt 's if somebody climbed up the engine and put it out. It was sudden. I remember that. There was a pool, all kind of pink, in front of me, and then it wasn't there. I looked back. Then I cut over our fence and walked up to the house, and dried off in the kitchen, and had a smoke and a piece of gingerbread. Then I went to bed. It was quarter of one. I set my 'larm clock. Our other hired man had poison ivy an' I had to get up an' help Jake milk. So I did. And then I took the cows down to the gate into the south pasture. And then I wondered why the—the green car was standin' down on the road. So I went down. And they were just sittin' there, dead. . . . Is that all, judge?"

"That's all, Ailanthus. . . . No, I didn't mean you could go, son! Just sit still and be comfortable."

Ailanthus stopped getting up and sat still. Mr. Bartello interested him a lot. He could never sit there and face that window if dad had been murdered in the green car out there. But composure was something that came of growing old, and Mr. Bartello must be as old as dad—forty or more.

"Listen to this, Ailanthus. This is a letter Mr. Bartello received at Detroit, two days ago. The detectives tell him it was written with gloves on. Typed, I mean," said Judge Ransome. Then he read slowly from a sheet of paper on the desk:

"'I want to inform you that they are doing you a hurt in this business of your father being assassinated on Washington Road. Walter Warren can tell you about some of this. He can tell you he drove by young Westlund that says he found Mr. Bartello and the Jap in the car dead. The Westlund boy was on the road at past midnight of that night. He was walking stealthy in his bare feet with a thing in his hand. He got up on the wall and put out the red light onto the steam roller. His folks are rich and they will do everything they can to keep him out of a muss. He is a violent kind of a boy being spoiled by women on account of being handsome.' . . . Well, Crazy?"

Ailanthus blushed.

"I didn't write that, Crazy," said Wally Warren.

"I should hope you didn't," Ailanthus said. "If you did I'd ——"

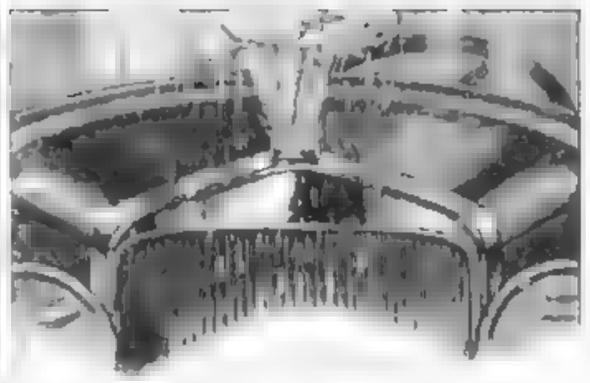
"Ailanthus!"

"Well, all right, judge! I call that a dirty thing to do, though! It's just as good as sayin' it was me—I—me that killed old Mr. Bartello and that driver! An' women don't spoil me. I ain't as handsome as your Red is, or—or as popular as Toby—or Wally, even. I'm kind of serious and I don't see jokes. If that's a joke, I call it lousy! It's not fair to me!"

"Amen," said Mr. Bartello.

The dead man's son rose and walked between Ailanthus and the desk. Judge Ransome gave way to him. He spun the paper with a finger and stood staring at it. A sparrow out in the closed yard chirped viciously and Ailanthus looked that way, craning up. Michael Hooley had stopped reading and was watching the tiny bird flutter its wings on the shed's roof.

"I don't want to plead my own experience," said Mr. Bartello, "but I am a lawyer and I've been in criminal cases. This fool's given us all the facts. He dragged that ivy into the car after he stopped it and got in. He was waiting behind the wall or



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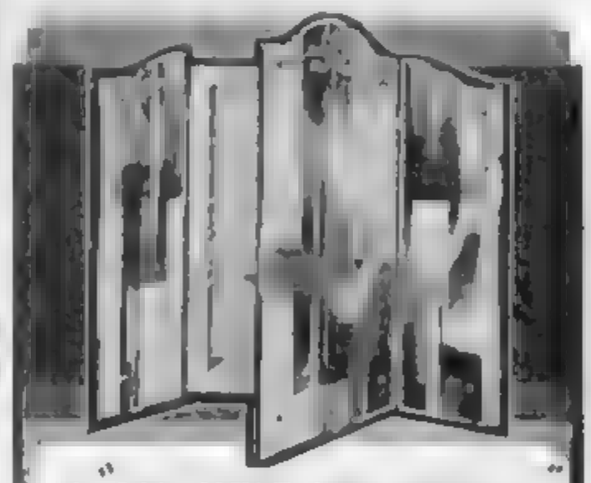

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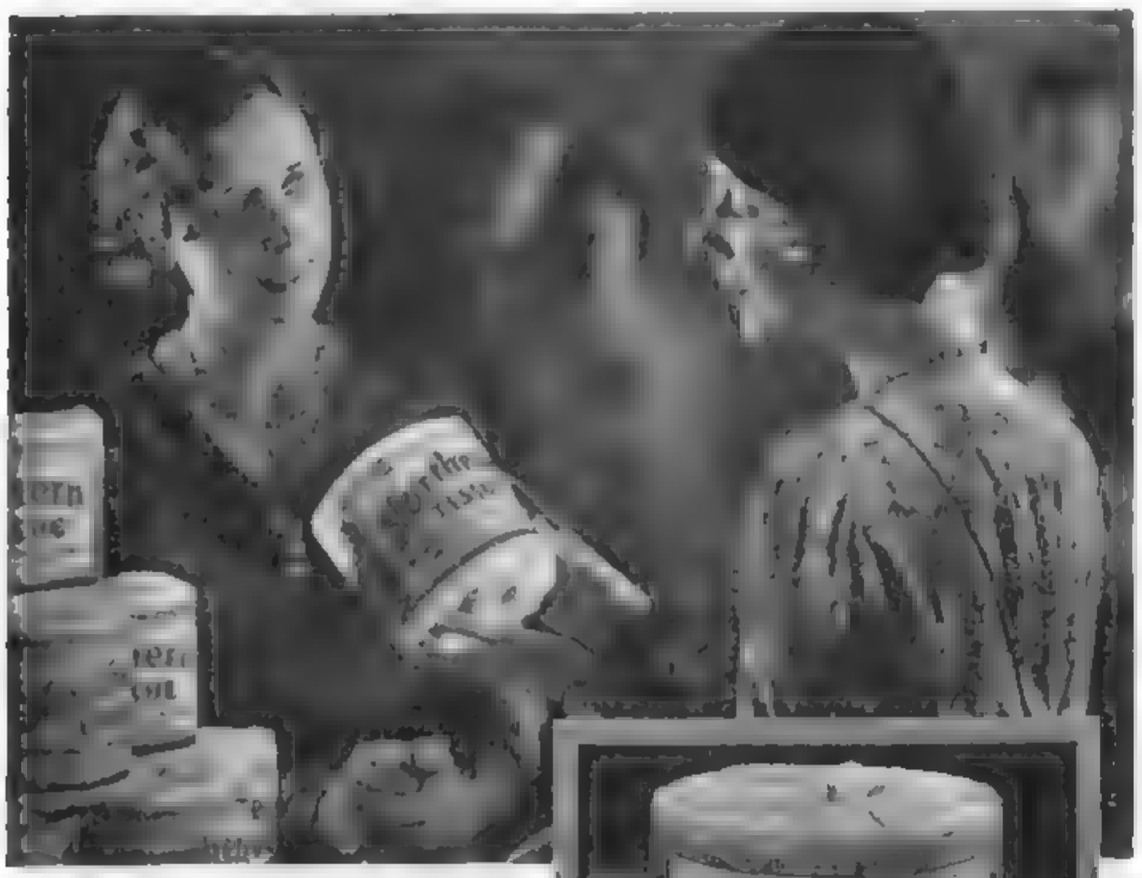

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Doubly-Absorbent—Soft as Linen
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Today at no advance in price you may have a new-type bathroom paper . . . a sterilized, soft, white paper that forever banishes the fear of raw wood irritation traceable to harsh, cheap "toilet papers." To get it you ask for "Northern Tissue."

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Cooked at 302°

This new-type paper contains only pulp cooked at 302°. That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been cooked away. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

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*How Science Tests For Ground-wood In Paper

The chemical phloroglucin is an infallible test for ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucin turns paper a red-purple if it contains any ground-wood. "Northern Tissue"—cellulose—shows no change under this searching scientific test. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the chemical

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behind this steam roller. He saw Crazy come up with a thing in his hand and sit on the wall. When the boy left he blew the lamp out. He then stopped dad's car, pretending he wanted a match to light the lamp. The rain deadened the noise of the shots. I dare say he shot Ohiro first and then father. He drove the car on and robbed the bodies and left them there beside the road. . . . Is there a door to this shed where you found the gun, Crazy?"

"No, sir. . . . You mean he put the gun there so's ——"

"Why shouldn't he hear the end of the letter, judge?"

"He might as well," said the judge.

Ailanthus got up.

"'" . . . I had my suspicions,'" Mr. Bartello read, "'from the first of this, and made some investigation. If you send a private detective out to the Westlund place he will discover a gun on a beam in a shed next to the cow barn.' . . . Want to read it yourself, old man?"

"Then he p-put his gun up on the rafter there himself!"

"It seems so," said Mr. Bartello.

Ailanthus put his dirty hands on the desk and read this letter. The black straight lines of the type rippled along. He could not think of himself as being this young Westlund walking barefoot along the road. Nobody hated young Westlund this way. It was someone else. . . . "He was walking stelthy in his bare feet with a thing in his hand. He got up on the wall and put out the red light onto the steam roller." Dad said "onto" was dubious as a word. And the man had spelled "stealthy" wrong. "Stelthy"—that was bad. That was pretty bad. That was—that was how someone had spelled it in the big spelling match at high school.

"A double murder and some perjury," said Mr. Bartello—"all for a couple of hundred dollars and a wrist watch and whatever trash Ohiro had on."

"Be quiet! . . . Crazy," asked the judge, "what's the matter with you?"

Ailanthus, cold to his feet, said "Just a minute," and his head hurt. This thing was in his head, spinning away from him. The hall of the high school smelled of furs and rubber shoes. Winter made the windows steam. There was another boy up on the platform. Everybody else had been spelled down. . . . But it spun away from him. He gripped the edge of the desk and shut his eyes. The other boy had new black shoes on and looked down at them when he spelled. His hair was slicked smooth on the sides, but it curled on top when he bent his head over.

"You feel faint, sonny?"

"Naw! No! Lemme 'lone, judge!"

The face would not come. He could just see the stooped head of the big boy who spelled "stealthy" without an *a*. It was—it was —— It would not come. Ailanthus put his head down in his hands and chewed his lip. It was —— It would not come. The face would not lift. He smelled fur and wet rubber.

"I spelled him down! I was a freshman in high school. He spelled 'stealthy' without an *a*. Lemme 'lone! I'll remember it!"

"Take your time, Crazy!"

"Oh, let me alone!"

They had dropped a big flag down over the pictures at the back of the platform. This framed in everything. There was just Mr. Warren, Wally's grandfather, who gave the prizes, and old Miss Talcott left on the platform. And this other boy. This other boy, bigger than himself then. In new black shoes. But he kept his head stooped. Ailanthus rubbed his face on the lying paper. The name went spinning and spinning away from him and sparks were following it. His body was all cold and there was a pain in his head.

"Say, Hooley," said Mr. Homer, "get away from that window! This is a private examination! You ain't any business listenin'!"

"That's all right. The kid's got me! He'll remember in a minute. . . . If you want your old man's wrist watch, it's out at pop's house—in a tin box under my bed. But pop dunno a thing about this, see? My girl wanted some clothes. . . . Try to mix pop up in it," this awful voice cried, "and you'll land in hell, see? 'Cause he had nothin' to do with it!"

Ailanthus sank down the front of the desk and hid his face against it. Michael must be standing at the barred window with his head lifted, looking into the room. Feet moved on the gravel of the courtyard. He would be walking away in his polished belt. Then Wally Warren howled and the world spun in the crashing shot and, when Ailanthus looked, the window was all empty to the sun.

"Quick! Get Wally out of here! He's fainting!"

"Me?"

"Yes, yes," said the judge, with his fingers on his eyes, "get him out! He saw it! . . . Why? Why?"

"He knew I'd remember," Ailanthus mumbled. Men were a hedge at the window. "He spelled it without an *a*. . . . Have I got to come back?"

"No! No! You're discharged! Get out!"

People kept sweeping dad from him on the sidewalk, in rushes of bodies that battered him, with Wally in his arms like a big bolster. But Ailanthus was safe in the sunshine and pretty sure he had behaved all right.

All the town was jamming under the doorway. Heels banged and shoulders pushed. They all wanted to see.

"I didn't see him, dad. I shan't remember it!"

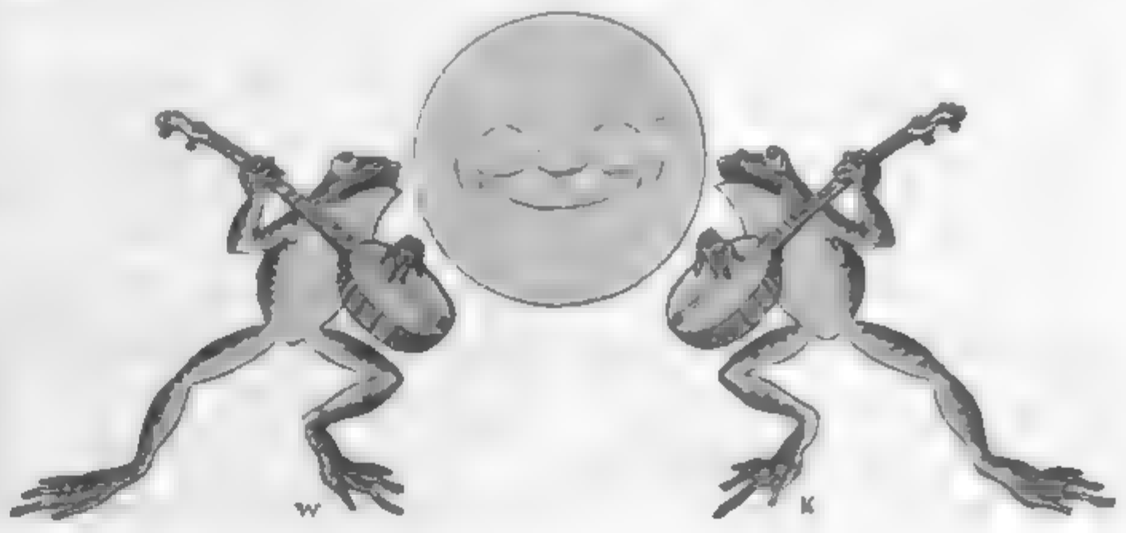
"Get him in the car, baby. . . . Are you all right? . . . Toby could drive."

"I'll drive. Toby'll have to fetch Bob and Bully back. He can hitch his horse behind. . . . You get in. Aw, hurry and get on in, dad," said Ailanthus, "an' let's get out of here! I don't want to remember any of this! I didn't enjoy none of it. Not a damn thing!"

The car turned through the crowd. Kids gaped at him. Words were flying about him. He wanted just to get away. Wally was muttering with his eyes shut against dad's shoulder. The car rolled down Market Street and the sun beat on his back.

"I don't think life's any kind of an art, dad! I think it's awful tough! I think it's fierce! I don't want to remember ——"

"Oh, kid," said his father, "don't be scared! God gives us something new to think about and we forget to remember everything. That is life. . . . Drive slow."



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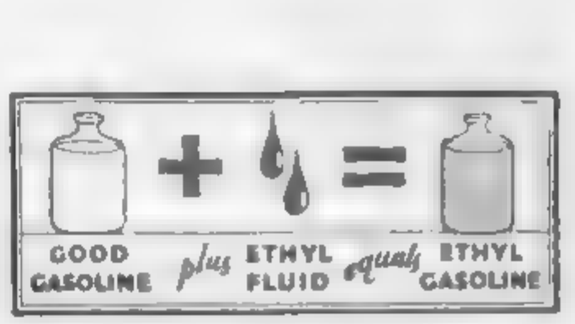

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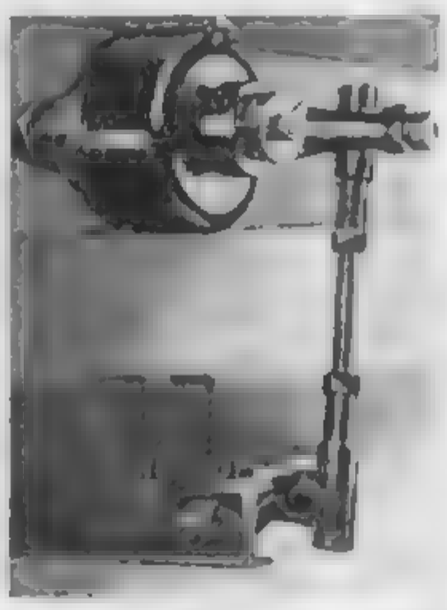

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HOUDAILLE

Hydraulic Double-Acting # SHOCK ABSORBERS

THE TWELVE MEN AND SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from Page 14)

always had powerful moral lessons and the best pictures always told a story! If it came to pass that all the doctors in the world agreed that night air was bad for you and that a potato in the back pocket was the best way to ward off rheumatism! There is hope. Only a few years ago George Bernard Shaw announced that the Bible was better politics and implied that it was better science than most of the modern substitutes; at least in regard to the significant question of how long men should live, and why, and how. And quite a number of young thinkers have begun to pluck at the hem of Santa Claus' red cloak, not to make a communistic flag out of it but to put up a warning signal against the scientists and the immoralists.

There were giants in the earth a few centuries ago and Santa Claus was at the top of the world with jolly reindeer, and people in a vague way believed that the earth and all it contains were created for the special benefit of human beings. They believed also that human beings could accomplish almost anything they set their hearts and minds on. Then Sir Isaac Newton began to reduce the solar system to laws, and Halley's comet came round just when he said it was due, proving that he was right; and scientists, observing man and monkeys and the movements of the sun, began to make the world a less idyllic place and man less important; Santa Claus was buried under an avalanche of facts.

Struggling Back to Idealism

"Then," as Fournier d'Albe puts it, "arose that marvelous crop of mechanical combinations which . . . can be catalogued by means of formulæ. . . . So numerous were these inventions, so widespread was their use, and so great their effect on the minds of those generations, that a great illusion arose which colored the philosophies of a whole century and has left traces even in modern times. People became so accustomed to the perfect functioning of a machine or a clock, so impressed with its regularity and intelligible complexity, that they began to look upon mechanism as a primary thing capable of 'explaining' . . . the phenomena of life. . . . The main idea underlying the mechanistic hypothesis was to eliminate the idea of purpose altogether, and reduce the universe to an accidental configuration of lifeless atoms."

This is what is generally known as materialism. Its chief contribution to the gayety of nations was to banish the soul. For a long time a sort of genteel despair was the polite philosophy of intelligent people and the most laughable of men was he who persisted in talking about spiritual values or of the soul or of anything you couldn't reduce to a chemical formula. The human brain was 95 per cent water, which is H_2O, and the other 5 per cent some negligible chemicals; and you can't attach any significance to what an accidental grouping of molecules can do—even if it writes the play of Shakspere or treks a thousand miles through a wilderness or discovers an antitoxin. "Brute creation," said the desperate thinkers, helping themselves to another glass of wine—"that is all we are—without glory in the past or hope in the future." Science had destroyed the angels.

Now, the astounding thing is that the people who are putting the soul on the map are not the preachers but the scientists. Something was left out of the calculation of the materialists, and the man I have quoted, who knows the trend of modern science perfectly, is willing to say that the mechanical age, "which to some appears as the very negation of the soul, is, on the contrary, the age of supreme psychical achievement." And, again using words which would have been derided a generation or two ago, he says, "The process of bringing material things into subjection to our will is a process of sublimation, which does not drag us down to the dust but raises up dust into the realms of immortal spirit."

More astonishing still is the testimony of a professional biologist, J. B. S. Haldane, a brilliant and respected British scientist. Among the lofty imaginings of the human mind banished with Santa Claus by the materialists was what is known as idealism, formulated, in a very difficult language, by the philosopher, Immanuel Kant. "Idealism" is an extremely tricky word, but in this special sense it stood against materialism; it glorified the mind of man over the knowledge of facts which he gained by touch and sight and hearing. In the era of obligatory pessimism, it was considered a joke. And now, Mr. Haldane, commenting on the first Einsteinian formula, says that "the majority of scientific men are now being constrained by the evidence . . . to adopt a very extreme form of Kantian idealism."

They are, in short, inviting Santa Claus back. What is more, they are telling us that the world, far from being a waste land, where high ambitions are meant only to fail, and where people are born only to die miserably and ignobly, is actually an exciting place to live in. We may not understand what they mean by space-time or the quantum theory, but when they suggest that new nebulæ are still forming and probably new elements are coming into existence, they are knocking the picture of a mechanistic and materialistic universe into a cocked hat. The unit upon which they are concentrating their attention is not an atom but an event, a movement of electrons, perhaps—something happening! And a sober scientist says that when we come to understand this we will restore a type of idealism and begin to believe again in creation.

And if everything is not too bitter for words and if the whole world isn't a cemetery of dead hopes and dead molecules, there is some excuse for good cheer. If, on the outskirts of the universe, new nebulæ are forming and even the tiniest speck of matter is in action, changing and developing, we can suspect that Santa Claus is around the corner, and look at some of the other fields from which he was brutally driven a few years ago.

Some Recent Fashions

For instance, ordinary decency has not had an easy time lately. It has become fashionable, in certain places, to neglect the proprieties, to use as many obscene words as possible in mixed conversation, and to disregard the feelings of others, so as to avoid the danger of a nervous breakdown. The collapse of the nervous system is, in fact, the great bogy substituted for the genial Santa. You will pay for suppression; a nasty little lesion will result, a complex will form. Your subconscious will get you if you don't watch out. Terrified by the threat, we refuse to hold anything back.

Just at present the old-line moralists, the reactionaries, and those without courage enough to keep up with the procession, are the only ones protesting against this new morality. Of course, twelve psychologists understand the reasons for it. But it is easy to foresee the time when a new group of twelve will arise which will discern the gravest dangers to our nervous systems if we follow our inclinations, and will terrify us into being puritanical by the most scientific threats. They will probably find an obscure gland somewhere and a new tangle of neurons and a whole system of dream interpretation which will prove that if a man expressed everything and had no suppressed desires, he would be a raving maniac. A lot of people are beginning to suspect this already. Then the delicate and dainty people who always preferred to say "limb" instead of "leg" will smile gently and think that if you give him time enough, Santa Claus always comes back.

Presently someone will write a history of the excellent saint. If the history were written now, chief emphasis would probably be placed on the fact that, under the name of Nicholas, he is the patron saint of highway robbers. His private character, his personal habits, and the number of times he brushed or failed to brush his beard, would all be noted down, entirely to his disadvantage. Yet, in this respect, too, Santa Claus may stage a comeback. Because it isn't at all certain that the latest histories are the best histories and the meanest biographies the truest.

Be Skeptical of Skeptics

There was a time when it was bad form to admire Shakspere; perhaps another period with the same prejudice will occur again. There was also a time when it was considered silly to care for Bach, because his music was too mathematical, too regular. Good old Papa Bach was a musical Santa Claus; if you believed in him, you were mentally underdeveloped. And then, almost without warning, it became proper to admire Bach again, and the idol of the moderns, Igor Strawinsky, himself laid a wreath at the old man's feet. Some ten years ago an American composer of grand opera told me that he could hardly bear to listen to the puerilities and sentimentalities and obvious thinness of Beethoven. Two years ago he told me that he considered Beethoven the greatest of composers. That is to say, being a man of independent mind, he banished and recalled Santa Claus on his own motion.

As I said, we are not only permitted, we are positively ordered, to believe impossible things; only they must not be pleasant. About all pleasant things we are told to be skeptical. But if there is any virtue in a skeptical attitude, it ought to be universal; and although we live in a skeptical age, no one has suggested that we ought to be a little suspicious of the skeptics themselves. If a man says there is a Santa Claus, he is asked to give proof; but if a man says "There is no God," no one ventures to ask him how he knows or to suggest that he is being just a trace dogmatic. The skeptics inform us that perhaps a dozen men in the world are mentally mature enough to face reality. They tell us, quite truly, that the full development of a man is from infantile dreams to a mature grasp of the real. But they withhold the proofs that what they know is the truth itself. The scientists themselves, the anonymous twelve also, are modest enough. They say, "Such and such a combination of things seems to be the right one," or, "On this hypothesis we can explain a number of facts which otherwise are inexplicable." The modest scientists know that time after time, in physics and biology and chemistry, they have had to abandon theories which had all the appearance of ultimate truth. Their followers like to assume that science has made no errors, has had no Santas. Yet I find an astute modernist critic, Mr. Lewis Mumford, saying "The impersonality of science . . . is a fable" after half a century in which the impersonality of science has been counted its chief virtue. And Mr. Haldane mysteriously—to the lay mind—suggests that a time will come "when physiology will invade and destroy mathematical physics, as the latter have destroyed geometry." It is news that geometry is destroyed, but it is good news that a scientist can confess that any science is not imperishable and immortal.

The basis of the anti-Santa attacks of recent years has been that it is a good thing to take candy away from little children. And in the last three months I have met three physicians of the first rank, and heard of others, who actually prescribe lollypops. For the children whom those doctors serve, at least, there isn't much question of the existence of Santa Claus.

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PHOENIX HOSIERY

PASSITER'S SIMPLE JOB

(Continued from Page 19

"Quite clear so far," Conklin murmured.

"Very well," Passiter continued. "You sit down now. You rest on that couch for exactly five minutes after I have disappeared. You can count seconds if you can't see your watch. Then you get up and, taking no precautions as to silence, you become perfectly natural. You have just awakened from sleep and you are a little dazed. You stumble out to the avenue. The young lady can call for help. You turn toward the janitor, mind, and not toward the door. You wake him if he is still asleep, and he comes with you to open this door, outside which you have left your car. Keep him with you as long as you can. Tip him well. Make friends with him. Explain that you have been out very late for two nights, that Conklin here is your fiancé, and that you really wandered in more to rest than to see the exhibits. Then you fell asleep and you've only just woke up. Meanwhile, at the other end of the alley, I shall be busy. It will not take me long to cut through the show case and collect the jewels. My getaway is planned at another exit altogether. When the janitor returns the affair is over. Not a shot, not a blow, not an unkind word. It is the Passiter method," he concluded with his ugly grin.

Conklin pulled out his watch and peered at it.

"Get to work," he enjoined.

Passiter glided off, and the other two subsided into their places. The passing minutes seemed interminable. The girl's hand suddenly felt for her companion's.

"This place terrifies me," she murmured. "I seem to hear sounds all round. Listen! What is it, Nick?"

"The silence," he whispered back. "Stick it out. It gets on your nerves. I felt it once in the Pyramids at Cairo."

"There are people moving about in the distance."

He listened intently. A shadow crept into his face. He was not at all sure that she wasn't right, but he affected to disbelieve her.

"Fancy," he assured her. "Hold on. It will all be over in one more minute now, and you can scream as loudly as you like."

At precisely the appointed time he replaced his watch in his pocket, and they rose. On the whole they gave a very creditable imitation of a young couple suddenly awakened from a tragic fit of somnolence.

"There must be a night watchman or someone," he declared, as they followed directions and staggered along to the broad avenue. "You wait here. I'll explore down the other way."

"No, you don't," she choked. "I shall come with you."

She followed a few yards behind, and Nick Conklin advanced with a good deal more caution than he had at first intended. Exactly as indicated they paced the eighty yards and, just in front of them, by the side of a show case, discovered a man stretched out in an easy-chair, apparently asleep. An electric torch and bundle of keys lay by his side; his uniform coat was undone.

"Hullo there!" Nick cried.

There was no reply. The watchman lay limply in his chair. A purple welt stretched clear across his bald skull.

Nick's first instinct was to stoop down and pick up the keys. Almost as he did so his sense of stupefaction passed. Life and understanding rushed swiftly once more through his brain. With the intuition of a man who has hunted and been hunted he knew that he was not alone, that someone was watching or hiding within a few feet of him. He tossed the keys to the girl, but his eyes searched always the empty spaces, and his gun was in his hand.

"Let yourself out and get clear away from this," he whispered. "Don't wait for me. I can look after myself."

"Behind you, Nick!" she shouted. "Jump! Quick!"

Her warning saved his life without a doubt, for the murderous-looking jemmy, which had been aimed straight at the back of his head, only grazed his shoulder. In a second he was grappling with a fierce and brawny aggressor, a stronger and a heavier man than he, but, as he knew in a single second, his easy prey.

He almost laughed as he felt the old-fashioned clutch, the fumbling for the knife, the slight drawing back to stab. No easy victory of that sort was to come to the unknown, but prompt and merciless disaster at the hands of his smaller antagonist. He felt himself spinning, his ankle twisted, his wrist broken, his neck burning, himself gasping for breath. He fell upon the hard floor with a sickening crash, and for many a long day afterward in hospital he lay and wondered.

Nick of New York, of fighting fame, was himself again now, with a vengeance. He crouched on the scene of his triumph, his gun firmly poised in his hand, he himself partly protected by the stone pillar behind which his recent victim had lurked. He knew perfectly well that there was another marauder to be dealt with, and he knew where he was hiding. He was behind the show case on the other side of the watchman, and Nick waited feverishly for his head or his arm or any part of him to emerge. His blood was up now and he was ready almost to kill. A few yards away, the girl was still standing, intensely alert, ready to call out if he needed direction. Amazingly, she had lit a cigarette.

"Where's Passiter?" he cried.

A low whistle from half a dozen yards away answered him. Just then the thing for which he had prayed happened. The man whose hiding place he had correctly surmised slowly thrust his hand, a revolver clenched in his fingers, around the corner. Like a flash, Nick pulled the trigger of his gun, and almost simultaneously a yell of pain rang out, nearly drowning the crash of the weapon upon the hard floor. Nick stood upright.

"That's all then!" he exclaimed. "Got what you wanted, Passiter?"

Passiter, from behind another show case a few yards away, crept into evidence. Even in the dim light, and behind the mask which he had hastily assumed, he presented a somewhat shamefaced appearance. Nick pointed to the watchman.

"Was that your work?" he demanded.

"Cross my heart, it wasn't," was the eager denial. "When I heard you calling to be let out down there, and he didn't move, I crept a little nearer along the side alley. At the same moment I saw what had happened to him, and the other two at work. I'd have stopped your coming if I could, but if I'd called out they'd have got me sure."

Nick made no reply, but the girl's eyes flashed through the gloom.

"You had the drop on them," she reminded him coldly. "You could have forced their hands up."

"The light wasn't good enough for shooting," he muttered.

"Anyway, we're clearing out of here now," Nick declared. "Get what you want, and I should look sharp about it. This chap on the floor won't come to for half an hour yet. Let's have a look at the other one."

The man behind the show case had fainted. Nick glanced at him and turned away. Passiter was already at work on the glass front.

"We're off, Passiter," he announced. "If you will take my advice you'll get your job done quickly and follow. This isn't a healthy place for honest people."

Passiter chuckled as he removed the first square of glass.

Nick Conklin piloted his companion down the gloomy corridor, between two rows of frowning statues and white-draped

(Continued on Page 133)

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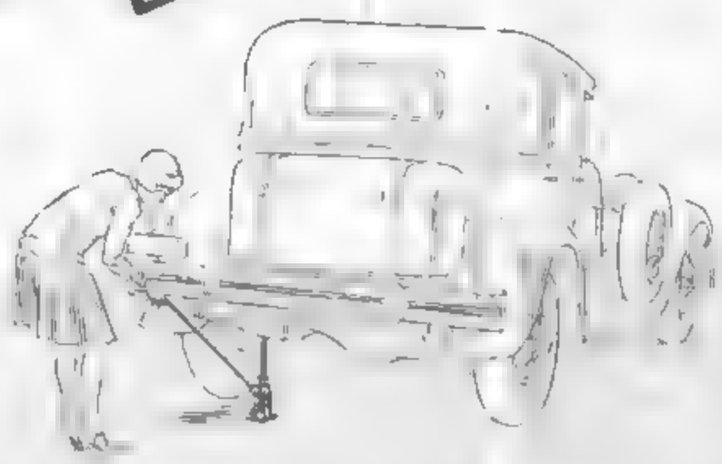

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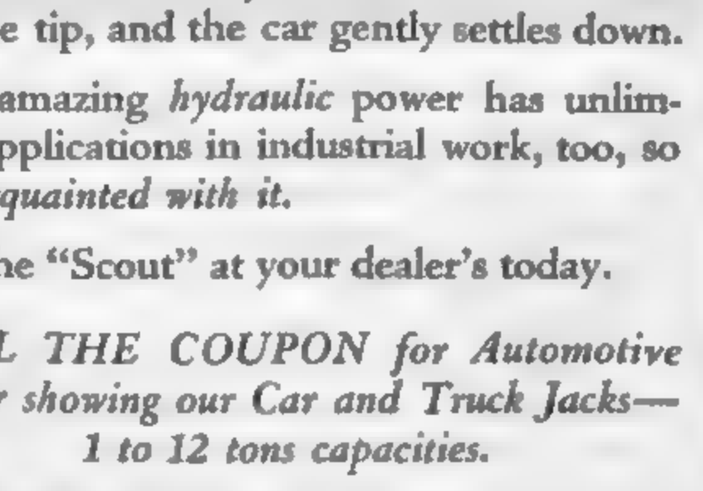

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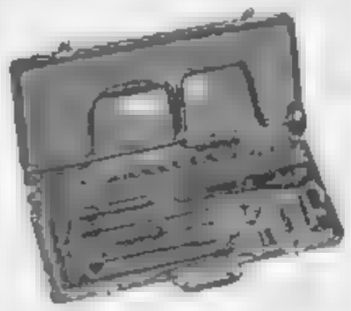

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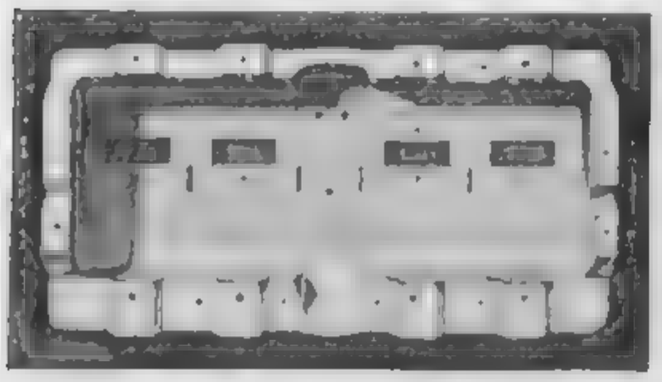

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(Continued from Page 130)

show cases. At the door he paused to select the key from the bunch he was carrying.

"East Corridor Number One. Here we are," he remarked, fitting it into the lock and turning it. "Now for a breath of fresh air, a long drink and a smoke."

"Perhaps," the girl groaned, with a despairing look ahead.

Guarding their car and awaiting their egress with obvious interest were two stalwart policemen.

Not for one single second did Nick of New York permit himself to appear perturbed. He paused to light a cigarette, threw away the match and approached the curb.

"Good evening, constable," he said pleasantly as he opened the door of the car. "Glad to see you're keeping an eye on the little bus."

"One moment, sir," the man enjoined, stretching out his hand to stop them. "I should like to know what you were doing in the museum at this hour of the night, or rather morning. Bit early for studying curios, isn't it?"

Nick's air of surprise was very well done indeed.

"Why on earth shouldn't I be in the museum at any hour I please?" he retorted wonderingly. "It's my responsibility and I like to look up old Fawcett any time I'm passing late. He's getting a little ancient for his job."

"What is your name, sir, and what have you to do with the museum?" his questioner persisted.

Nick glanced at the stripes on the man's cuffs.

"Why, don't you know me, sergeant?" he demanded in surprise. "Marsden, my name is—Nick Marsden. I've been junior curator here for two years. Here's my card," he added, thrusting his hand into his pocket and producing one. "I don't know if it has my address on—Basil Mansions. This is my sister. We've been dining down in Hammersmith, and I thought we'd look in on our way home."

"Seems queer I don't know you by sight," the sergeant demurred, withdrawing his hand, however, from the door.

The girl took her place at the driving seat, and Nick settled himself down by her side.

"Well, take stock of me now, sergeant," he invited cheerfully. "You'll know a good-looking fellow next time we meet. I hope it's when you're off duty, and we'll have a drink together. I know the rules and regulations, you see."

The man smiled and was on the point of saluting when the constable by his side whispered in his ear. Once more he approached the car window.

"Would there be any objection to my looking round inside?" he asked. "The constable here seems to think he heard some unusual noises and noticed some lights going on and off a short time ago."

"Not the slightest objection in the world," Nick declared, promptly handing over the keys. "There certainly were lights—we couldn't have looked round without—but no noises that I know of. Leave them for Mr. Marsden at Basil Mansions, will you? That's all right, Martha," he added to the girl who was sitting tensely by his side. "Let her rip. Passiter's off by now."

This was not altogether the sergeant's idea, but while he hesitated the car was round the corner. It was well on past the Hyde Park Hotel when the police whistles began to blow.

The car was raced away from the back entrance of Flood's almost before their feet had touched the ground. Nick Conklin looked after it curiously.

"Exactly what happens to it?" he asked Martha.

"It goes to earth all right," she answered. "The club owns a garage not a mile away. The number plate was changed by pressing an electric button before he started. When he gets to the garage, there are men there waiting for just such a message as I sent. The top will come off and go down into the cellar, and there will be another one on within ten minutes. Even in its disguised condition, the car is then run down into an inner garage that only one or two people about the place know of. We have time for one quick drink with Charlie if you like. Afterward, we've got to go upstairs."

"What about our ghosts?" he asked.

She made no reply for a moment. They ran lightly upstairs and entered the bar. He gave an order while she glanced down at the table through a small window of observation.

"Passiter isn't back," she announced, "but our dummies are there."

She hurried to a small house telephone and spoke a few words. Presently the telephone boy appeared and the young woman and man who were seated at the table rose and left the room. Conklin watched them with admiration in his eyes.

"They're jolly good!" he declared. "I should have thought I had been looking in a mirror."

"Finish your drink quickly," she begged. "You have to be introduced into more of our secrets now."

They climbed up another flight of stairs and entered a room full of cupboards, but with no other indication of its purpose. A young man with black curly hair and hooked nose, who was reading a paper by the fire, jumped up at their entrance. She addressed him quickly.

"Mr. Conklin," she explained, "was seen face to face, but in an overcoat and wearing his hat. Evening clothes, I should think, but with a long coat. Mrs. Burrows in her room?"

"She's there all right," the young man replied. "Come into this dressing room, sir. I'll have you fixed up in five minutes."

He was as good as his word. Conklin looked in the glass and laughed.

"Better let me make you up a little," the young man suggested.

"Not on your life!" Nick refused hastily. "I don't know myself now. The man must have seen I was wearing a black tie, and not this florid white atrocity. My hair is all different, and these glasses are the devil. I'll have the things out of my pocket."

"Better leave them with me, sir," the young man urged. "They'll be quite safe."

"No, I'll take my things," Conklin decided.

"What's this that looks like a locket?" the young man asked curiously.

"Inside," Conklin confided with a grin, "it's an American police badge. The poor chap it belonged to won't want it any more."

At the table downstairs everyone was very gay. It was contrary to etiquette, however, to make any remarks upon the changed appearance of the two latest arrivals.

"Anyone who beats me in the great world's competition," Passiter, refreshed with wine and sandwiches, boasted, "has got to get a long way on the right side of Amos Grimmett."

"Let's see them," Grant suggested.

Passiter hesitated. It was an hour after his return from Kensington, and nothing had happened. He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and opened his palm. Two magnificent rubies and one great diamond reposed there, all three of incredible size.

"These rubies were the eyes of King Mustaphy, whoever he may have been," he quoted, "and the diamond the heart of his queen, insured by the British Government, to whom they were lent, for thirty thousand pounds."

"Don't you think," Martha asked coldly, "that at least a share of that belongs to the man who did the work?"

Nick of New York waved the suggestion on one side and shook his head.

"I'm no poacher," he declared. "When my time comes I'll bring in my own stuff."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in the issue for August twenty-fourth.

UP TO NOW

(Continued from Page 21)

of neighbors in the vicinity. When we left for Albany, it was a matter of concern to all the children that Cæsar should be on the train with us. My oldest son, Al, walked up with him from the Union Depot in Albany to the Executive Mansion and arrived at the front door of the mansion as I was shaking hands with the retiring executive, Governor Whitman, and his military secretary. Young Al, eager to get rid of the dog, unhooked his leash at the entrance to the house.

Cæsar was excited after the long train ride, the first he had ever had in his life, and started through the ground floor of the Executive Mansion looking for me. He sprang from behind the entrance into the reception room and gave quite a scare to Governor Whitman and his secretary. I said he was the Tammany Tiger arriving in Albany and taking possession of the Executive Mansion.

He had the free run of the mansion and became thoroughly acquainted with all the south side of Albany before I was compelled to have him put to death in the latter part of 1920 because of failing eyesight. When it was suggested that I agree to have him electrocuted, it was one of the hardest decisions I had to make during my first term as governor.

In 1911 I was selected as the leader of my party—then in the majority—and appointed chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. It must be borne in mind that the Democratic Party came into power in 1911 for the first time in sixteen years, and I found myself, as a result of the political upheaval, chairman of a committee on which I had never served—something unheard of before.

During my early years in the assembly the Democratic leader invariably came from upstate, and George M. Palmer, of Schoharie County, was the minority leader. So well established was the precedent that Daniel D. Frisbie, who was elected to succeed Palmer as leader, in the fall of 1910, was also from Schoharie County and was selected as Speaker in 1911. It would not have occurred to the assembly of those days to elect a man from New York City as Speaker.

Hop, Skip and Jump

I have studied the legislature of recent years and compared it with the sessions I knew early in my service there, and I see a very marked difference. Interest in general legislation affecting the whole state reached more of the members twenty years ago than it reaches today. Debates were livelier. More men studied the issues than do so today. The legislature, it seems to me, has been anxious to adjourn early and is in a hurry to get away. The members have more outside interests. Twenty-five years ago the legislature continued into the latter part of April, or even into May. Twenty years ago the legislature adjourned as late as June, when the cost of supporting the government was about twenty millions of dollars and the activities of the state, by comparison with today, were very small. In recent years the legislature has attempted to transact the state's business in a shorter time than the legislature was able to do it in twenty-five years ago.

When I first went to the legislature the appropriation bill for the support of government was debated for hours. In recent years only a small handful of men—probably less than ten—knows anything about the appropriation bill. Once reported from committee, it seems to pass automatically, and while the legislature will debate for hours the advisability of lengthening the season for shooting wild duck on Long Island, they will pass a $30,000,000 bill for the repair and maintenance of highways on a quick roll call. The clerk does not go through the formality of calling one hundred and fifty names. He takes the first name on the list, the names of the two leaders, the last name on the list, and the roll call consists of calling four names. The constitution requires that the roll be called. He calls it, but only calls out four names. "Now, is there no objection to Bill Number So-and-So," and so forth. I have also seen it done this way: An appropriation bill is up.

"The clerk will read the bill."

The clerk reads, "An act providing for the repair, maintenance and construction of the state highways, $37,000,000."

"Read the last section," says the Speaker.

He reads, "This act shall take effect immediately."

The Speaker says, "Call the roll."

"John Adams, yes; Adolph Zimmerman, yes. One hundred and fifty ayes, no noes."

And that is the way they pass on the appropriation of $37,000,000.

This condition remained the same while I was governor, and I recommended biennial sessions of the legislature. Every second year nothing to be in order but bills making provision for the support of government, except by special message from the governor in case of emergency. I believe that recommendation to be sound. No board of directors of any corporation would appropriate twenty-five or thirty million dollars on the say-so of a handful of men. There is no better way of becoming acquainted with the business of the state than to study the appropriation bill. A man gets a good knowledge of his own business and his own undertakings when he checks up his bills himself

In the Constitutional Convention of 1915 the state's method of appropriating money was very severely criticized by the leading members of the convention. It was in that body that the idea originated of an executive budget, placing the responsibility for expenditures, in the first instance, on the governor, after consultation with his department heads, to certify to the legislature what, in his opinion, was required for the maintenance of the government for the next fiscal year. The legislature would retain the power thereafter to reduce items, strike them out altogether or insert a new item with the proviso that it be so inserted that it may be subject to the veto of the governor. That makes for greater responsibility and it compels the members of the legislature to operate in the open. Though it was undoubtedly of great importance and was thoroughly debated and thoroughly discussed in the Constitutional Convention, the people did not get the benefit of it until 1928, because of powerful political reactionary tendencies.

Hard to Change

In the treatment of amendments to our constitution by the people themselves, one decided step has been made in advance. Of recent years the people of the state as a whole have taken a lively interest in amending their fundamental law. Something that happened in 1911 indicates how little attention it received years ago. Several constitutional amendments were submitted to the people that year and among the amendments a proposition to bond the state for $22,000,000 for construction of canal terminals. Several of the amendments were

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to safeguard the expenditure of this money. The amendments went down to defeat, but the proposal to spend the money was adopted.

When the New York Central Railroad began to parallel the Erie Canal, Commodore Vanderbilt was coming out of his office in the Grand Central Depot one day, and the newspapermen asked him what he thought about the Erie Canal. Jokingly he replied, "It would be all right if water was drained out of it and railroad tracks put in." Whereupon everybody became frightened to death that the New York Central Railroad was trying to acquire the canal, and the constitution was immediately amended so that the canal lands were made to remain the property of the state forever.

In 1901, years after the adoption of that amendment, the constitution was further amended to provide for the enlargement of the canal at an expenditure of $151,000,000. In the process of enlargement, the canal route was changed, and instead of the old Erie route, running from the heart and center of the cities into the Mohawk Valley, the Mohawk River was canalized and the state had no further use for the old canal lands, but that constitutional provision that they were never to be sold still remained. Consequently, amendment to the constitution was suggested which would permit the state to sell the unused canal lands and the old body of the canal to the highest bidder. That amendment was lost at the polls, and for four or five years more the idle canal lands lay paralleling some of the principal streets of our upstate cities.

This I hold to be due to two things: First, the carelessness of a great many people with respect to their state constitution. Second, to a reactionary spirit, particularly in the rural sections of the state, against constitutional amendments.

I remember, when the new constitution of 1915 was pending, I asked an upstate legislator what he thought about the chance of its passing, and he said he did not think it had much of a chance. He had been speaking to the village oracle, and he asked him, "Are you going to vote for the new state constitution?" Whereupon his friend immediately replied, "What's the matter with the old one?"

A Committee of Safety

One of the outstanding achievements of the legislative session of 1911—the first under Democratic auspices since 1893—was the creation by law of a temporary state commission to inquire into the operation of the labor laws. Prior to that year a number of beneficial statutes had been enacted for the protection of industrial workers, but they were entirely ineffective because the legislature had failed to make adequate appropriation for their enforcement. The whole state of New York was shocked by the terrible catastrophe caused by fire occurring on March 25, 1911, in the factory of the Triangle Waist Company, in which 148 employes, chiefly women and girls, lost their lives. There was an immediate conviction in the public mind that this appalling disaster resulted from neglect to enforce laws for the protection of the lives of people in factory buildings.

A committee on safety was immediately formed to meet the public protest. Frances Perkins, now Commissioner of Labor, was secretary of the committee. At one time Henry L. Stimson was the chairman, and Henry Morgenthau succeeded him. Among its members were Amos Pinchot, R. Fulton Cutting, and William McAdoo, my opponent in the 1924 convention, but at that time an engineer interested in problems of public safety. Its treasurer was James Sheldon. Among the women on the committee were Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. Helen Hartley Jenkins. The committee immediately called a mass meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House and a resolution was offered by Henry Moskowitz, then head worker in an East Side settlement, calling on the legislature to make a thorough investigation of safety conditions in factories and to pass laws to prevent a recurrence of such a catastrophe.

Henry Moskowitz and John Kingsbury, who represented the Association for Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, carried the story to Albany. They sought me out and asked for help in the formulation of remedies to prevent future disasters. Conferences with them and with Senator Wagner, then leader of the state senate, developed the necessity of a thorough study. A commission was suggested.

The bill to create it was introduced into the senate by Senator Wagner and into the assembly by myself. It was practically unopposed, although later there was severe opposition manifested in both houses to a great many of the measures recommended by it.

As outlined in the act creating the commission the scope of the investigation was very broad. Though it is true that the waist-factory fire led immediately to the creation of the commission, such fires are of rare occurrence, while industrial accidents, poisoning and diseases maim or disable thousands of people every year.

A Game of Hide and Seek

Considering insufficient ventilation, bad sanitation, and long hours of labor as menaces to the safety and health of industrial workers, the commission did not limit itself merely to the study of the fire hazard in factory buildings but extended its activities to the condition of employment of women and children, sanitation, accident prevention and industrial poisoning and diseases. In brief, it was the aim of the commission to devote itself to a consideration of measures that had for their purpose the conservation of human life.

So lax had the state been prior to 1911, that the commission hardly began its labors when it was discovered that there was no way of the state even knowing when a factory started. A man could hire a floor in a loft building, put in his machinery, and start his factory. There was no provision of law that required him to notify the state that he was engaging in a business which came under the supervision of a department of the state government.

Factory-inspection forces were so small that the inspections in some cities were made only once in two years and in others once a year. Factory managers knew just about when to expect an inspection, and consequently, during the day of the inspector's visit everything was in ship shape. The rest of the year it was allowed to run haphazard, there being no fear of detection by the authorities in charge of the Department of Labor. Once an inspector arrived at a factory a day ahead of time. There were children under the legal age employed in that particular factory and they were hastily put into the elevators and the cars were run between the floors and kept there until the inspector left.

A competent staff of experts was organized by the commission, including Dr. George M. Price, who set up the standards of sanitation and safety, and a group of investigators and advisory members representing every phase of the industrial life of the state. Many of the inspections incident to the work were conducted by the commission itself. I was not only at every public hearing but I took an actual part in the investigations and visited many factories. I became convinced that a majority of manufacturers were in favor of the reforms suggested by the commission, and many of them would undoubtedly have been installed without law had the heads of the concerns themselves been a little more familiar with what was going on in their factory buildings. One prominent business man in an upstate city was present at a hearing before the commission when a report was being made upon his own factory, and he publicly rebuked his superintendent for permitting such things to exist. He admitted frankly before the commission that he never went through the factory himself.

(Continued on Page 137)

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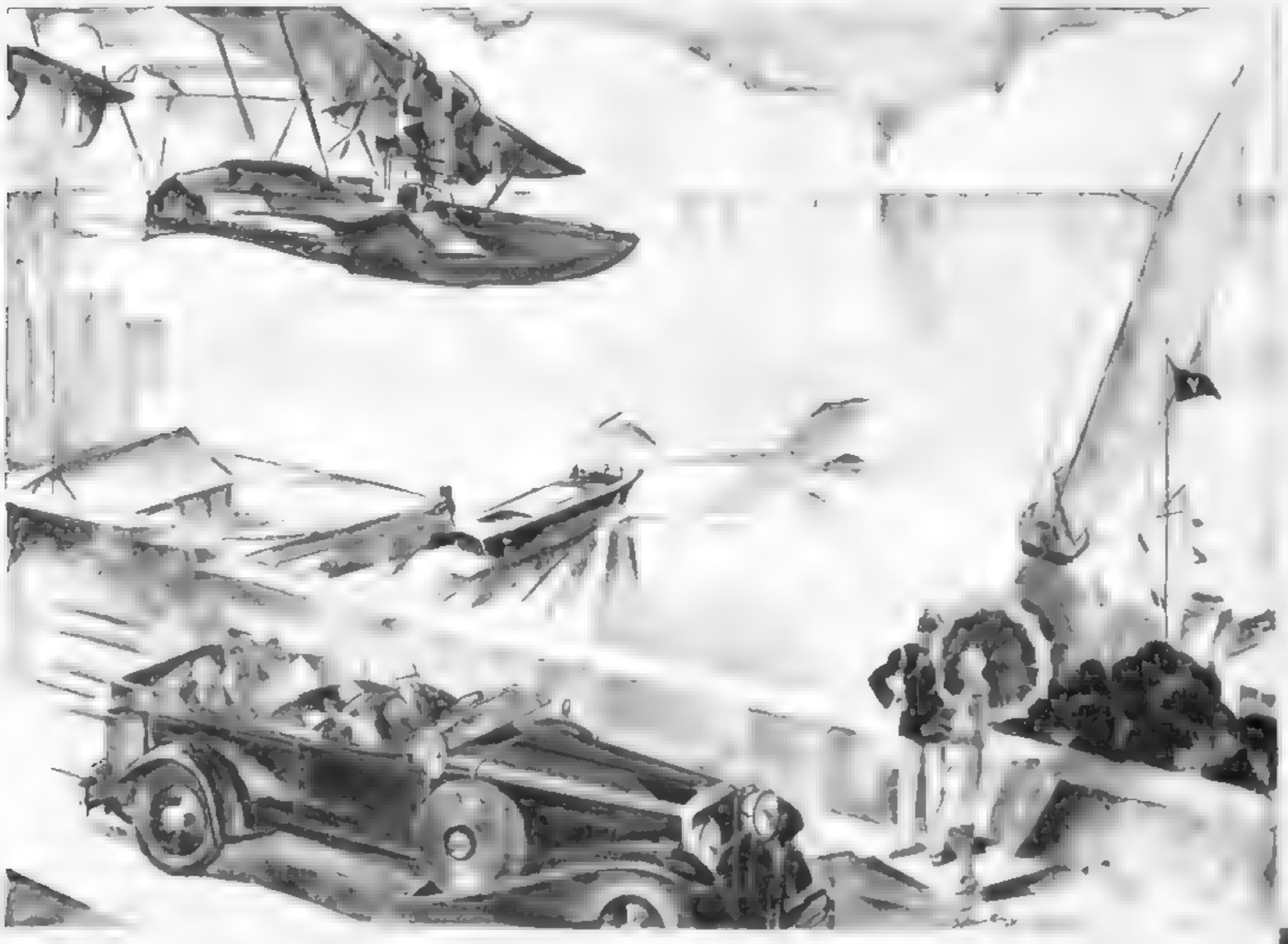

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(Continued from Page 134)

During all the years that the state was directing its attention to the employment of children in factory buildings, no attention was given at all to manufacturing in tenement houses, where women and children of tender age were engaged in lines of manufacturing detrimental to their health, not to speak of the possibility of the spread of contagious disease where clothing was manufactured in the home—particularly children's clothing.

This, of course, was a difficult problem to tackle. Thought and consideration had to be given to the fact that in many instances a large part of the family support came from the ability of the children to help the mother in home manufacturing, and the commission was careful to limit its activity only to such manufacturing as was definitely stated by competent authority to be detrimental to the public health or to the future health and welfare of the children themselves.

One of the important statutes resulting from our investigation was the prohibition of night work for women in factory buildings. In 1904, the Court of Appeals declared such a statute in conflict with the constitution, upon the theory that it deprived a woman of her liberty to contract. The same court, ten years later, with the evidence collected by the Factory Investigating Commission before it for guidance, reversed the previous decision and sustained the same statute on the ground that it was an exercise of the police power of the state for the protection of the public health.

Probably nowhere were there more shocking revelations than in the factory commission's investigation of the canneries, where women and small children worked as many as sixteen hours a day. Strange to say, the owners of the canneries of this state for a great many years wielded powerful political influence. Their establishments were entirely free from state regulation of any kind.

When the legislature passed the one-day-of-rest-in-seven law, requiring all manufacturing and business establishments to give their employes at least one day's rest out of a week, the cannery owners, through their political influence, sought by a special enactment to have the canneries exempted. In opposing that bill on the floor of the assembly, I made probably the shortest speech on record when I said, "I have read carefully the commandment, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,' but I am unable to find any language in it that says 'except in the canneries.'"

Healthy Economics

It was during the course of the investigations made by this commission that I got my first real good look at the state of New York. The commission met in practically every city in the state. I afterward derived much benefit from the personal inspections we had made, because, as leader of the Democrats in the assembly, it was up to me to lead the battle for the enactment of these statutes in the lower house.

In the first year of its existence the commission proposed and passed laws controlling the sanitary conditions of factories, regulating the labor of women and children, and providing fire-prevention measures and regular fire drills.

An important study of wages was undertaken by the commission, and the creation of a wage board with power to suggest minimum wages in accordance with location, industry and general cost of living in a particular section of the state was proposed by the commission. Strange to say, there was division of opinion inside the commission itself upon the principle of a minimum wage fixed by law or even by suggestion, and the opposition came from Mr. Gompers, who was a member of the commission. I made a speech and appealed to the commission for such a board. My argument was based solely upon the health and well-being of women workers. Placed upon that ground, I had no trouble in winning the venerable president of the American Federation of Labor to my side of the argument. He then confessed that he was looking at it from an economic rather than from a health standpoint. In later years I had many occasions to meet and work with Mr. Gompers. He was always fair and reasonable, and often assisted in straightening out labor tangles in New York. He liked to sit and talk, smoking a cigar and drinking his glass of beer.

Since the time of the commission's recommendation of a minimum-wage board the proposal has frequently been repeated. I made it at least eight times as governor myself. It has always met with strong Republican opposition in both houses of the legislature and there has never been any law enacted on that subject. I even sought to have a provision that would permit the creation of wage boards with mandatory power incorporated in the revised constitution prepared by the Convention of 1915.

It was interesting to me to see how the reactionary legislator who was unfriendly to this kind of legislation would always manage to find such strong legal and constitutional arguments against it. Always declaring in favor of the principle and being in complete harmony and sympathy with what was sought to be done, the clever debater could always find a way of explaining that, in his opinion, the proposed enactment would not bring about the result. Although he himself had no suggestion to cure the wrong that was so apparent from the studies of the investigating commission, he could always find such legislation either in opposition to the constitution or improperly drawn.

A Pair of Shoes to Fill

The session of 1911 was prolonged and much bad feeling was generated among the Democrats by the fight over the election of a United States senator. The amendment to the Constitution had not been adopted at that time providing for their direct election. The term of Chauncey M. Depew expired on the fourth of March, 1911. The Republicans renominated him. The Democrats, in caucus, voted to support William F. Sheehan, former lieutenant governor and former resident of Erie County, but at that time connected with a New York law firm. Upward of twenty Democratic legislators bolted the caucus and refused to support Sheehan, and thereafter followed two and a half months of wrangling. The Sheehan men held steadfast and the so-called insurgents stood by their guns.

Daily the legislature met in joint session to ballot for the United States senator. No one candidate receiving a sufficient number of votes, adjournment was taken from day to day. The Republicans stood by their man, although his election was hopeless. The insurgents changed from day to day and voted for various prominent Democrats throughout the state.

The leader of the insurgent group was the present governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt. They held their meetings at his house and their plans were formulated there. He was then a member of the state senate from Dutchess County.

The lieutenant governor, who presided over the daily joint sessions, announced at the session on the third of March that the purpose of the joint session was to elect a successor to the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, and remarked, "whose term of office expires tomorrow." We met again on the fourth of March, and he said, "whose term of office expires today." On the fifth of March, he remarked, "whose term of office expired yesterday."

Finally, about the middle of April, after two and a half months of wrangling, Senator Wagner and I succeeded in bringing the insurgents back into caucus when the name of Justice James A. O'Gorman of the Supreme Court was suggested in the caucus and agreed upon, and the long-drawn-out fight was ended. It was finally settled in the Albany County courthouse, which was the temporary meeting place of

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the legislature because the assembly chamber had been partially destroyed by water and fire.

The legislature immediately went into recess until such time as the assembly chamber could be prepared for its use. The first night the assembly met in the chamber after its temporary repairs had been made, when I stood up on the floor to speak as majority leader, making the preliminary motions to adopt the minutes, nobody could understand what I said. We were all at a loss to know what was the matter with the chamber, when suddenly somebody discovered that the workmen had forgotten to install the sounding wires. We were compelled to adjourn immediately in order to give the men time to install them.

The newspapers often referred to Al Smith's Gang during my years in the legislature. That meant all my children, my wife, some of my sister's children and, on some occasions, my mother. I brought them all to Albany as often as I could. It was lonely for me and for them to be separated throughout the session. So whenever I could I took some or all of them with me when I traveled.

During my long years in Albany I rode up and down beside the Hudson River so often that I can look out of the car window at any place and tell you exactly where we are, how far we are from different points, and about what time we ought to be in the depot, barring accident. In my early days I spent most of my time between New York and Albany reading either committee reports or proposed legislation. In my latter years I took advantage of the three-hour trip to write messages and prepare statements and sometimes to dictate letters.

While I was in the legislature I would go up to Albany on Monday and return on Thursday during the first two months of the session and come down on Friday for the remainder. I spent my week-ends, Friday and Saturday nights, at the district headquarters, where there was always a line of people waiting to see me, and Sunday I gave to the family. My Sundays during the winter were practically all alike. After mass, in company with several companions and at least two dogs, I walked over the Brooklyn Bridge from the Oliver Street home to 9 Middagh Street, where my mother lived.

She looked forward to that visit every Sunday, as I was away from New York during the week. Up to the time of her death she had a very keen mind and a very good memory, and she walked every morning before eight o'clock to the Brooklyn entrance of the bridge to get the newspapers and read the Albany news, so that when I arrived at her house on Sunday she had a line of questions all ready for me.

Fighting Fire With Fire

Returning from Brooklyn, we had dinner in the middle of the day when the children were growing up and a light supper in the evening. I usually spent Sunday night in the house with the neighbors.

Sunday afternoon between dinner and supper was usually given up to a visit to somebody who was sick either at home or in the hospital.

I was appointed a member of the New York State Commission to the San Francisco fair, and though I did a great part of the work in and around New York, to prepare New York's part in it, I was the only member of the commission who did not attend the fair. My children were growing and I hesitated to leave them for so great a length of time. Instead, I spent the summer with the family in a little cottage at Far Rockaway.

Service in the senate and assembly was not without some amusing incidents. Though it is hard, grinding work on those who pay attention to it, it, nevertheless, has its light side. There was one assemblyman who was obsessed with the notion that the local papers of his county should from time to time record the fact that he asked some embarrassing questions of the Democratic leader, to whom he always referred in debate as the "Tammany leader." On one occasion I was debating certain amendments of the Workmen's Compensation Act and he arose in his place and asked of the presiding officer that he be given the privilege of asking me a question, to which I immediately agreed.

His question was, "Mr. Tammany Leader, what good is the Workmen's Compensation Act to the three hundred and fifty thousand men that are out of work on account of President Wilson?" There was a ripple of laughter around the chamber. It was in the late hours of the night, and in order to relieve the situation I said, "Mr. Speaker, I was walking down Park Row one night and a man came up and hit me on the shoulder and said, 'Hello, Al. Which would you rather be, a hammock full of white door knobs, a cellar full of stepladders, or a piece of dry ice?' I said I would rather be a fish, because no matter how thick a plate-glass window is, you can always break it with a hammer."

Whereupon my questioner sprang to his feet and said, "I don't see any sense in that."

I replied, "Neither do I."

Dear Old Alma Mater

Nineteen hundred and eleven had a moment when partisanship on both sides of the house was running high. Ed Merritt, Fred Hammond and Jesse S. Phillips, representing the Republican side, and I, representing the Democratic side, were engaged in a cross fire of debate on a bill that had to do with the removal of the Commission of Jurors in Niagara County. There was considerable hard feeling on both sides of the chamber when Assemblyman Wende from Buffalo arose in his place and asked the privilege of interrupting. It was readily granted.

Mr. Wende said, "Mr. Speaker, I have just heard that Cornell won the boat race."

Merritt said, "That doesn't mean anything to me. I am a Yale man."

Hammond said, "It doesn't mean anything to me. I am a Harvard man."

Phillips said, "It doesn't mean anything to me. I am a U. of M. man."

I was all alone, the only one of the quartet left standing, so I said, "It doesn't mean anything to me because I am an F. F. M. man."

Assemblyman Hoey shouted out, "What is that, Al?"

I said, "Fulton Fish Market. Let's proceed with the debate. Neither Cornell nor all the colleges in the world has anything to do with this bill."

There was a strong comradeship in the legislature, and when the political debates were over, Democrats and Republicans pulled together as though there was no political difference.

When the first Socialist was elected to the assembly, he represented Schenectady County and came from the city of Schenectady. Merritt was Speaker at the time and he was confronted with the problem of the treatment that he should give to the Schenectady assemblyman, in that he represented a political party with a place on the ballot. I advised him to recognize him as a party leader. This he was reluctant to do. I convinced him that under our system all parties are equal in their rights in accordance with their numerical strength. Merritt finally consented and gave him his choice of committee assignments and permitted him to pick his seat in the chamber when the Republican and Democratic leaders were picking those for their party members.

After the session had progressed a few months I met the Socialist in the corridor one day, and I said to him, "Well, what do you think about it?"

"Well," he said, "everything is all right. I find that a majority of the elected members can do anything they want to do. It is pretty hard to quarrel with majority rule."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Smith. The fourth will appear next week.

"Use an Air-Way and Avoid Contact with Infectious Cleaner-Bag Dirt"

Mrs. Elwell—Doctor, I never before realized how easy it is to get sick—why it's enough to make one shudder to think that even in our homes deadly germs are our constant associates.

Doctor Gray—I would rather impress upon you how easy it is to keep well—modern science has largely safeguarded home life from such dangers. One should use the modern appliances which help to *control* these ever-present sources of sickness.

Mrs. Elwell—But, doctor, I keep my home clean. It is thoroughly cleaned every day.

Doctor Gray—That may be true, but this constant recurrence of your trouble leads me to believe there is a source of danger right in your own home. By the way, what do you do with the dust and dirt collected in your home?

Mrs. Elwell—I always take the cleaner bag down in the basement and empty it.

Doctor Gray—But my dear woman, you can readily appreciate how dangerous such collected refuse might be if contaminated with disease germs, as it very well can be. Use an Air-Way Sanitary System and avoid contact with infectious cleaner-bag dirt.

Mrs. Elwell—But doctor, how can that be? Somebody must empty the cleaner bag.

Doctor Gray—Not any more, Mrs. Elwell. The Air-Way seals all collected refuse safely in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container that you detach bodily and burn or cast away—surely, you have heard about the Air-Way Sanitary System?

Mrs. Elwell—Yes, but I already have a cleaner, and thought that they were all very much alike.

Doctor Gray—Indeed not; the Air-Way does so many things for you so easily and efficiently, and best of all, there is no bag to empty. It provides complete home sanitation and also a perfectly safe and easy disposal of the collected refuse. Really, I should prescribe an Air-Way for you because with Air-Way you avoid all contact with infectious cleaner-bag dirt.

Mrs. Elwell—I never before appreciated the importance of that point. I'm going to buy an Air-Way today.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of *(your city)*." Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

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If you do not find an Air-Way Branch listed in your phone book we will gladly supply you with complete information about The Air-Way Sanitary System. Just write your name and address on the corner of this page, tear off and send it direct to the factory.

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IF you have one or two unused hours every day, would you accept $2.22 for each of them? That's what we have paid John W. Richards of Wisconsin for representing our subscription interests in his locality.

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Although Richards had no sales experience, and could give only two hours a day to subscription work, his profits have totaled $106.80 in one month!

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City ..... State .....

On the hottest days *people shop* *and* KEEP COOL *in Hudson's*

Manufactured Weather regulates humidity and provides cool comfort in department stores

CITY streets sweltering under a merciless sun. Heat all but unbearable. Thousands of people passing through the country's great department stores—air in most stores, dead, humid, dustladen. But not in all—in some of these stores people find air so cool, so pure, so comfortable that they shop in pleasant forgetfulness of what the heat may be outdoors.

Manufactured Weather, the Carrier name for scientific Air Conditioning, makes this possible. Ten great department stores in the United States now offer their patrons and employees the comfort and healthfulness of Manufactured Weather. In the basements, sometimes even on the upper floors, patrons and employees breathe air cleansed of all outdoor impurities, cooled, and with the humidity properly regulated.

Even in winter, the heat created by the huge crowds in basement stores is often so great that the air-conditioning system must be used for cooling instead of heating. Any desired temperature and humidity condition is maintained all the year round in these great stores by means of a Carrier System. It automatically keeps the air uniformly fresh and clean, removes excess humidity in summer and adds the necessary amount of humidity in winter. It provides the maximum of comfort for both shoppers and salespeople—it insures a much higher degree of cleanliness and freshness in the goods on display.

The use of Manufactured Weather is not confined to department stores. All last winter and through this summer the House of Representatives in the Capitol at Washington has been maintained at temperatures best suited to health and comfort by a Carrier System. A similar system is being installed to care for the Senate Chamber, and will probably be in operation when this publication appears.

Hotels, business buildings, and banking institutions are profiting from the added comfort and healthfulness of this same system of scientifically Conditioned Air. Hundreds of theatres throughout the world, ranging from those seating thousands down to small neighborhood movies, now provide for the health and comfort of their patrons by the use of Manufactured Weather. More than two hundred industries, including textiles, confectionery, tobacco, printing and lithography, rayon, food products, paper and pharmaceuticals have found it profitable to install Carrier Systems of Manufactured Weather, for the entire cost of Manufactured Weather is often paid for by increase in production *the first year*.

Where Carrier Systems are operating, they are making industry independent of outdoor weather and seasons—they make "Every day a *good* day."

The new store of the J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit. Smith, Hinchman & Grylls, Architects and Engineers. The four basements, the first floor, the mezzanine and restaurants are supplied with Manufactured Weather as provided by the Carrier System of Air Conditioning.

—and in these other famous stores.

Boston	. . . .	FILENE'S 2 basements
Cincinnati	. .	SMITH-KASSON'S Basement, 1st floor.
Dallas	. . . .	TITCHE-GOETTINGER'S Basement, 1st, 2nd, 3rd floors, beauty parlor.
Detroit	. . .	HUDSON'S 4 basements, 1st and mezzanine floors, restaurants.
		KERN'S Basement, 1st floor.
Ft. Worth	. .	SANGER'S Basement, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th floors.
Indianapolis	.	AYERS' 2 basements, 1st floor.
New York	. .	MACY'S Warner System, Conn. Exp'r Basement, 1st floor
Philadelphia	.	STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER 2 basements and 1st floor now being installed
Tulsa	. . . .	ARBOTT'S Basement, 1st, mezzanine, 2nd and 3rd floors.

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Manufactured Weather *makes* "Every day a *good* day"

FINALLY—
finish the job with

Aqua Velva

for

After-Shaving!

When the razor is laid down, the lather washed off (and the face still moist) put on Aqua Velva. Then the day's begun—with a sparkle!

¶ Aqua Velva was made for after-shaving. Just for that. Many years of study and experiment are blended in its tingling coolness. It meets certain definite needs of the newly shaven skin; needs that our research makes us well aware of. And every skin is the better for its stimulating touch.

¶ Aqua Velva makes the skin feel awake, alive. It cares for tiny nicks and cuts (often there, though mostly unseen). Mildly and pleasantly astringent, it tends toward firmness, away from flabbiness. Guards against dust and germs. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, and so keeps it flexible, comfortable, fit!

¶ The last touch in sensible good grooming for millions of men today, Aqua Velva deserves a place on *your* bathroom shelf. Take a bottle home tonight. Small chance you'll be without it again.

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, or a Free Trial Size by addressing: Dept. F89, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

PEACE PIPE—By Edith Wyatt

SMOKE the calumet by ten thousand streams;
Where the lotus bud shines wet; where the ilex dreams;
By the Tiber, by the Po; where the Stor and Elbe join;
Down the Ganges' full-fold flow;
By the Shannon, by the Boyne;
Down the subtle-tided Thames, by the Thames and by the Dee,
Little Avon, mighty Avon, deathless, pouring through the sea;
By the green-shored Amazon; through the Countries of the Sun;
Silver-shining Uruguay, Mataquito, Paraguay;
Down the waters of Cathay, River of the Golden Sand,
Running toward a never day; through the cherry-blossom land,
By the stippled rice-field highways, rice-field rivers of Japan,
Down her net of rippled byways, by the peak of Fuji-san;
By the Somme and by the Seine;
By the Rhine and by the Rhone;
Mississippi's corn-flung main; Youhiogheny's hoarse-washed tone;
Where the deep blue Danube goes; where the Volga boatman rows;
Down the Yukon's broken snows, where the lonely sea gull screams—
Smoke the calumet, by ten thousand streams!
If we could sound an Indian drum,
And bid Them come—
The myriads of the slain
On sea and shore and plain
Down the great valleys, down the deep seas' track,
Through all the world, White, Red and Brown and Black,
If we could call Them back across death's bar,
And ask Their word upon our earthly war,
If They could rise from time's abyss
And give Their word in this,
Our council here today,
What would They say?

I think their drums would roll, "Oh, never more
By death-strewn plain and shore,
That evil madness,
That man-made grief,
That man-built reef
Of searing sadness!
No more
Those human plans that sever
Our sons' souls from their flesh forever!
Oh, never, never,
That man-made, wanton pain,
Frenzied, insane;
Never again!"

Could we but sound an Indian drum,
And hear Their answering thrum,
Around the deep seas' track,
And hark while They came back
To this our council's light,
Million on million from the ages' night—
Oh, not in vain beside ten thousand streams
around the earth's wide way
Our hope, our deep desires, our dreams of a new, wiser day, a better day!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

Guard your gums - protect your teeth from the damage done by your diet!

NEXT time you sit down to a meal, take note of the dishes one by one. See how many contain any roughage — any coarse, fibrous material that "rubs" or stimulates the gums.

Very likely not a one! For the present generation demands—and gets—soft and creamy foods, delicately prepared, daintily served.

Yet the greatest enemy of our gums, any dentist will tell you, is this same delicious fare. For it gives gums no work, no exercise. The blood within their walls circulates slowly. The tissues become soft and tender. "Pink tooth brush" warns that worse trouble—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or, perhaps, even pyorrhea —may be just around the corner.

It's impractical, if not impossible, to change your diet. But it's unnecessary to try—for there is a simple, effective means to offset the lack in your diet.

Use a light gum massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. Perform it with the brush each time you clean your teeth—or, if you prefer, with the fingers after the regular cleaning. You speed the rich, fresh blood through the gum walls! You flush out the tiny capillaries. You tone and strengthen the depleted tissues, and counteract the damage done by your food.

Ipana's special virtue in massage is its content of ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And it is this ziratol content, plus Ipana's splendid cleaning power, that has won for it the strong professional support it enjoys today.

~ ~ ~

The coupon offers you a 10-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent. But the full-size tube makes a fairer test. So get a regular tube—enough for 100 brushings—from the nearest druggist. A full month's use of this delicious tooth paste will show you the start of firmer, healthier gums as well as whiter, brighter teeth.

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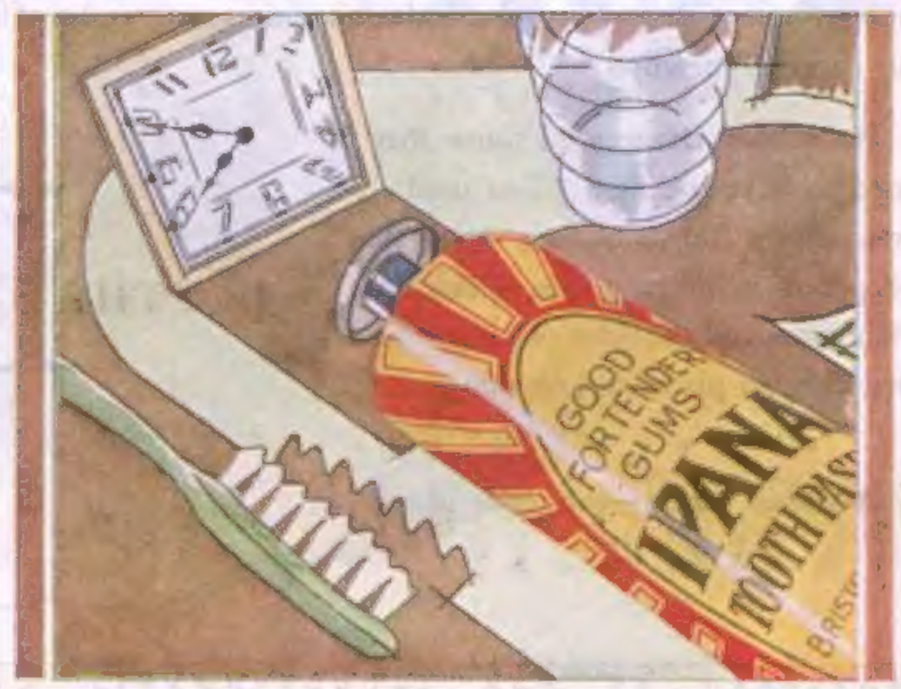

IPANA Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P-89
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

She used to think she was helping him

by

SPENDING HERSELF *to* SAVE PENNIES

Mrs. P. J. Mulrooney,
modern housewife
59 Spruce Court Aptmts.,
Toronto 2, Ont., Canada, writes:

"Washday at home means a full day, roughly fifteen per cent of the week. In a little more than an hour a workman earns enough to pay the Laundry for the week's wash. Mother's day is worth Dad's hour."

"YOU will make the money," Betty had gaily proposed on that long-ago evening, "and I'll save it for us!"

He had agreed. It seemed a perfectly flawless idea as she outlined the details. But sometimes Bob questioned whether Betty's skimping and scrimping really saved as much as she fondly thought. Vaguely, he wished that she would delegate some of her heavy housework and spend a little more time as his cheery companion.

He missed those good times they used to have together. "Too tired!" was always Betty's answer when he proposed an evening out. Gradually Bob got out of the habit of suggesting that they go places and do things . . .

• • •

A serious illness—the result of too heavy housework—brought Betty to a realization that there is more than one way to help a husband. Millions of other women have learned, less painfully, the truth that it doesn't pay to struggle with tasks beyond their strength. They have disposed of their biggest burden by banishing washday.

And indeed, why shouldn't they gain this extra day of freedom when the modern power laundry does such excellent work at so moderate a cost?

The modern laundry is making a *business* of washday. In each department skilled workers are trained to serve you. Equipment designed by specialists is at your command. Washing formulas are the result of scientific research plus thousands of tests to find the one best method. Thus the health of your family is safeguarded in this modern way.

You will find, in the variety of laundry services, one that exactly meets *your* needs. You will find, too, that laundry washing actually *costs less* in the long run.

Telephone a laundry owner and learn just what he has to offer you. Begin *this week* to enjoy freedom from the worry of washday!

LET THE **Laundry** DO IT

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

. . . of course it's Good!

A wide variety of ★ Sauces
★ Gelatine Desserts . .
★ Ice Box Puddings

In these sauces and desserts Pet Milk, undiluted and whipped, takes the place of cream—makes the *best* desserts and sauces you've ever made—at less than half the cost of cream.

We say the *best* desserts—splendid in texture, delicious to the taste, and most wholesome. The "solids" content of Pet Milk is equal to that of ordinary cream. But Pet Milk contains *all* the milk-food substances as well as the fat.

These ordinarily "rich" desserts can't be too rich for the children—for anybody—when they're made with Pet Milk.

MINT BAVARIAN

1¼ tablespoons gelatine soaked in
½ cup water
1 cup Pet Milk diluted with
1 cup water
½ cup sugar
Pinch salt
¾ teaspoon mint extract
Green vegetable coloring
½ cup Pet Milk

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Scald diluted milk, add sugar, salt and gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add mint extract and enough green coloring to give desired shade. Chill. When starting to congeal, fold in milk that has been whipped until stiff. Chill mixture until slightly stiff. Line sides of one large mold (or individuals) with chocolate lady fingers or sponge cake. Fill center with mint mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold.

To whip Pet Milk: Place the unopened can of milk in a pan and cover with cold water. Heat to the boiling point. Remove can and chill thoroughly (about 34° F. is best). Pour quantity of milk called for in recipe into a shallow enamel or china bowl 4 to 4½ inches across the base. Surrounding the bowl with an ice and salt mixture quickens the whipping.

Your name and address will bring you booklets which experts have prepared and directions for making the chocolate lady fingers used in the above recipe. It will bring you, also, the details of our special offer of a Whippit—60¢ anywhere in continental United States.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
1421-H Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

made with PET MILK

PET
MILK
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK
NET WEIGHT 1 POUND

For finer flavor use a richer flour

Everything you bake tastes better when you use flour made from the right kind of wheat!

Haven't you noticed sometimes that one baked food tastes just a little better than another—although there's no particular difference in their appearance?

Baking experts in the Pillsbury testing rooms have discovered one important reason for this improved flavor. They have found that certain kinds of wheat make a richer flour—and they have found that the foods you bake from this richer flour have a better flavor.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is made only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It is more than a uniform, perfectly milled, all-purpose flour—it is a rich flour. It gives you double value—dependability, *plus fine flavor.*

Pillsbury's Best is tested by daily baking, by every scientific method known, to make sure that every sack is just like every other sack. It is tested to work perfectly with every recipe you use, for bread, biscuits or pastry. And more than that, Pillsbury's Best Flour is milled for better flavor. Made only from those carefully selected types of wheat that make a richer flour.

Isn't it worthwhile to have this double quality? When you start to bake, isn't it comforting to know that your flour is absolutely dependable—and more than that, to realize that anything you bake, bread, biscuits or pastry, will have a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor—the mark of finest baking? It's a wonderful feeling. And it's so easy to have it. Simply follow a good rule—when you order a sack of flour, ask for Pillsbury's Best. All good grocers have it. Ask for it by name—for certain success and better flavor in all your baking!

STEAMED CHERRY PUDDING

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
¾ cup milk
1½ teaspoon lemon extract
4 egg whites
3 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup stoned cherries
3 teaspoons baking powder

Cream the shortening; and heat in the sugar. Mix and sift the baking powder, salt and flour and add the cherries. Fold into the first mixture alternately with the milk; add the flavoring. Lastly fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Turn into a large oiled mould; cover; and steam for two hours. Serve with a sauce made of extra fruit, stewed and sweetened, and with hard sauce in addition.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers' Club. Hear Mrs. Allen every Wednesday morning over the Columbia chain; 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard time.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.

Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Health Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

Pillsbury's Best Flour

milled for richer flavor in breads, biscuits, pastry